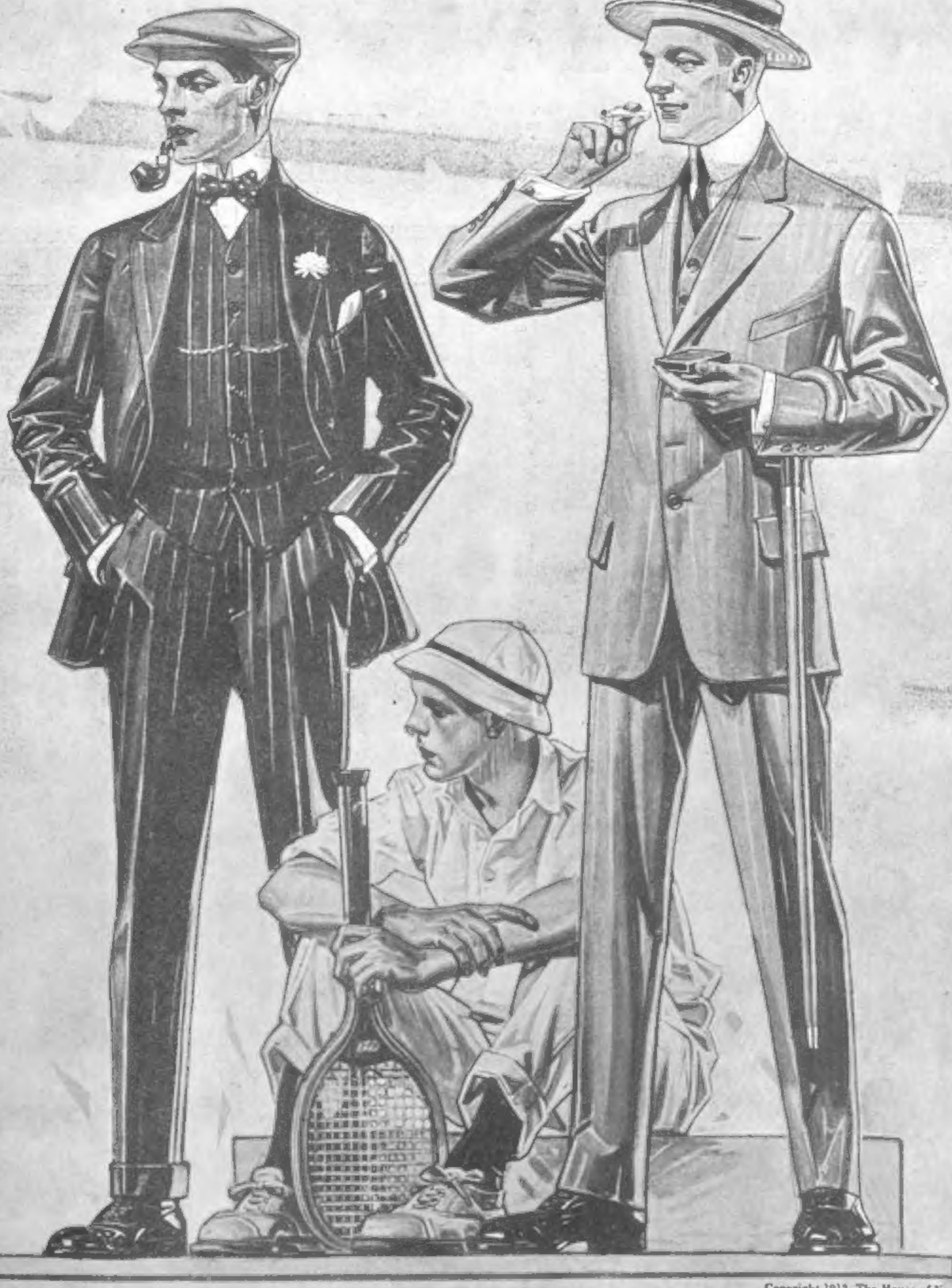
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 27, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY



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Clothes, generally, are like acquaintances: some you're proud of; others there's a doubt about. Select your spring suit as you would a friend. Remember, association counts.

Send for book, Styles for Men.

For sale by the better clothiers.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Master Pall Row Poole Norfolk Ritz-Carlton

SOCIETY Brand Clothes are recognized the world over as the most stylish and finely tailored clothes made for Young Men. Their great advantage is that they are ready-to-wear—you can see the garment on yourself and know in advance just what you're getting in style, fabric, tailoring and fit. You have the further advantage of trying on as many suits as you please, until you find the one that satisfies you.

Society Brand Clothes are also noted for their twenty-five unique, practical features—tailored into every garment:

Coat

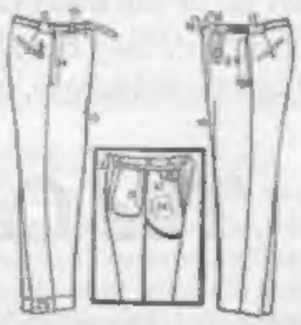
1. Pencil Pocket joining inside breast pocket.
2. Cash Pocket on inner left side.
3. Perspiration Shields at armpits to protect lining.
4. Neck Cape; prevents wrinkling below coat collar. Patented.
5. Extension Safety Pocket; conceals and secures letters, papers, etc.
6. Boutonniere Holder under Lapel.
7. Watch Pocket within outside breast pocket.
8. Cash Pocket in outer right pocket.

Vest

9. Side Buckles to produce smooth-fitting back.
10. Watch Guard in lower left pocket for fob or chain.
11. Pencil or Fountain Pen Pocket. Opens in seam of upper left pocket.
12. Vestee. Detachable; attached with gold pins, adds dressiness.

Trousers

13. Permanent Crease; keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. Patented June 16, 1908. No. 890792.
14. Cash Pocket within right-hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on the same side without confusion.
15. Guard in Watch Pocket to prevent theft or loss.
16. Pencil Pocket in right-hand hip pocket. Very convenient, especially when no coat or vest is worn.
17. Tunnel Belt Slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.
18. Steel Pivot Pearl Button at front of waistband. Adds tone and smartness.
19. Loop in front for Belt; holds belt in position.
20. Improved Secret Money Pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside suspender button.
21. Our specially designed Side Pockets. Big, roomy and shaped especially to follow the form of the hand.
22. Hanger of Silk Braid.
23. 2½-inch Turn-up for soft turn-up, or permanent cuff.
24. Open Facing Safety Pocket; prevents currency from rolling out when in reclining position.



25. Belt of leather, covered with fabric of same material as trousers; has patent buckle.

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men
And Men Who Stay Young

Ready-to-Wear *Ask your clothier* *$20 to $40*

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

SPRING FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Copyright 1913 by Alfred Decker & Cohn

The Stearns-Knight Car

The Million-Dollar Engine

The leading motor car makers have spent $1,000,000 in perfecting the Knight-type motor. The Stearns Company has spent over $200,000.

More than 10,000 of the world's best cars already have this new-type motor. The greatest engines ever made have been supplanted by it. It has won the most coveted trophies.

In the face of this record, think what folly it is to buy a high-grade car without knowing what the Knight-type means.

Its Famous Sponsors

The Knight-type engine is now employed by 17 famous makers.

Daimler—England's greatest car—controls the British rights. Also the Italian rights. That has been a Knight-type since 1908, and the Daimler sales have multiplied since then.

Mercedes controls the rights for Germany—Panhard for France—Minerva for Belgium.

Their engines—the master engines of the world—have been supplanted by the Knight.

The cars of Royalty are now Knight-motored cars.

The cars which won the Dewar Trophy, and the Scottish Economy Trophy, had Knight-type engines in them.

Men who know and demand the best have spent $25,000,000 to date for cars which have Knight-type motors. And the demand far exceeds the supply.

It Grows Better

Any old-type engine begins to depreciate from the first day of use. Soon carbon accumulates so the valves don't shut, and much of the power is wasted. Soon the cams get noisy. Soon there is evidence of wear.

The Stearns-Knight engine becomes better with use. It becomes more and more powerful. Its smoothness increases. Its silence is absolute always.

Knight-type motors in constant use for six years have shown better results than when new.

The whole car must be built with utter exactness, to be as quiet as the engine. One gets marvelous workmanship throughout the Stearns-Knight. And that means durability.

For Silence

For Economy—for Persistent Power

The instant attraction in the Stearns-Knight is its utter silence. Silence at any speed—silence that continues after years of use.

No valves to spring shut, no cams to get noisy, no timing gears to hum.

There is no grinding of valves, no warping of valves, no leakage, no waste of power. Carbon never interferes with this motor.

The Stearns-Knight will show an excess of at least one-half over its rated power. That we guarantee.

There is immense flexibility. There is that persistent power for which electric motors are famous.

Mr. Knight's Choice

Mr. Knight himself has purchased a Stearns-Knight car. He has taken it to Europe to show makers there the perfections wrought out in our shops.

Beyond any question, the best of the Knight-types is this Stearns-Knight car. Nine months of use, by hundreds of owners, has developed no imperfection. The letters from owners form the highest tribute ever paid an American car.

The Stearns-Knight car is the topic of the season. It marks the greatest advancement of the past decade.

It is in this country the first representative of a type that has captured Europe. And every man knows that what Europe adopts in motor car engineering soon becomes universal here.

But the main pride of ownership will come to the men who first drive this new-type car. Those who like to lead, as we do, will want a Stearns-Knight this year.

The Car That Glides

The Stearns-Knight car fairly glides on the road. There is no evidence of effort.

The power seems fathomless. The silence and smoothness resemble steam.

There is luxury of motion. The car rolls on the road like a rubber ball. It indicates a measureless capacity.

The man who rides in this car is forever spoiled for any of the old-type motors.

Equipment

Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
Banker Windshield.
Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System.
Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (two extra rims).
Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn.
Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.

Touring Car
Toy Tonneau
Roadster
} $3,500

Go Ride in It

Let our local dealer take you for a ride. Mount any hill—go over any road. You will find it like sliding on runners.

Judge for yourself if this new-type motor deserves such a world-wide sensation.

But first write for our books. There is nothing so interesting in the whole line, nothing so informing. Send us this coupon and we'll mail them all. Send it today.

Coupon

THE F. B. STEARNS CO. (1-C)
Cleveland, Ohio

Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

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Dealers and Branches in 125 Principal Cities

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THE PRESIDENT'S PLANS

An Interview With Mr. Taft—By William W. Price

"WHAT important legislation of benefit to the country as a whole do you expect at this session of Congress, Mr. President?" I asked Mr. Taft, for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Under existing conditions in Congress, with the House of one political faith and the Senate of another—or of several, I might almost say—it is, of course, impossible to make predictions," was the answer. "But I should like to see a genuine downward revision of the tariff, based upon scientific facts gathered by the tariff board—a revision fair alike to manufacturer and consumer; substantial financial and currency revision that will enable our banking and currency laws satisfactorily to care for panics and make adjustment to the needs of business; and the enactment of a workmen's compensation bill. Of the three I consider the last of vital necessity and national importance. Although not affecting so many people as the tariff, or possibly currency reform, it touches the very foundation of our prosperity and contentment—harmonious and cordial relations between capital and labor.

"It is my earnest wish to see the tariff established on a permanent basis and relief given the people from inequalities complained of; but the radical difference between the Republican position and the Democratic position, the exigencies of politics from which the tariff ought to be entirely removed, and other difficulties, do not promise so much immediate success as the people and the Republican party would like. There are also such serious differences over proposed currency reform as to make a gloomy outlook for changes at this session.

"Regarding workmen's compensation, however, there ought to be no injection of politics, and there probably will be none. Any law aimed at bettering conditions between labor and capital ought to be free from political bias. My hope and belief is that there will be passed at this session, with practically little disagreement between the Houses of Congress or among the parties, a compensation bill that will be an enlightened substitute for the anciently founded principles of the common law as applied to the liability of the employer to the employee for injuries or death sustained in daily work. Whatever I can consistently do to promote the passage of such a law I shall take pleasure in doing. It has been a fixed hope that I might be able to sign a progressive measure of this kind before the close of my term of office."

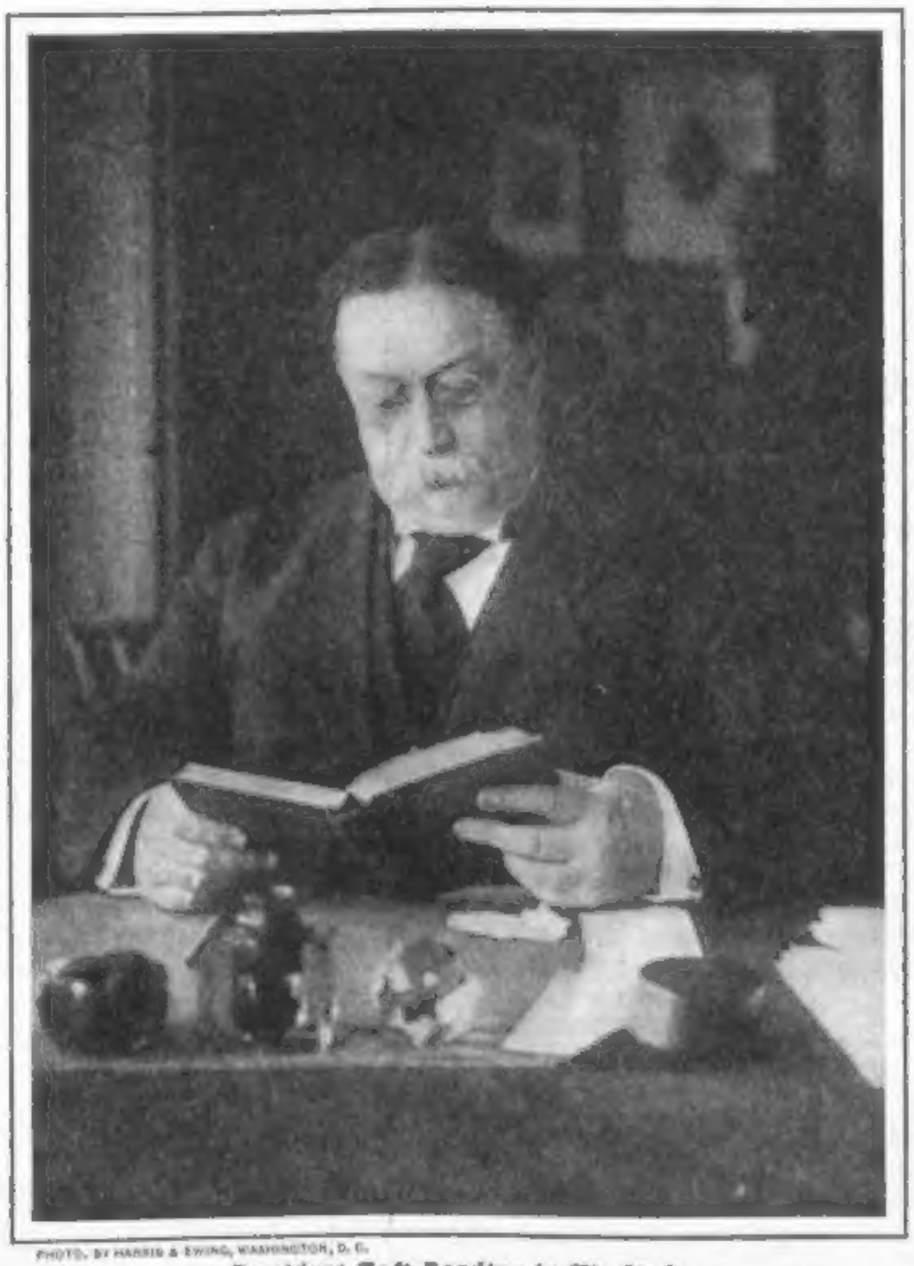


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Taft Reading in His Study

"But there is already upon the statute books a liability law bearing upon the railroads and their employees?"

"That is true, but it is just the initiative in legislation of this kind, merely the beginning of comprehensive laws fair alike to employer and employee. The proposed workmen's compensation I advocate is intended to take the place of the existing liability law. That law, which has only recently been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, Attorney-General Wickersham intervening on behalf of the United States, only establishes the right of the employee of common carriers doing interstate business to recover damages for injury or death resulting, in whole or in part, from the negligence of the officers, agents or employees of the carrier, or by reason of any defect or inefficiency due to the carrier's negligence in its cars, engines, appliances, machinery, track, roadbed, works, boats, wharves or other equipment. It abolishes the fellow-servant rule, provides that the fact that the employee may have been guilty of contributory negligence should not bar recovery of damages, but should only reduce his damages in the proportion that his negligence contributed to his injury or death. The statute marked a long step in advance of the common-law rules and the statutes of many of the states, but is not abreast of the thought of our time in dealing with the relations between employer and employee.

"Looking toward modern changes in this liability law, Congress, in a joint resolution approved by me June 25, 1910, created a commission, consisting of two senators, two representatives and two persons selected by the President, for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the subject of employers' liability and workmen's compensation. Senator Sutherland is chairman of the commission. After eighteen months of most thorough consideration, a mass of valuable data having been gathered and decisions of the courts for many years having been carefully analyzed, the commission made a report which I transmitted to Congress a short time ago, together with a bill that is now before Congress, also prepared by the commission.

"Unanimously the commission determined that the present system of employers' liability, based on negligence, with its attendant defenses of contributory negligence, assumption of risk and fellow-servant's fault, no longer met modern industrial conditions. The doctrine of the common law originated when the relations between master and servant were comparatively simple; when machinery was not complex; when one man gave employment to comparatively few workmen and could personally supervise them to guard against accidents; and when all the employees of one man knew each other, their habits and faults. It was not unreasonable, therefore, that the employee should be denied damages where he had been negligent himself, or had accepted service with a full knowledge of all the risks involved, including that of a fellow servant who might be responsible for causing accident or death.

"But today machinery is complicated and dangerous; steam and electricity and not horse and hand power move the industrial world. In the railroad field especially the occupations of the men are extra-hazardous, and there is deplorable loss of life and limb. No longer does the employer know the habits and characteristics of the employee; small business has become one of huge proportions. One great railroad system of the country employs one hundred and twenty-five thousand men; master and servant are no longer in daily contact; supervision must be intrusted to officers and foremen; the real employer is far removed from the workmen.

"Man today is injured through the inherent dangers of industry, and the basis of compensation ought to be changed and made a risk of industry itself, so that the liability will follow from the fact of injury. That should be sufficient, and the commission has reported a bill for compulsory compensation to employees of interstate railroads for injury or death arising out of and in the course of their employment. The remedy and compensation are to be exclusive of all others now provided by law. The bill embodies a most righteous and just solution of the question, fair alike to the railroads and to their employees."

"Why not extend the law to industries generally? Why confine it to the interstate-commerce railroads?"

"The extension of the law should come by state legislation for the states. It is not within congressional jurisdiction to extend it. The authority of Congress to enact the proposed law has been questioned, but the commission has gone into the legal phases with great thoroughness, and I am satisfied that Congress has the constitutional power. The decision of the Supreme Court in the employers' liability case seems to establish the fact that this is a regulation of interstate commerce under the commerce clause of the Constitution. There also arises the question whether the railroads are denied due process of law according to the fifth amendment to the Constitution, and still another objection might be that the right of trial by jury, according to the guaranty of the seventh amendment, is denied.

"In the mean time the states will, I hope, direct thoughtful attention to the subject with a view to uniform legislation patterned after that which has been so carefully planned. A few of the states have already enacted laws looking to the elimination of the common-law doctrines. I should like to see the governors and legislatures of the various states try to reach a common basis for legislation. In many matters of no more vital consequence the states have sent representatives to conventions for the purpose of bringing about laws working in unity.

"The United States is far behind other civilized nations of the world in workmen's compensation. There are few countries where provision has not been made for workmen's compensation independent of negligence. Most countries recognize the right of an injured workman to compensation in every case where there has not been willful intention or intoxication. The proposed law before Congress makes these the only two exceptions. In England 'serious and willful misconduct' are excluded except

in cases of death and long-continued disablement. 'Intentional or gross imprudence' excludes in Russia, while in a number of countries 'intentional' injuries only are excluded. Of course there arise the possibilities of much litigation to determine what constitutes 'serious and willful misconduct.' The railroad employee is compelled to meet frequent emergencies and to act with haste. What a man might do in haste he might not do after mature consideration. To prevent congestion of traffic in the switching yards there must be celerity of movement, and mistakes are sometimes made that are not 'willful.' The circumstances under which a railroad man's labors are performed are such that exceptions to the right of recovery should be confined to 'willful intention' or 'intoxication.' No railroad employee ought to endanger the lives of passengers and the property of his employer by going to his work in a state of intoxication or by becoming intoxicated while on duty.

"The cost of settlement of accidents and deaths in England has been exceptionally small. Facts gathered some years ago showed that most of the litigation had been over questions of principle. The vast majority of the injury cases were settled by agreement. Fully ninety-five per cent of these were settled out of court. In the death cases there was not over twenty-five per cent before the courts, and these included cases where the apportionment of benefits among the beneficiaries had to be fixed.

"Secretaries and officers of the trades' unions were helpful in keeping cases out of the courts. Accidents were reported to them and settlements made without cost to the men. The thorough organization of the railroad men in this country would afford them opportunity to do likewise here, saving lawyers' fees and other expenses."

Personal-Injury Lawyers Hit Hardest

"THE matter of expensive court costs and all-round litigation is one of the principal things the proposed bill in Congress seeks to avoid. Under the common-law principle now prevailing in this country employees frequently recover from the railroads large verdicts for damages, but after counsel fees are paid, experts compensated and other costs deducted, the beneficiary does not receive on an average over fifty per cent of his compensation. The payment of the judgment is often long delayed through appeals to the courts, and the employee finds himself in hard straits and his family suffering. He becomes embittered against his employer. The railroads themselves are put to heavy expenses in the employment of counsel and in other costs, including investigations by claim-agents. Then when the employee does receive the money adjudged to be due him he may invest it improperly, lose it all and in a short time, if he has been badly injured or incapacitated, become an object of charity or a burden to his labor organization. And this is only where the employee wins his suit. A large number bringing suit lose through some of the various defenses of the common law. If the employee has lost an arm or a leg he is in bad way to make a living for himself and his dependents. Under the law we now seek to have passed the employee does not have to prove himself free from carelessness. He simply proves the fact of his injury, and compensation automatically follows. Costs may be nothing or little. The only man whose feelings are hurt or whose pocket suffers is the personal-injury lawyer. The railroads and their employees will both save enormous expenses now connected with suits. So soon as the railroads understand that they must pay and the employee that he must accept definite compensation for injury, irrespective of cause, the incentive for the distortion of facts so prevalent will have been removed. The railroads will gather data regarding accidents and seek, by improvement in their equipment, to diminish the number of accidents, and there will be profound benefit in minimizing the spirit of antagonism and the ill-feeling engendered by the present system.

"The employer now has hanging over his head an indefinite liability, which under the proposed law will become a definite liability. Inadequate verdicts as well as excessive verdicts in the courts will no longer be possible. The employee gives up the possibility of unlimited damages in some cases, with a doubtful and expensive right of recovery for compensation that is definite and certain and reasonable in every case.

"Figures show that the railroad companies are paying out annually about $10,500,000 for damages and settlements in suits for damages by employees and for death claims. Just how much greater this amount is when the salaries of claim-agents, counsel fees, and so forth, are included is not known. Under the proposed law the compensation to killed and injured would be about $15,000,000 yearly. As the payments, however, would extend over a period of years, the roads would save in deferred payments to an extent to reduce the annual cost to approximately $13,000,000. For every dollar the roads now pay out they would pay $1.25. Of the $10,500,000 now paid, the beneficiaries receive perhaps not over $5,250,000, while under the proposed law they would get at least $14,000,000. That would mean close to $3 for every $1 the injured and the dependents of the dead now receive. Better relations between employers and employees will be incalculable in value, society will be benefited, and there will be an improvement in train service that will lessen dangers to the public and to all concerned."

"How is the compensation to be distributed?"

"Most of the foreign countries follow either of two methods—one requiring employers to pay assessments into an insurance fund that is administered under government supervision, and the other requiring direct payment to employees or dependents. The insurance scheme is said to work well in Germany where it fits in with the system of laws and conditions. It is not so well adapted to our laws and methods, particularly as applied to railroads. In the case of small employers, where insolvency is liable, there might be good reasons for some method of insurance. A small employer may be ruined at any time by some calamity, and the wisdom of distributing the shock by means of insurance is apparent.

"Mutual insurance applied to the interstate railroads would not be feasible and is not necessary. They have sufficient financial strength to meet all obligations, compensation to workmen and otherwise, and do not have to be forced to give guaranties. Direct payment is the best plan. Insurance, too, would penalize well-managed roads for the badly managed ones. The most serious objection to the insurance plan, though, is that it would have to be operated under government authority and supervision, necessitating a large addition to the list of government employees and an expense that could not be estimated. There are something like four thousand deaths each year among railway employees and between seventy-five thousand and eighty thousand accidents. Instead of submitting every case to an agent of the government, the law proposes that the immense majority of the claims shall be settled between employer and employee. Official umpires, as they may be called, are provided as safeguards to the interests of the injured employees, while the railroads make the investigations, which they are equipped to do.

"In dealing with only one industry better results ought to follow from having the railroads make direct compensation. If they wish to meet these payments by establishing insurance companies of their own, which might also be valuable in gathering data as to the causes of accidents, and so forth, that is for them to decide."

"What is the basis for the compensation payments?"

"The bill establishes the principle of compensation at the rate of one-half the wages. Where the injuries result in permanent and total disability, payment of one-half the wages is to continue during life. I do not know of a sadder thing than a strong, healthy man, with wife and little ones dependent upon his activities for support, suddenly disabled for life. Under the common law his recourse is the courts where, because of the defenses permitted against him, he may not recover a penny, and if he does recover, half of the amount goes for the contingent fees of lawyers and for expenses. The new law directs the courts to arrange the fees of lawyers, if legal services are employed, independent of any prior agreement. To fix the compensation for less than life would be unfair. To limit the payments to a certain period would be to deprive the man at a time when he might most need them, and to turn him over to charity in his advancing years, not to consider his helpless family. Where the disability is permanent but partial the bill limits the payments to a period of time depending upon the extent and severity of the injury. In this sort of a case the man may be able, after adapting himself to new conditions, to become useful again. If he has lost a leg or an arm the time is fixed so that the injured may readjust himself to his maimed condition and turn to something that will help in the fight for existence. No law ought to invite an injured man, unless his disability is total and lasting, to remain in idleness."

The Compensation to Widows and Children

"WHERE death results, a widow alone is paid forty per cent of the wages of the deceased husband; to a widow and dependent child or children under sixteen, fifty per cent is paid. These payments are for eight years, unless the widow remarries or the children reach the age of sixteen, when they cease. To wholly dependent parents twenty-five per cent is paid, and to partially dependent parents fifteen per cent, and there is provision for dependent sisters, brothers, and so forth, if there is no widow or children or dependent parents. The term 'dependent' and other terms are fully defined in the act as a safeguard to the employee as well as the employer, who is also protected by provisions against misrepresentation. The employee, for instance, must submit himself at reasonable times and places for examination by the employer's physician. If he refuses to do so he forfeits his right to compensation during the period of refusal.

"The methods proposed by the law are, briefly, notification to the employer within thirty days after accident or death, or at the outside, under certain situations, within ninety days. After fourteen days from the time of the injury it is lawful for the employer and employee to settle by agreement, within the limitations of the act, the agreement to be in writing but subject to modification. Arbitration committees also are authorized to settle disputes

(Continued on Page 34)

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President and His "Newspaper Cabinet" on the White House Lawn, Summer, 1911

ERMINE AND MOTLEY

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE behind the other, three short sections of a special came sliding into the yard sidings below the depot. The cars clanked their drawheads together like manacles, as they were chivied and bullied and shoved about by a regular chain-gang boss of a switch engine. Some of the cars were ordinary box cars, just the plain galley slaves of commerce, but painted a uniform blue and provided with barred gratings; some were flat cars laden with huge wheeled burdens hooded under tarpaulins; and a few were sleeping cars that had been a bright yellow at the beginning of the season, with flaring red lettering down the sides, but now were faded to a shabby saffron.

It was just getting good broad day. The sleazy dun clouds that had been racked up along the east—like mill-ends left over from night's remnant counter, as a poet might have said had there been a poet on hand there to say it—were now torn asunder, and through the tear the sun showed out, blushing red at its own nakedness and pushing ahead of it long shadows that stretched on the earth the wrong way. There was a taste of earliness in the air, a sort of compounded taste of dew and dust and maybe a little malaria.

Early as it was, there was a whopping big delegation of small boys, white and black, on hand for a volunteer reception committee. The eyes of these boys were bright and expectant in contrast to the eyes of the yard hands, who looked half dead for sleep and yawned and shivered. The boys welcomed the show train at the depot and ran alongside its various sections. They were mainly barefooted, but they avoided splinters in the butts of the crossties and sharp clinkers in the cinder ballast of the roadbed with the instinctive agility of a race of primitives.

Almost before the first string of cars halted and while the clanking of the iron links still ran down its length like a code signal being repeated, a lot of mop-headed men in overalls appeared, crawling out from all sorts of unsuspected sleeping places aboard. Magically a six-team of big white Norman horses materialized, dragging empty traces behind them. They must have been harnessed up together beforehand in a stock car somewhere. A corrugated wooden runway appeared to sprout downward and outward from an open car door, and down it bumped a high, open wagon with a big sheet-iron cooking range mounted on it and one short length of stovepipe rising above like a stumpy fighting-top on an armored cruiser. As the wheels thumped against the solid earth a man in a dirty apron, who had been balancing himself in the wagon, touched a match to some fuel in his firebox. Instantly black smoke came out of the top of the stack and a stinging smell of burning wood trailed behind him, as the six-horse team hooked on and he and his moving kitchen went lurching and rolling across shallow gulleys and over a rutted common, right into the red eye of the upcoming sun. Other wagons followed, loaded with blue stakes, with coils of ropes, with great rolls of earth-stained canvas, and each took the same route, with four or six horses to drag it and a born charioteer in a flannel shirt to drive it. The common destination was a stretch of flat land a quarter of a mile away from the track. Truck patches backed up against this site on one side and the outlying cottages of the town flanked it on the other, and it was bordered with frayed fringes of ragweed and niggerheads, and was dotted over with the dried-mud chimneys of crawfish. In the thin turf here a geometric pattern of iron laying-out pins now appeared to spring up simultaneously, with rag pennons of red and blue fluttering in the tops, and at once a crew of men set to work with an orderly confusion, only stopping now and then to bellow back the growing swarms of boys who hung eagerly on the flank of each new operation. True to the promise of its lithographed glories, the circus was in our midst, rain or shine, for this day and date only.

If there is any of the boy spirit left in us circus day may be esteemed to bring it out. And considering his age and bulk and his calling, there was a good deal of the boy left in old Judge Priest, our circuit judge—so much boy, in fact, that he, an early riser of note in a town much given to early rising, was up and dressing this morning a good hour ahead of his usual time. As he dressed he kept going to the side window of his bedroom and looking out. Eventually he had his reward. Through a break in the silver-leaf poplars he saw a great circus wagon crossing his line of vision an eighth of a mile away. Its top and sides were masked in canvas, but he caught a flicker of red and gold as the sun glinted on its wheels, and he saw the four horses tugging it along, with the dipping figure of the driver up above. The sight gave the old judge a little thrill down inside of him.

"I reckin that fellow was right when he said a man is only as old as he feels," said Judge Priest to himself. "And I'm glad court ain't in session—I honestly am." He opened his door and called down into the body of the silent house below: "Jeff! Oh, Jeff!"

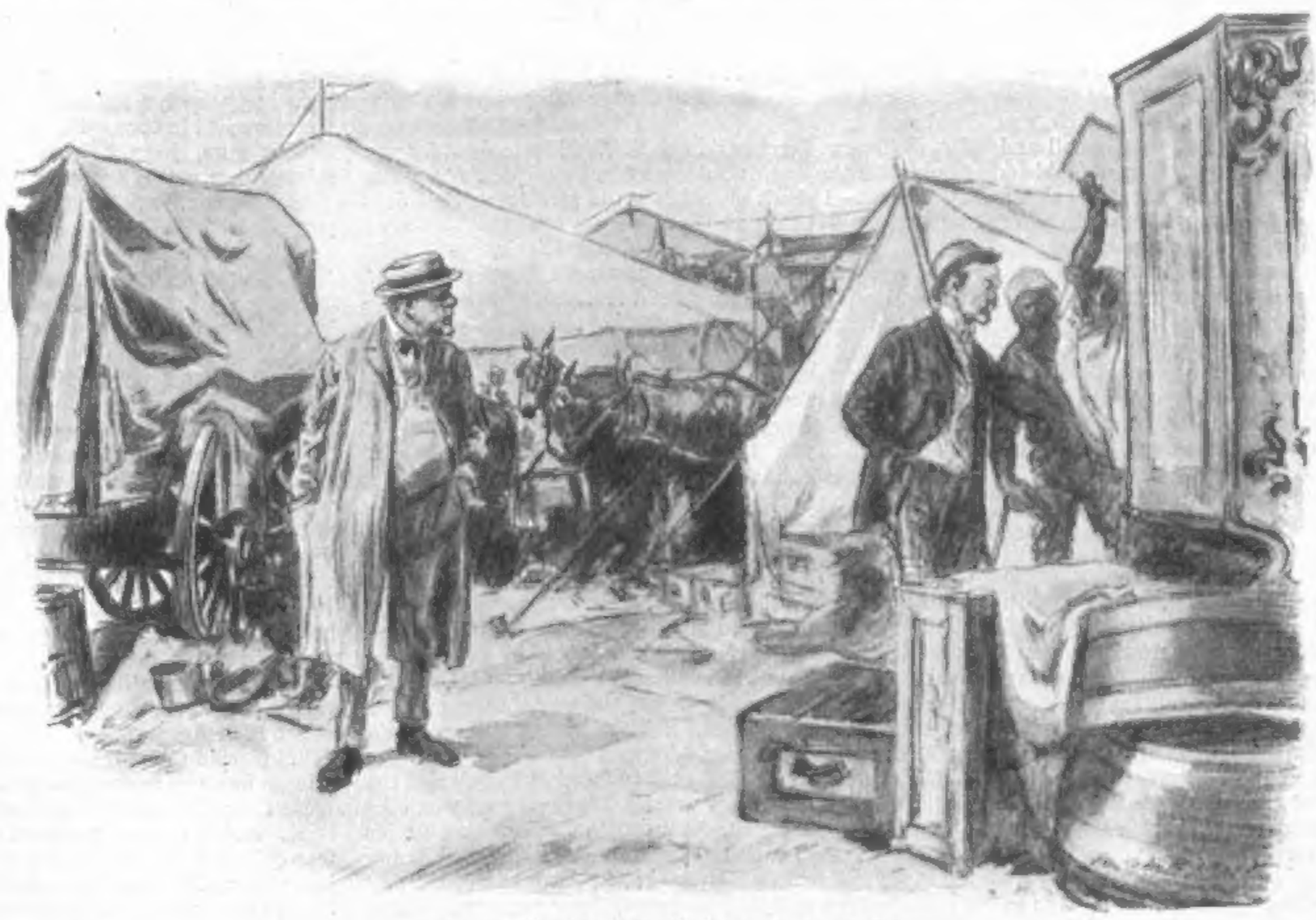
"Yas, suh," came up the prompt answer.

"Jeff, you go out yonder to the kitchen and tell Aunt Dilsey to hurry along my breakfast. I'll be down right away."

"Yas, suh," said Jeff; "I'll bring it right in, suh."

Jeff was as anxious as the judge that the ceremony of breakfast might be speedily over; and, to tell the truth, so was Aunt Dilsey, who fluttered with impatience as she fried the judge's matinal ham and dished up the hominy. Aunt Dilsey regularly patronized all circuses, but she specialized in sideshows. The sideshow got a dime of hers before the big show started and again after it ended. She could remember from year to year just how the sideshow banners looked and how many there were of them, and on the mantelpiece in her cabin was ranged a fly-blown row of freaks' photographs, purchased at the exceedingly reasonable rate of ten cents for cabinet sizes and twenty-five for the full length.

So there was no delay about serving the judge's breakfast or about clearing the table afterward. For that one morning, anyhow, the breakfast dishes went unwashed. Even as the judge put on his straw hat and came out on the front porch, the back door was already discharging Jeff and Aunt Dilsey. By the time the judge had traversed the shady yard and unlatched the front gate, Jeff was halfway to the showground and mending his gait all the time. Less than five minutes later Jeff was being ordered, somewhat rudely, off the side of a boarded-up cage, upon which he had climbed with a view to ascertaining, by a peep through the barred air-vent under the driver's seat, whether the mysterious creature inside looked as strange as it smelled; and less than five minutes after that, Jeff, having reached a working understanding with the custodian of the cage, who likewise happened to be in charge of certain ring stock, was convoying a string of trick ponies to the water-trough over by the planing mill. Aunt Dilsey, moving more slowly—yet guided, nevertheless, by a sure instinct—presently anchored herself at the precise spot where the sideshow tent would stand. Here several lodge sisters soon joined her. They formed a comfortable brown clump, stationary in the midst of many brisk activities.



But One Look at the Face Made the Judge Hesitate

The judge stood at his gate a minute, lighting his corncob pipe. As he stood there a farm wagon clattered by, coming in from the country. Its bed was full of kitchen chairs and the kitchen chairs contained a family, including two pretty country girls in their teens, who were dressed in fluttering white with a plenitude of red and blue ribbons. The head of the family, driving, returned the judge's waved greeting somewhat stiffly. It was plain that his person was chafed and his whole being put under restraint by the fell influences of a Sunday coat and a hard collar buttoned on to the neckband of his blue shirt.

His pipe being lighted, the judge headed leisurely in the same direction that the laden farm wagon had taken. Along Clay Street from the judge's house to the main part of town, where the business houses and the stores centered, was a mile walk nearly, up a fairly steepish hill and down again, but shaded well all the way by water maples and silver-leaf trees. There weren't more than eight houses or ten along Clay Street, and these, with the exception of the judge's roomy, white-porched house standing aloof in its two acres of poorly kept lawn, were all little two-room frame houses, each in a small, bare inclosure of its own, with wide, weed-grown spaces between it and its next-door neighbors. These were the homes of those who in a city would have been tenement dwellers. In front of them stretched narrow wooden sidewalks, dappled now with patches of shade and of soft, warm sunshine.

Perhaps halfway along was a particularly shabby little brown house that pushed close up to the street line. A straggly catalpa tree shaded its narrow porch. This was the home of Lemuel Hammersmith; and Hammersmith seems such a name as should by right belong to a masterful, upstanding man with something of Thor or Vulcan or Judas Maccabæus in him—it appears to have that sound. But Lemuel Hammersmith was no such man. In a city he would have been lost altogether—swallowed up among a mass of more important, pushing folk. But in a town as small as ours he had a distinction. He belonged to more secret orders than any man in town—he belonged to all there were. Their small mummeries and mysteries, conducted behind closed doors, had for him a lure that there was no resisting; he just had to join. As I now recall, he never rose to high rank in any one of them, never wore the impressive regalia and the weighty title of a supreme officer; but when a lodge brother died he nearly always served on the committee that drew up the resolutions of respect. In moments of half-timid expanding he had been known to boast mildly that his signature, appended to resolutions of respect, suitably engrossed and properly framed, hung on

They All Three Went Straightway to the Sheriff's Office

the parlor walls of more than a hundred homes. He was a small and inconsequential man and he led a small and inconsequential life, giving his days to clerking in Noble & Barry's coal office for fifty dollars a month, and his nights to his lodge meetings and to drawing up resolutions of respect. In the latter direction he certainly had a gift; the underlying sympathy of his nature found its outlet there. And he had a pale, sickly, overworked wife and a paler, sicklier child.

On this circus day he had been stationed in front of his house for a good half hour, watching up the street for some one. This some one, as it turned out, was Judge Priest. At sight of the old judge coming along, Mr. Hammersmith went forward to meet him and fell in alongside, keeping pace with him.

"Good mornin', son," said the old judge, who knew everybody that lived in town. "How's the little feller this mornin'?"

"Judge, I'm sorry to say that Lemuel Junior ain't no better this mornin'," answered the little coal clerk with a hitching of his voice. "We're afraid—his mother and me—that he ain't never goin' to be no better. I've had Doctor Lake in again and he says there really ain't anything we can do—he says it's just a matter of a little time now. Old Aunt Hannah Holmes says he's got bone erysipelas, and that if we could 'a' got him away from here in time we might have saved him. But I don't know—we done the best we could. I try to be reconciled. Lemuel Junior he suffers so at times that it'll be a mercy, I reckin —— But it's hard on you, judge—it's turrible hard on you when it's your only child."

"My son," said the old judge, speaking slowly, "it's so hard that I know nothin' I could say or do would be any comfort to you. But I'm sorry—I'm mighty sorry for you all. I know what it is. I buried mine, both of 'em, in one week's time, and that's thirty years and more ago; but it still hurts mightily sometimes. I wish't there was something I could do."

"Well, there is," said Hammersmith—"there is, judge, maybe. That's why I've been standin' down here waitin' for you. You see, Lemmy he was turrible sharp set on goin' to the circus today. He's been readin' the circus bills that I'd bring home to him until he knew 'em off by heart. He always did have a mighty bright mind for rememberin' things. We was aimin' to take him to the show this evenin', bundled up in a bedquilt, you know, and settin' off with him in a kind of a quiet place somewhere. But he had a bad night and we just can't make out to do it—he's too weak to stand it—and it was most breakin' his heart for a while; but then he said if he could just see the parade he'd be satisfied.

"And, judge, that's the point—he's took it into his head that you can fix it some way so he can see it. We tried to argue him out of it, but you know how it is, tryin' to argue with a child as sick as Lemuel Junior's been. He—he won't listen to nothin' we say."

A great compassion shadowed the judge's face. His hand went out and found the sloping shoulder of the father and patted it clumsily. He didn't say anything. There didn't seem to be anything to say.

"So we just had to humor him along. His maw has had him at the front window for an hour now, propped up on a pillow, waitin' for you to come by. He wouldn't listen to nothin' else. And, judge—if you can humor him at all—any way at all—do it, please ——"

He broke off because they were almost in the shadow of the catalpa tree, and now the judge's name was called out by a voice that was as thin and elfin as though the throat that spoke it were strung with fine silver wires.

"Oh, judge—oh, Mister Judge Priest!"

The judge stopped, and, putting his hands on the palings, looked across them at the little sick boy. He saw a face that seemed to be all eyes and mouth and bulging, blue-veined forehead—it shockingly reminded him of a new-hatched sparrow—and the big eyes were feverishly alight with the look that is seen only in the eyes of those who already have begun to glimpse the great secret that lies beyond the ken of the rest of us.

"Why, hello, little feller," said the judge, with a false heartiness. "I'm sorry to see you laid up again."

"Judge Priest, sir," said the sick boy, panting with weak eagerness, "I want to see the grand free street parade. I've been sick a right smart while, and I can't go to the circus; but I do want mightily to see the grand free street parade. And I want you, please, sir, to have 'em come up by this house."

There was a world of confidence in the plea. Unnoticed by the boy, his mother, who had been fanning him, dropped the fan and put her apron over her face and leaned against the window-jamb, sobbing silently. The father, silent too, leaned against the fence, looking fixedly at nothing and wiping his eyes with the butt of his hand. Yes, it is possible for a man to wipe his eyes on his bare hand without seeming either grotesque or vulgar—even when the man who does it is a little inconsequential man—if his child is dying and his sight is blurred and his heart is fit to burst inside of him. The judge bent across the fence, and his face muscles were working, but his voice held steady.

"Well, now, Lemmy," he said, "I'd like to do it for you the best in the world; but, you see, boy, I don't own this here circus—I don't even know the gentleman that does own it."

"His name is Silver," supplied the sick child—"Daniel P. Silver, owner of Silver's Mammoth United Railroad Shows, Roman Hippodrome and Noah's Ark Menagerie—that's the man! I kin show you his picture on one of the showbills my paw brought home to me, and then you kin go right and find him."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good if I did know him, Lemmy," said the old judge very gently. "You see ——"

"But ain't you the judge at the big cotehouse?" demanded the child; "and can't you put people in jail if they don't do what you tell 'em? That's what my grandpop says. He's always tellin' me stories about how you and him fought the Yankees, and he always votes for you too—my grandpop talks like he thought you could do anything. And, judge, please, sir, if you went to Mister Daniel P. Silver and told him that you was the big judge—and told him there was a little sick boy livin' right up the road a piece in a little brown house—don't you reckin he'd do it? It ain't so very far out of the way if they go down Jefferson Street—it's only a little ways. Judge, you'll make 'em do it, won't you—for me?"

"I'll try, boy, I'll shorely try to do what I kin," said the old judge; "but if I can't make 'em do it you won't be disappointed, will you, Lemmy?" He fumbled in his pocket. "Here's four bits for you—you tell your daddy to buy you something with it. I know your maw and daddy wouldn't want you to take money from strangers, but of course it's different with old friends like you and me. Here, you take it. And there's something else," he went on. "I'll bet you there's one of those dagoes or somebody like that downtown with a lot of these here big toy rubber balloons—red and green and blue. You tell me which color you like the best and I'll see that it's sent right up here to you—the biggest balloon the man's got ——"

"I don't want any balloon," said the little voice fretfully, "and I don't want any four bits. I want to see the grand free street parade, and the herd of elephants, and the clown, and the man-eatin' tigers, and everything. I want that parade to come by this house."

The judge looked hopelessly from the child to the mother and then to the father—they both had their faces averted still—and back into the sick child's face again. The four-bit piece lay shining on the porch floor where it had fallen. The judge backed away, searching his mind for the right words to say.

"Well, I'll do what I can, Lemmy," he repeated, as though he could find no other phrase—"I'll do what I can."

The child rolled his head back against the pillow, satisfied. "Then it'll be all right, sir," he said with a joyful confidence. "My grandpop he said you could do 'most anything. You tell 'em, Mister Judge Priest, that I'll be a-waitin' right here in this very window for 'em when they pass."

Walking with his head down and his steps lagging, the old judge, turning into the main thoroughfare, was almost run over by a mare that came briskly along, drawing a light buggy with a tall man in it. The tall man pulled up the mare just in time. His name was Settle.

"By gum, judge," he said apologetically, "I came mighty near gettin' you that time!"

"Hello, son," said the judge absently; "which way are you headed?"

"Downtown, same as everybody else," said Settle. "Jump in and I'll take you right down, sir."

"Much obliged," assented the old judge, as he heaved himself heavily up between the skewed wheels and settled himself so solidly at Settle's left that the seat springs whined; "but I wish't, if you're not in too big a hurry, that you'd drive me up by them showgrounds first."

"Glad to," said Settle, as he swung the mare round. "I just come from there myself—been up lookin' at the stock. 'Tain't much. Goin' up to look their stock over yourself, judge?" he asked, taking it for granted that any man would naturally be interested in horseflesh, as indeed would be a true guess so far as any man in that community was concerned.

"Stock?" said the judge. "No, I want to see the proprietor of this here show. I won't keep you waitin' but a minute or two."

"The proprietor!" echoed Settle, surprised. "What's a circuit judge goin' to see a circus man for—is it something about their license?"

"No," said the judge—"no, just some business—a little private business matter I want to see him on."

He offered no further explanation and Settle asked for none. At the grounds the smaller tents were all up—there was quite a little dirty-white encampment of them—and just as they drove up the roof of the main tent rose to the tops of its center poles, bellying and billowing like a stage sea in the second act of Monte Cristo. Along the near edge of the common, negro men were rigging booths with planks for counters and sheets for awnings, and negro women were unpacking the wares that would presently be spread forth temptingly against the coming of the show crowds—fried chicken and slabs of fried fish, and ham and pies and fried apple turnovers. Leaving Settle checking the restive mare, the old judge made his way across the sod, already scuffed and dented by countless feet. A collarless, red-faced man, plainly a functionary of some sort, hurried toward him, and the judge put himself in this man's path.

"Are you connected with this institution, suh?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man shortly, but slowing his gait.

"So I judged from your manner and deportment, suh," said the judge. "I'm lookin'," he went on, "for your proprietor."

"Silver? He's over yonder by the cookhouse."

"The which?" asked the judge.

"The cookhouse—the dining tent," explained the other, pointing. "Right round yonder beyond that second stake wagon—where you see smoke rising. But he's likely to be pretty busy."

Behind the second stake wagon the judge found a blocky, authoritative man, with a brown derby hat tilted back on his head and heavy-lidded eyes like a frog's, and knew him at once for the owner; but one look at the face made the judge hesitate. Right then he felt that his was a lost cause already; and then the other opened his mouth and spoke, and Judge Priest turned on his heel and came away. The judge was reasonably well seasoned to sounds of

"I'll Fix Him—Rod-Lighting Me Off My Own Privilege Car!"

ordinary profanity, but not to blasphemy that seemed to loose an evil black smudge upon the clean air. He came back to the buggy and climbed in.

"See your man?" asked Settle.

"Yes," said the judge slowly, "I saw him."

Especially downtown things had a holidaying look to them. Wall-eyed teams of country horses were tethered to hitching-racks in the short by-streets, flinching their flanks and setting themselves for abortive stampedes later on. Pedlers of toy balloons circulated; a vender with a fascinating line of patter sold to the same customers, in rapid succession, odorous hamburger and flat slabs of a heat-resisting variety of striped ice cream. At a main crossing, catercornered across from each other, the high-pitch man and his brother of the flat joint were at work, one selling electric belts from the back of a buggy, the other down in the dust manipulating a spindle game. The same group of shillabers were constantly circulating from one faker to the other, and as constantly investing. Even the clerks couldn't stay inside the stores—they kept darting out and darting back in again. A group of darkies would find a desirable point of observation along the sidewalk and hold it for a minute or two, and then on a sudden unaccountable impulse would desert it and go streaking off down the middle of the street to find another that was in no way better. In front of the wagon yard country rigs were ranged three deep. Every small boy who wasn't at the show-ground was swarming round underfoot somewhere, filled with a most delicious nervousness that kept him moving. But Judge Priest, who would have joyed in these things ordinarily, had an absent eye for it all. There was another picture persisting in his mind, a picture with a little brown house and a ragged catalpa tree for a background.

In front of Soule's drug store his week-day cronies sat—the elder statesmen of the town—tilted back in hard-bottomed chairs, with their legs drawn up under them out of the tides of foot travel. But he passed them by, only nodding an answer to their choraled greeting, and went inside back behind the prescription case and sat down there alone, smoking his pipe soberly.

"Wonder what ails Judge Priest?" said Sergeant Jimmy Bagby. "He looks sort of dauncy and low in his mind, don't he?"

"He certainly does," some one agreed.

Half an hour later, when the sheriff came in looking for him, Judge Priest was still sitting alone behind the prescription case. With the sheriff was a middle-aged man, a stranger, in a wrinkled check suit and a somewhat soiled fancy vest. The upper pockets of this vest were bulged outward somewhat by such frank articles of personal use as a red celluloid toothbrush, carried bristle-end up, a rubber mustache-comb and a carpenter's flat pencil. The stranger had a longish mustache, iron-gray at the roots and of a greenish, blue-black color elsewhere, and he walked with a perceptible limp. He had a way, it at once developed, of taking his comb out and running it through his mustache while in conversation, doing so without seeming to affect the flow or the volume of his language.

"Mornin', Judge Priest," said the sheriff. "This here gentleman wants to see you a minute about gettin' out an attachment. I taken him first to the country judge's office, but it seems like Judge Landis went up to Louisville last night, and the magistrates' offices air closed—both of them, in fact; and so seein' as this gentleman is in a kind of a hurry, I taken the liberty of bringin' him round to you."

Before the judge could open his mouth, he of the dyed mustache was breaking in.

"Yes, sirree," he began briskly. "If you're the judge here I want an attachment. I've got a good claim against Dan Silver, and blame me if I don't push it. I'll fix him—red-lighting me off my own privilege car!" He puffed up with rage and injury.

"What appears to be the main trouble?" asked the judge, studying this belligerent one from under his hatbrim.

"Well, it's simple enough," explained the man. "Stanton is my name—here's my card—and I'm the fixer for this show—the legal adjuster, see? Or, anyhow, I was until last night. And I likewise am—or was—half partner with Dan Silver in the privilege car and in the speculative interests of this show—the flat joints and the rackets and all. You make me now, I guess? Well, last night, coming up here from the last stand, me and Silver fell out over the split-up, over dividing the day's profits—you understand, the money is cut up two ways every night—and I ketched him trying to trim me. I called him down good and hard then, and blame if he didn't have the nerve to call in that big boss razorback of his, named Saginaw, and a couple more rousters, and red-light me right off my own privilege car! Now what do you know about that?"

"Only what you tell me," replied Judge Priest calmly. "Might I ask you what is the process of red-lightin' a person of your callin' in life?"

"Chucking you off of a train without waiting for the train to stop, that's what," expounded the aggrieved Mr. Stanton. "It was pretty soft for me that I lit on the side of a dirt bank and we wasn't moving very fast, else I'd 'a' been killed. As 'twas I about ruined a suit of clothes and scraped most of the meat off of one leg." He indicated the denuded limb by raising it stiffly a couple of times and then felt for his comb. Use of it appeared to have a somewhat soothing effect upon his feelings, and he continued: "So I limped up to the next station, two of the longest miles in the world, and caught a freight coming through, and here I am. And now I want to file against him—the dirty, red-lighting dog!

"Why, he owes me money—plenty of it. Just like I told you, I'm the half owner of that privilege car, and besides he borrowed money off of me at the beginning of the season and never offered to pay it back. I've got his personal notes right here to prove it." He felt for the documents and spread them, soiled and thumbed, upon the prescription shelf under the judge's nose. "He's sure got to settle with me before he gets out of this town. Don't worry about me—I'll put up cash bond to prove I'm on the level," fishing out from his trousers pocket a bundle of bills with a rubber band on it. "Pretty lucky for me they didn't know I had my bankroll with me last night!"

"I suppose the attachment may issue," said the judge, preparing to get up.

"Fine," said Stanton, with deep gratification in his bearing. "But here, wait a minute," he warned. "Don't make no mistake and try to attach the whole works, because if you do you'll sure fall down on your face, judge. That's all been provided for. The wagons and horses are all in Silver's name and the cage animals are all in his wife's name. And so when a hick constable or somebody comes round with an attachment, Dan says to him, 'All right,' he says, 'go on and attach, but you can't touch them animals,' he says; and then friend wife flashes a bill of sale to show they are hers. The rube says 'What'll I do?' and Silver says, 'Why, let the animals out and take the wagons; but of course,' he says, 'you're responsible for the lions and that pair of ferocious man-eating tigers and the rest of 'em. Go right ahead,' he says, 'and help yourself.' 'Yes,' his wife says, 'go ahead; but if you let any of my wild animals get away I'll hold you liable, and also if you let any of 'em chew up anybody you'll pay the damages and not me,' she says. 'You'll have to be specially careful about Wallace the Ontamable,' she says; 'he's et up two trainers already this season and crippled two-three more of the hands.'

"Well, if that don't bluff the rube they take him round and give him a flash at Wallace. Wallace is old and feeble and he ain't really much more dangerous than a kitten, but he looks rough; and Dan sidles up 'longside the wagon and touches a button that's there to use during the bally-hoo, and then Wallace jumps up and down and roars a mile. D'ye make me there? Well, the floor of the cage is all iron strips, and when Dan touches that button it shoots about fifty volts of the real juice—electricity, you know—into Wallace's feet and he acts ontamable. So of course that stumps the rube, and Dan like as not gets away with it without ever settling. Oh, it's a foxy trick! And to think it was me myself that first put Silver on to it!" he added lamentingly, with a sidelong look at the sheriff to see how that official was taking the disclosure of these professional secrets. As well as one might judge by a glance the sheriff was taking it unmoved. He was cutting off a chew of tobacco from a black plug. Stowing the morsel in his jaw, he advanced an idea of his own:

"How about attachin' the receipts in the ticket wagon?"

"I don't know about that either," said the sophisticated Stanton. "Dan Silver is one of the wisest guys in this business. He had to be a wise guy to slip one over on an old big-leaguer like yours truly, and that's no sidewalk banter either. You might attach the wagon and put a constable or somebody inside of it, and then like as not Dan'd find some way to flimflam him and make his getaway with the kale intact. You gotter give it to Dan Silver there. I guess he's a stupid guy—yes, stupid like a bear cat!" His tone of reluctant admiration indicated that this last was spoken satirically and that seriously he regarded a bear cat as probably the astutest hybrid of all species.

"Are all circuses conducted in this general fashion, suh?" inquired the old judge softly.

"No," admitted Stanton, "they ain't—the big ones ain't anyway; but a lot of the small ones is. They gotter do it because a circus is always fair game for a sore rube. Once the tents come down a circus has got no friends.

"I tell you what," he went on, struck amidships with a happy notion—"I tell you what you do. Lemme swear out an attachment against the band wagon and the band-wagon team, and you go serve it right away, sheriff. That'll fix him, I guess."

"How so?" put in the judge, still seeking information for his own enlightenment.

"Why, you see, if you tie up that band wagon Dan Silver can't use it for parading. He ain't got but just the one, and a circus parade without a band wagon will look pretty sick, I should say. It'll look more like something else, a funeral, for example." The pleased grafter grinned maliciously.

"It's like this—the band wagon is the key to the whole works," he went on. "It's the first thing off the lot when the parade starts—the driver is the only one that has the route. You cut the band wagon out and you've just naturally got that parade snarled up to hell and gone."

Judge Priest got upon his feet and advanced upon the exultant stranger. He seemed more interested than at any time.

"Suh," he asked, "let me see if I understand you properly. The band wagon is the guidin' motive, as it were, of the entire parade—is that right?"

"You've got it," Stanton assured him. "Even the stock is trained to follow the band wagon. They steer by the music up ahead. Cop the band wagon out and the rest of 'em won't know which way to go—that's the rule wherever there's a road show travelin'."

"Ah hah," said the judge reflectively, "I see."

"But say, look here, judge," said Stanton. "Begging your pardon and not trying to rush you nor nothing, but if you're going to attach that band wagon of Dan Silver's for me you gotter hurry. That parade is due to leave the lot in less'n half an hour from now."

He was gratified to note that his warning appeared to grease the joints in the old judge's legs. They all three went straightway to the sheriff's office, which chanced to be only two doors away, and there the preliminaries necessary to legal seizures touching on a certain described and

(Continued on Page 30)

She Through Tears and He With Eyes That Burned With a Dumb Joy Unutterable

The Stuff That Stars are Made Of

By CONNIE MACK

PHOTO. BY ARNIGER

"Uncle Ben" Shibe, Owner and President of the World's Champions, Watching Them at Work

YOU'VE got to have the players to win in baseball. "Of course you have!" I hear somebody saying. And yet there are many who think that a manager with plenty of money to spend in salaries and a knowledge of the inside game can construct a winning baseball machine out of nine willing athletes and a few subs. If you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear you certainly can't make a diamond star out of a minor-league reputation. Of course the players have got to have the manager; but I give all of the credit to the men on the firing line. A great general can't win a battle with chocolate soldiers.

The first big problem then in the major leagues is to land the players. And when a person stops to think of it—which the fan doesn't do often enough—there are fifteen managers besides yourself working on that same problem, busy day and night, hustling to beat you to every promising youngster who may develop into a Murphy, a Cobb or a Mathewson. It sure keeps you guessing—and that's why managing a ball club keeps you from growing old.

Suppose a manager does have several scouts out beating the bushes, as the saying is. It would take an army of recruiting officers to cover the whole country. You have to rely largely upon the tips from minor-league managers, baseball players who are friendly to you—and upon the fan. The derivation of the word "fan" is not altogether clear, but it is supposed to have come from St. Louis. In the day of Comiskey's great American Association Club, a baseball enthusiast used to haunt headquarters when the winter league was gathered about the stove. He was an encyclopedia of diamond information—knew the batting and fielding averages of about every player from the time that the soldiers brought the national pastime home from the Civil War. Even the insiders marveled at his abundance of useless information.

"What would you call that fellow?" some one asked.

"I'd call him a fanatic," was the reply.

"Clip the word and call him a fan," said another—"Ted" Sullivan claims to be the patentee. Anyhow, fan it became. And the baseball enthusiast certainly is a fanatic. But I am for him because he gives me many a good tip on promising players—and many a tip that isn't worth the stationery it's written on.

The Discovery of Danforth

THREE years ago I heard of a player in Deming, New Mexico, through an Eastern fan who had been in that country and had seen the player perform. I didn't know the fan; didn't know anybody in New Mexico from whom I could check up my information. But as the youngster was touted as a wonder—great fielder, heavy hitter and daring base-runner—I wanted to learn more about him. It happened that I was going to California for a vacation, and as Deming was on the direct line I stopped off there though I didn't know a soul. The hotel proprietor sent me to the pitcher of the team, who was a prominent business man of the town. I looked him up, told him of my errand, and asked him if, for my benefit, he wouldn't get this "great outfielder" and a few other players out to the park so I could look the youngster over. Now the pitcher was a pretty clever fellow. He knew that the player who had been recommended to me as a wonder did not have a chance to make good in the majors. But he thought that it would be some satisfaction to me, so long as I had made the stop-over, to see the player in action. Well, I came, I saw, and I went away without the player. Before leaving town, however, I got pretty well acquainted with the pitcher and some day he may send me a youngster worth having. My stop-over at Deming may bring returns yet.

In a game at Philadelphia last season Detroit had us beaten. The Tigers had batted Plank pretty hard. Just to see what he could do I sent a green recruit to the pitching mound. His name was Danforth, and he was a young collegian from Baylor University, Waco, Texas. Probably he had never beforeseen a crowd of more than fifteen hundred people. Strange to say, when he faced the slugging Tigers he was as cool and unconcerned as a veteran. To my surprise he struck out Bush, and then retired Cobb and Crawford on weak infield hits. The boy looked pretty good. A few days later we got into a nip-and-tuck game with Chicago. The score was a tie when the White Sox filled the bases with one man out. I yanked my regular pitcher and substituted Danforth. He struck out the first batter who faced him and the next man rolled out to third. Danforth kept right on pitching airtight ball, and in the eleventh inning we beat the Sox 4 to 1. The rescue work of this southpaw youngster attracted wide attention and folks began to wonder how I picked him up. The credit belongs to my players, not to me. Here's the story:

On our training trip to Texas a few years ago several of the Athletics met a Texas merchant. He is one of the most ardent fans I have ever known and he liked the boys of our club from the start. Soon he became friendly with all of us and now every season he makes one Western trip with the team. He travels with us, eats with us, puts on a uniform and rides to the park with the boys. He tosses the ball about in preliminary practice and watches the game from the bench. It is his annual vacation, the only outing he takes during the year. All of the team like him, and we'd be willing to let it go at that, but for some reason he is continually talking about his obligation to the club. To pay us back it has been his ambition to discover what he calls a "phenom." It looks as though his wish was to be gratified, for he discovered Danforth. Not only that, but he induced the boy to join the professional ranks, made all the arrangements with him, got his name to a contract and ticketed him to Philadelphia. The rest I have told.

Dragging Eddie Collins Out of College

IN SECURING young players people get the impression that all the manager has to do is to mail the youngster a contract or send some one to see him, and that the player will immediately jump at the chance to sign. This is far from the case. Oftentimes it is necessary to work on the player for a year or more before getting his name to a contract. And all this time some other club or clubs may be after him, working just as hard to secure the youngster.

About seven years ago Coakley, a graduate of Holy Cross, was a member of the pitching staff of the Athletics. He tipped me off to a collegian who was playing that summer on a team in New Hampshire and said that the boy was a "comer." I gave Coakley permission to pitch a game for this independent team and he returned from New Hampshire full of enthusiasm about this college star. Immediately I sent one of my extra players, who was a good "mixer" and made friends easily, to get acquainted with the collegian. He got on good terms with him, but could not do business with the player. The trouble was that the youngster was slated to captain the 'varsity nine at Columbia University, and with the experience of another collegian in his mind he was afraid that to sign a professional contract would affect his amateur standing.

By this time I felt pretty sure that I wanted the youngster. I encouraged him in his ambition to complete his college course; and further than that, I did not want his amateur standing affected, because I wished him to learn all the baseball he could on the college diamond. Therefore I did not press him to sign a contract against his better judgment—but I did not get out of touch with him. Not a month went by during the next year that he did not receive a letter written on the Athletics' stationery. Notwithstanding all this effort, I might not have signed the collegian had it not been for the friendly assistance of a professional ballplayer who was not a member of my team. This man made a business of college coaching in the spring, and he had got quite close to the captain of the Columbia 'varsity. Fortunately for us, the coach thought he was under some slight obligation to me, and so he advised the collegian to don an Athletic uniform. Otherwise this youngster, who in point of all-round excellence is without a peer in the major leagues today, might now be seen in the line-up of a rival club in our league. I am speaking of Eddie Collins, second baseman of the Athletics.

Many other players come in just the same way—come through what I call my correspondence bureau. This bureau I started 'way back when I was managing Milwaukee. It was recruited largely from ballplayers—men I had played with and men I had met on and off the diamond. Every year the list has grown, perhaps because, early in my career on the diamond, I made it a rule never to turn down a ballplayer. If a player wanted something and I could possibly accommodate him I went out of my way to do him a favor. In this manner I have made friends and have kept them.

PHOTO. BY ARNIGER

Captain Davis and Manager Chance Shaking Hands; First Game of the World's Series

But the correspondents in this bureau are not by any means limited to ballplayers and minor-league managers. For some reason an army of fans throughout the country seems to be friendly to the Athletics, and they are continually doing their part to bolster up the champions with new material. Not only is the fan a mine of assorted baseball knowledge, but he is an inveterate letter writer. He "takes his pen in hand" as frequently as do those queer folks who write letters to the daily papers, kicking about this thing or that, and telling the editor how to run his business. We all know that there are baseball enthusiasts from Maine to California. It is not an unusual thing for me to receive in the same mail letters from California, from Colorado, from New Hampshire, and, of course, from Pennsylvania, recommending some player who, the fan believes, has the making of a Speaker or a Wagner. My policy is always to reply to such letters, even though I sometimes receive twenty in a single day. Outside of the time spent in answering these communications, the answers cost me nothing; and every reply, perhaps, makes me a friend. While in very many cases I never try out the player recommended, there may come a time when the man who has taken the trouble to write to me may be able to turn a fine young player my way.

The character of my replies to these letters of recommendation varies, of course. I may say that at the time I am not in a position to handle the player, but that if he does not succeed in getting an opening I may be able to take the matter up with him a little later on. But I answer the letter. Suppose, however, I am particularly in need of a youngster; then I try to make inquiries about the recommended player in his territory. This is another section of the correspondence bureau, for I have a list of baseball experts all over the country to whom I can go for a report on a player's ability. These reports determine my subsequent action; if favorable I send a man to see the player perform in a game, and if the scout's report is satisfactory I enter into negotiations with the youngster. Some people, I suppose, think that I saw great players in most of the present Athletic stars. Nothing to it! I felt sure that they were good raw material, but I confess that I felt equally sure about other green material that never developed into stars. When you don't pay out money for youngsters you can afford to take a chance.

Handling More Important Than Schooling

ONCE you get your hands on them, the next thing is to school and handle the ballplayers. And of the two, the more important is the handling. It's all summed up, strange to say, in my argument in favor of the bench manager. Sounds queer, but to explain:

Before I became an American League manager I was only waiting for the time when I could discard my uniform and direct the team from the bench. It wasn't because of any aristocratic notions—far from it. Some of my best friends are among the players; but there are times when a manager can mix with his men and times when it is better for them to have him flock by himself. No one knows how many lonely hours I've spent in carrying out this idea, when I could have gone into another room in the hotel or down into the lobby and found companionship among a jolly lot of clean young fellows. If a manager wears a uniform he must ride with the players in the bus to and from the grounds—that is, if the men dress at the hotel, as the Athletics have always done. I found, no matter how careful I was, that I would take a player to task immediately after the game for some play he had pulled off. Now nine times out of ten that player knew that he had made the wrong play; he was sore at himself for making it, and

he was in no mood to be censured, particularly before the other players. As I couldn't school myself to leave the men alone until they had had time to think their errors over by themselves and get the kinks out of their nerves, I decided that I must keep to myself after the game was over. Often it is wiser to wait until the next day to talk to a player about a bad play, and the best time of all is after he has made an especially fine play; then, after handing him one for his good work, you can explain how he should have made the play he pulled off wrong.

There is another reason which, in my opinion, favors the bench manager over the playing manager. It might not occur to some critics of the game;. certainly it didn't to a veteran player who in a recent interview made some statements about my methods. After paying me a nice compliment he went on to say: "But the bench manager is up against it more or less, and after Mr. Batter leaves the bench or the Messrs. Fielders go out to their stations the boss on the bench can't do much else but pull."

PHOTO. BY ARMIGER

Athletics Watching New York at Practice

How McInnis Won His First-Sack Job

THAT'S a mistake. The boss on the bench can do far more than that—just how much I decline to state. But this the bench manager can do—he can see that each man on the bench is learning baseball every second of play. Consider that for a moment. A club carries, we'll say, twenty-three men. There are nine in the game, which leaves fourteen players who do not take part. Now, according to our system, these men must not be idle—that is, their headpieces must be in the game every minute even though they cannot handle a ball or face the pitcher. Look at the bench when a playing manager has taken his place behind the bat or on first, and you are likely to see a number of the men conversing among themselves and paying little or no attention to what is going on in the game. And yet what is going on is of the utmost importance to them in their business. They are youngsters who don't know major-league ball, and they are the pitchers who should always be on the keen scent for the weaknesses of the opposing players at the bat. Even if they are the regular substitute fielders they should be learning how to play for a certain batter and how the team's regulars play to break up the hit-and-run game and to head off base hits. A bench manager will see to it that these extra players are learning baseball every play of the nine innings. Incidentally this makes for good discipline in a team.

The Athletics' policy is to take the recruits South about a month before the regulars begin their spring training. It is better not to have the older players along at first; they embarrass the youngsters. I want the young player to go ahead without suggestions and play his own game. If he can't play his own game he certainly can't play mine. Sometimes recruits are let out by our club who say afterward: "Why, Mack never showed me a thing." It wasn't necessary. There is no use wasting time on a youngster who hasn't natural ability; it's a waste of his time as well as the manager's, because he'd better quit the game. When a player gives promise then you must devote as much time as possible to him, and your players must help in this schooling. Here I am reminded of the schooling we gave McInnis.

In another article I have told of my problem of finding a place on the regular team for this hard-hitting youngster, of my hunch to try him on first, and how he took to the position like a duck to water. With me it was taking a chance, and as the boy had always played short or second it was almost a hundred-to-one shot that he wouldn't make good. There's an inside story to this. The club was carrying a substitute first baseman at that time whose name I won't mention. I had this player sized up right; and so I told McInnis to take a mitt and play first in practice at every opportunity, but to try to keep to himself the fact that he was after that position. The boy kept his mouth shut—and kept after that first-sack job. In practice, when he had taken his turn at bat, he would run down to first, take up a mitt and begin to play the position. Soon his playing began to attract attention, and then I noticed that the regular substitute was openly resenting this interference with what he thought were his rights. Every time he saw McInnis on the bag he would run to the position himself and shove the youngster out of the way. When I began to see that McInnis had in him the making of a great first baseman, I interfered, called the regular substitute to the bench and instructed McInnis to play the bag in practice.

The difference in Captain Davis' attitude, on the other hand, was very marked. If McInnis had been his brother he could not have taken more pains to teach the boy the fine points of the first baseman's job. And yet McInnis was after Davis' position! Some might think that it is too much to ask of a man; that for an old player to give up his knowledge to a youngster who is after the regular's job is asking too much of human nature. Nevertheless, it is true that the veterans help the youngsters in every possible way. Ballplayers recognize that the game means the survival of the fittest, and that it is better to yield gracefully, be friendly to the young blood, and so work for the good of the team. Young players remember what the veterans have done for them, and the club-owners do not forget either. A player who has given a team faithful service, both in playing and in schooling youngsters, is well cared for. In the above case I had no compunction about letting the substitute first baseman go. On the other hand, I was particularly anxious that Davis should find a good berth. After his services to the Athletics nothing was too good for him, and I hope and believe that he will succeed as the manager of the Cleveland club.

In developing young players we are lucky enough to find, once in a while, that the youngster has all the earmarks of a ballplayer. In the practice games he fields the ball well, throws accurately and shows that he can hit. Because of his work in the spring practice we decide to play him in our regular championship games, let us say. Now, he has been accustomed to appear before a crowd of from five hundred to one thousand spectators. He makes his bow as a major leaguer before a crowd of twenty thousand. Perhaps he has never before seen so many people together in his young life. Is it any more than natural that he should grow a little bit nervous? In the first inning a ball is hit to him. The chances are that he sees, instead of one ball, two or three. He fumbles, picks up the ball and throws over the first baseman's head. The crowd yells! He imagines that every spectator is yelling at him. But the game goes on, and the player avoids all the chances he possibly can, praying all the while for the last man out in the ninth inning. It would be unwise to start this player in the next game. The confidence that he obtained during the spring practice has disappeared entirely, and he must regain it. He has shown that he possesses the ability to play up to the standard of the other members of the team, and the proper way to handle him is to let the young player become accustomed to his new and larger surroundings.

The Importance of Self Confidence

THEN we get the player who during spring practice shows equal playing ability, but who is possessed of more than the average amount of confidence. Nothing seems to worry him. He can perform as well before a large crowd as before a small gathering of people. He may make an error on the first ball he tries to handle, but the next play he may go over into another man's territory to field a ball and handle

Chief Bender, Pitcher

Manager McGraw, New York Nationals, on the Coaching Line

Jack Coombs, Pitcher

it cleanly. This is the difference between the two players, both of whom possess the same standard of "mechanical" ability. But in the long run we find the two men equally matched.

In baseball it is termed "calling" a man when we try to correct his mistakes. Here is, perhaps, the most delicate matter with which a manager has to deal. A new player makes an error or makes a play in the wrong way. Perhaps we can talk to him about it—tell him how the play should have been made—and it has the desired effect of helping him in making other plays. This direct method applies to one class of players. Those differently constituted must be dealt with in an entirely different way. What I am about to say might surprise the manager of a factory, for example, but I know it's good business. It's this: With a certain type of player his misplays must be overlooked altogether! To take the player to task and try to correct his faults would result in his losing all of the confidence he had in himself, and he might never be of any value to the club.

Players of this stamp must be left entirely alone. While it may take time, they will master the situation themselves. Many a good natural player has failed to show major-league form simply because he was "called" at the inopportune time.

Another general rule: There is a time for everything—a time when and a time when not to call men down, and usually the bench is not the place to do it. There is no telling how bad an effect untimely criticism may have on a sensitive player. Perhaps this sounds like a paradox, for to the average spectator a player who can stand up before a big crowd and on occasions be ragged for a "boot" or a "muff" cannot be thin-skinned. This is far from true. I could draw a lesson from an experience with one of my regular team. He's a star today, but it took a lot of careful handling to develop him, and I learned from one big mistake.

Handling Sensitive Men With Kid Gloves

WE WERE playing Cleveland on the home grounds one season and had what seemed like a comfortable lead. Two men were out and the bases filled when Flick drove a hard-hit ball into the outfield. It should have been only a single and the second run ought to have been cut off at the plate. But the man who fielded the hit—call him Ben, which isn't his name—played the ball badly and it got by him—went for three bases. Three runs scored and Cleveland beat us 6 to 5. It happened that we needed that game, and I felt pretty sore about it; so I went after Ben about the play, explaining how it should have been made. I wasn't angry, but I was mighty serious. Ben didn't say a word, but I could see by his manner that he was all cut up about it, and he "flew the coop" without a word as to where he was going. This was on Friday, and on Saturday he was missing from the line-up. I made excuses for him to the other players and to the newspaper men—said he was sick and needed a day off; but I knew that my bluff didn't go very far. At the same time I telegraphed Ben to meet me in Newark on Sunday, sending the wire to his home, for I guessed that he had headed straight for his native town. It was my practice to run over to Newark once in a while, watch the game and see some young player work, but this time my only thought was to get in touch with Ben. Sure enough, he was on hand at the gate, waiting for me. I took him aside, and to get a line on his feelings my first words were:

"Ben, you've made a mistake."

"I know I have," he replied. "I've got to play ball for a living. I made a mistake."

Then I saw that he wanted to come back. I had to have him—that's all there was to it—but I was mighty glad to know that he would return without any argument. Moreover, I saw that I could give him a little friendly talk, which I did, speaking kindly and telling him that he was too sensitive; that my one idea in "calling" him was to help him with his play; that I was thinking about the good of the team and that he must remember it was all in the game. I harped on the fact that he was too sensitive. Well, he took it in the right spirit and that day he returned with me to Philadelphia. At morning practice on Monday I saw him standing alone near the stand, eying two of our players who were talking together at the plate. I went over to him, and without any warning sprung this on him:

"Ben, I can tell you what you are thinking."

He looked up in surprise and shook his head doggedly.

"Ben, you are thinking that those fellows at the plate are talking about you."

"That's right," he replied in surprise; "but how did you know?"

"Oh, I just knew. Now you are dead wrong—they're not even thinking about you. It's all in your mind—part of your sensitiveness—and you must get rid of it. Until you do you'll never play the ball you are capable of."

Well, I kept after him day after day in the same way—tried always to be kind and to help him. Perhaps some of these new-fangled doctors, who don't believe in medicine and hand out talk instead of prescriptions, would have called it mental healing. Anyhow it worked. I cured Ben of his sensitiveness, and as he got over it his playing improved. You see, his attention wasn't divided. His mind was entirely on the game. He gave more and more of himself to the service of the club. So he developed into a star. In all this I wasn't teaching him baseball—for he didn't need any mechanical training. I was simply getting into his head the one great thing for a professional player to remember—that the ball field is no place for troubles. No matter what a man's troubles are off the diamond, he must leave them behind when he goes on the field. In the game he must attend strictly to business. I suppose the wise "profs" at the colleges would call it the psychology of the game. Perhaps they are right, but I didn't get it out of books. It came from studying men—their dispositions, their mental slants. To my mind this is the most interesting part of a manager's job. The manager must know what he can expect of every man in an emergency. There are some pitchers who in the mechanics of the game are the equals of any boxman in the big leagues, and who ought to be able to pitch shut-out ball in a world's series, but you will never see them in important games. Why? Because they are afraid of the opposing batters.

I know a certain pitcher who, when he is going right, is without a superior in either league. When pitching against batters whom he thinks he can beat he will mow them down, one, two, three; but the trouble is he underrates his own ability in a crisis. This particular player was showing beautiful form in practice before a very important series. The man who was catching him came to the manager and said: "You ought to put him in the game. He's right—he's got everything—he'll mow 'em down." So the manager, doubting in his own mind, spoke to the pitcher and asked him whether he would like to go into the box. He looked frightened, hung his head, then began to rub his arm.

"I'm afraid my arm isn't right," he replied. "Afraid I've caught cold in it. I might go bad. You'd better not risk it—it's too important a series. If I'm right tomorrow I'd like to pitch."

It was all in his mind; but if he had faced that team in such a state he certainly would have gone bad. He would probably have passed a couple of men, hit another, then grooved the plate in order to get the ball over, and the batter would have lined out a long hit. Before another pitcher could have been substituted the game would have been lost. Confidence is everything. Some men are slow getting it, but once they have it they never lose it. Other men who ought to have it never seem to get it. It is queer, sometimes it's disheartening, but—it's all in the game.

Sometimes the whole team has its confidence shaken. Then the manager is certainly up against it. This comes because the players are mentally overtrained. The team gets worked up to a pitch where their nerves are almost unstrung. They become irritable and every little thing annoys them. In particular, they cannot get baseball out of their heads. This happens when your lead in the championship race is small, when the next team is creeping up, game by game, until it is right on your heels; or let us say, you are in second place, striving to overtake the flying leaders. The team ahead refuses to drop a game. Your players, by a supreme effort, win a hard series and yet gain no ground because the leaders also win. "Will they never lose!" your men exclaim. "Oh, what's the use? The other clubs can't beat 'em. We can't win the pennant without some help from the other clubs."

In this emergency it is absolutely necessary for the manager to get the minds of the men away from the contest for first place. It isn't easy, but they must be made to forget what the rival club is doing and must play their regular game as though they had a comfortable lead. In other words, they must take their eyes off the scoreboard and keep them on the ball.

The Best Medicine for the Blues

LAST season we landed in Detroit a game and a half behind the Tigers. We were determined to win at least three out of four and take the lead. We counted on nothing less than an even break in the series. But to our keen disappointment the Tigers made a clean sweep, defeating us four straight games and increasing their advantage to five and a half games, which is considered a pretty safe lead in a close championship race. Was it any wonder that the Detroit fan went wild or that the Athletics were mighty blue, almost despondent?

We were to catch the early train for St. Louis, and so the players went directly from the grounds to the station in uniform. It was necessary for me to ride with them in the bus in order to make the train, and when I came out of the grounds I found a crowd about our players, having fun at the expense of the fallen world's champions. One crack at our players struck home:

"P'r'aps youse kin beat Saint Looey!" shouted a fan.

The faces of our players were set. They weren't saying a word, but each man looked as if he had lost his last friend. Naturally it was hard enough to take defeat without being handed this line of talk. I took in the situation, and as I climbed into the bus I let out my best smile. Just then some one in the crowd yelled: "Say, Connie, what do you think of us?"

"Think of you?" I replied, still smiling. "They've been trying to tell me that Detroit is a poor baseball town. I want to tell you that you're a first-class baseball town and you've got a great baseball team!" This pleased them and they shouted with approval. Then I held up my hand for silence, retired my smile and gave them this parting shot: "But don't forget this—when we come back we'll be right up there shaking hands with you!"

It's not my habit to exchange remarks with the crowd, nor is it my practice to indulge in prophecy; and if I had expressed my true feelings at the moment I might have admitted that such a result as I had predicted was more than doubtful. But I wasn't thinking of the crowd at the time. I was thinking of our players and of the thing to do in the emergency to get them out of the dumps. If they were to see that I felt blue and down in the mouth naturally the players would have felt the same way about it. If I had seemed worried they would have thought it was all off. It was necessary for them to relax—to get

(Continued on Page 39)

World's Champions 1911. Top Row—Reading From Left to Right: Davis, Baker, Coombs, Krause, Thomas, Bender, Derrick, Morgan, Livingston. Middle Row—Oldring, Lord, Murphy, Mack, Plank, Lapp, Strunk, Lower Row—Hartzel, Martin, Danforth, Vanzelt (Mascot), McInnis, Collins, Barry

The Policeman and His Work

WHAT HE IS EXPECTED TO DO

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

EVERY week at the London police school the chief inspector delivers a commencement address to his outgoing class. Less than a month ago these young men came up from the country as green recruits. Now they have a pretty good grasp of police duty. They have attended mock courts and real ones, caught dummy law-breakers and presented evidence against them, and dipped quite deeply into the body of British law regulating police business. The chief inspector sends them out with a talk about truth, civility, tact, command of temper and forbearance, as they apply to the policeman's trade:

"Many of you young men have come from occupations that give irregular employment, poorly paid, with no chance to rise. You have successfully met the requirements for the police, where hundreds have failed. From this day forth until you retire, employment and pay will be regular so long as you have clean records; and, out of some eighteen thousand places in the Metropolitan police, there are less than a dozen to which you may not rise by your own efforts.

"Now we have tried to teach you the responsibilities of police duty. They are heavy. Let us hope that you will always live up to them—every one of you. At the same time, however, let me warn you against the danger of taking yourselves too seriously. Do I expect you to go out from here and walk your post with a face so long and gloomy that all the milk in the dairy shop is soured as you pass by? No! Not at all! On the contrary, I expect that you will cultivate a sense of humor. Let us hope that, as we see each other from time to time in future years, you will all be able to show an increase in waistline.

"How very, very often we hear somebody say of the London police: 'Oh, we had the finest place to see the procession, for we got right near a jolly fat bobby, who was so civil, so kind, he told us who all the notabilities were; and we had a perfectly charming afternoon!' That reputation has been built up by men who have gone before you. It makes your work easier and more agreeable in every way. It is your duty to maintain it and add to it."

The Inevitable Effect of Brass Buttons

"I CAN see you young men, some weeks from today, going out on post alone for the first time. There comes an evening when you are told: 'Smith, take Number Sixteen tonight.' And you think: 'Let me see—where does Number Sixteen run? Oh, my, but that is a hard part of the town and no mistake!' Well, you go out and walk that post, keeping an eye open for trouble; and nine o'clock comes, and then ten, and eleven—and everything goes well. You take courage. You feel quite like an old hand at the business. 'Why, there's nothing so hard in this, after all!' you say; and you walk jauntily along, turning the corners—until all at once you turn one particular corner a little too jauntily; and there—Oh, dear! Oh, my!—you see a pair of burly fellows fighting and a crowd round them. Your heart sinks into your boots. Either of them alone would be a rare handful. You know that you are expected to act.

"Before you have summoned up your courage, however, something happens. A small boy has seen you before you came round that corner. Nobody can be so useful to the police at times as a small boy! He sets up a shout; and it will be music to the ears of one of those combatants, because he has been getting the worst of it and is only waiting for that signal to retire honorably. He runs off one way, the victor goes another with a bit more dignity, and the crowd melts; in a minute you are left in complete possession of the battlefield, monarch of all you survey!

"What worked this transformation? It was certainly nothing you did. No—it was the moral effect of the uniform! That is always with you. There will be times when the man inside the uniform has just enough strength left to move it along; but the effect is always there. You might often prop the empty uniform up on the curb and the effect would be the same.

"Again, you will learn the power of a civil word under provocation. You have been dealing with a disturbance in the street and the facts are got with difficulty, and things do not clear up as rapidly as you could wish. Your temper has been tried. Just when an end is in sight, a consequential citizen comes along—a real bit of Johnny Bull. Very likely he got out of bed on the wrong side that morning and has been seeking a quarrel ever since. He comes straight at you.

"'Officer, this delay is unwarranted! You are clearly unfit for your duties. I shall complain to the commissioner. What is your number?'

"Now it would not be difficult to provoke that citizen, draw him into a breach of the peace, take him into custody and administer a little jiu-jitsu on the way to the station. Ah, he would see the commissioner, would he! However, this is just the point where you must guard your temper. Suppose you say: 'I'm very sorry, sir; but we shall have everything going again directly. My number is G317 and my name Smith. The station house is second turn right, first left—not a minute's walk, sir; and the sergeant will be glad to take any statement you wish to make.'

"What is the result? Why, Johnny Bull steps across the street, hesitates a moment, reflects that perhaps, after all, you know what you are about—and presently goes off on his own business."

This commencement address gives a very good general outline of the policeman's duties—not only in London but in New York as well. The public still thinks of the policeman chiefly as a man put on the street to make as many arrests as possible, and judges the police force largely by the frequency and promptness of its arrests. Several years ago a sensational murder was committed in New York. To this day the police have never found the criminal—a Chinaman. That single case is assurance to thousands of persons all over the whole country that the New York police are inefficient. Again, John Smith's pocket is picked at the circus or his chicken-coop is looted. The police never arrested any one. Therefore John Smith's local police cannot be up to much—his own experience proves it.

Now the policeman himself has a different idea of arrests. To be ever prompt in taking people into custody may indicate not a good policeman at all but a bad and even dangerous one. If a patrolman is found to be active in bringing people to court his captain will be likely to investigate matters, for the officer is probably the aggressor in the majority of his cases. Instead of settling trouble out on his post by sense and good counsel, as a shrewd policeman ought to do, he is going out of his way to provoke quarrels.

When the Easy Way Is Best

THE present-day tendency in police work is to make fewer and fewer arrests; and our courts and laws back it up. Not so long ago the New York police were required to take into custody certain offenders against traffic regulations, such as automobilists, chauffeurs and teamsters. Experience has shown, however, that a summons is just as satisfactory, and now it is used in all such cases. Again, many an orderly citizen, guilty of a misdemeanor, is dealt with by summons instead of suffering the shock and scandal of being locked up in a police cell, as in other days.

British police use the summons far more widely, and very often a well-dressed citizen or traveler is merely asked for his card or address when a minor offense brings him to the constable's attention. If your elbow goes through a taxicab window in a moment of exhilaration the chauffeur takes your card and next day the company sends you a bill. If you are a responsible person and find, on the train, that you have lost ticket and money the guard will probably take your card, and a bill will follow. No trouble ever occurs in these transactions unless you attempt to dodge a rightful bill; but in that event several sorts of troubles are likely to follow quickly in a compact country like England, where people can be kept track of.

In our own country conditions are naturally more difficult. We are not arranged in definite social classes, our territory is vast, and state boundaries complicate matters. Yet just so fast as a given class of minor offenders dealt with by the police is found responsible and ready to answer in court, the summons is extended. And nobody is more pleased than the policeman, because it lightens his work and makes life ever so much more agreeable.

The policeman who understands his business is always an arbitrator. The law in this country gives him wide powers of arrest and his superiors train him to be a sort of traveling magistrate. Nine violations of the law in every

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THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

EVER since he made his cross-of-gold-and-crown-of-thorns speech in the Chicago convention of 1896, William Jennings Bryan has been the ante-election unknown quantity of the Democratic party and the post-election known quantity. He has been the party's candidate for the presidency three times out of the latest possible four, and there never was a question as to what his election fate would be in any of those campaigns; but between elections he has been a sort of a double-barreled conundrum, which has taken national shape like this: What is Bryan trying to do and what can he do?

If the Democrats who have the task of nominating a candidate at Baltimore next June had an answer to that query their labors would be much simpler than they are likely to be; but they have no information. The best they can do is to guess. Only Mr. Bryan knows exactly what he is trying and will try to do. Nobody can predict what he will be able to do. The one certain thing about it all is that Mr. Bryan is the largest individual factor in the Democratic party; that he is playing his own kind of politics every minute; that he undoubtedly has a tentative program in his own mind, and that the Democrats must await events with such complacency and meet them with such strategy as they can command.

It has been the fashion to kill off Mr. Bryan politically after each of his defeats. Leading Democrats have declared him officially dead a score of times. They have gathered to inter him. On each occasion they have been amazed and grieved to find the corpse dancing a jig on the lid of the coffin at the exact moment when the funeral orations were to begin. They have learned by bitter experience that it is quite impossible to kill Mr. Bryan politically by declaration, denunciation or desire. He positively refuses to die off. And at the present moment he is more powerful as an individual force than all the rest of the Democratic leaders put together. He may not be able to do all he plans to do; but he is a resilient proposition, is Bryan, and bounds back in unexpected places. He will do some of the things he has in mind, no doubt. If the Democratic leaders only knew just what those things will be they could be reasonably happy. As it is, they are wondering and wishing, and Mr. Bryan is pursuing his own course and preparing to have a finger in every pie.

Bryan Prepared for Every Emergency

THE whole Democratic situation hinges on the answer to the question: How far can Mr. Bryan go? If he goes as far as he wants to go, and as far as he plans to go, he will go the whole way—name the candidate and write or dictate the platform. Bryan is arbitrary, self-centered, determined and resourceful. He has no intention of allowing any man to take from him his place as the great leader of the Democrats if he can help it. There is nothing self-sacrificing or complaisant about Bryan. He is not tolerant of the opinions or desires of others. He is sternly for himself and for what he conceives to be the true principles of Democracy. He holds himself to be right and all who disagree with him to be wrong. At the same time he is more or less of an opportunist, and is enough of a politician to take advantage of any situation that may arise if he can discern in it a slant toward himself.

For example: Mr. Bryan ran on a free-silver platform in 1896. He was nominated again at Kansas City in 1900. The platform of 1900 contained a silver declaration which said: "We reaffirm and indorse the principles of the national Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896, and we reiterate . . . the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." Mr. Bryan sent the text of that silver plank to Kansas City from Lincoln by a personal messenger. It was submitted to the resolutions committee, with instructions from him that it must be included in the platform—that it was vital. The resolutions committee held what was practically an all-night session at the Kansas City clubhouse. The silver plank was finally included in the platform by a majority of one vote, that vote being the vote of the representative of Hawaii on the committee. It was a terrific fight; and the understanding was that Bryan would not run unless that plank was included, notwithstanding his selection of imperialism as the paramount issue. Still, there is good authority for saying that Mr. Bryan, having made his fight for the inclusion of this vital silver plank, would have been the candidate had the silver plank been rejected. He would have consented in the circumstances.

Likewise, Mr. Bryan fought the nomination of Parker in 1904, and threw the votes of Nebraska to Cockrell, of Missouri; but Mr. Bryan supported Parker, gold sympathizer that he was, and made speeches for him—notably in Indiana—in the closing weeks of the campaign. So it may be seen that Mr. Bryan, though he may be bigoted, is not entirely a bigot. And he will go to Baltimore prepared to demand everything—to fight for what he wants and to take as much as he can get, which, if he isn't too troublesome, may be considerable.

The open candidates for the Democratic nomination are Wilson, of New Jersey; Clark, of Missouri; Harmon, of Ohio; Underwood, of Alabama; and Marshall, of Indiana. Others who have been mentioned or who are mentioning themselves are Gaynor, of New York; Baldwin, of Connecticut; and Foss, of Massachusetts. Behind these lurk the possible compromises. Of these, Kern, of Indiana, is most talked about; and there is always the possibility of Bryan himself.

An Old Game Ably Played

BRYAN'S course in the preliminary campaign has been a well-developed one and an obvious one. He has played his politics with one of two ends in view—either he wants to be nominated himself or he wants to name the nominee. To this end he has encouraged the multiplication of candidates. That is the oldest political game in the world. Mr. Bryan has played it assiduously. He has given tentative encouragement to about all the candidates; has qualifiedly recommended most of them; has brought out new men when the list seemed getting too small by eliminations of one kind or another, and has kept the situation in a turmoil. It has been a dull day when Bryan has not found a presidential possibility. Not so very long ago he proposed Governor Shafroth, of Colorado. He has picked candidates in all parts of the country and has tried to boost them along in the hope that each one of them might gather a few delegates and thus keep any one from gathering enough delegates. His great source of strength, of course, has been the two-thirds rule of the Democratic national convention. That body requires a two-thirds vote to nominate, while the Republicans nominate by a majority vote.

Old and obvious as this game is, Bryan has played it skillfully. He has—in a way, at least—led the Wilson people to think he will not object to Wilson; but he has never committed himself to Wilson so firmly that he cannot back out gracefully if it seems desirable. He has employed the same tactics with Champ Clark. He may or may not have given comfort to John W. Kern or to Marshall; and he isn't on record hard and fast in any case, except as against Harmon and Underwood. He is against these men. He will undoubtedly do all he can to defeat them both.

This leaves Bryan in this position: He is the friend of the men who will go into the convention with the greatest numbers of delegates. If it appears, after a ballot or two, or six, that these men are hopelessly deadlocked, then Bryan is in a position to step forward and claim to be the residuary legatee of each and all of them; to take the delegates for himself, or to designate where these delegates shall go. It is hardly likely that he will declare for any specific candidate before the convention. He is too shrewd to center the Clark strength in opposition to his plans, for example, by declaring for Wilson; or to combine the Clark and Wilson strength against himself by declaring for some other. He is prepared for the opposition of the Harmon and Underwood forces; but he is telling the others along and waiting to see how the situation breaks.

If some candidate appears at the convention with enough votes to nominate on the first ballot, Bryan will be for that candidate at the convention—but hardly before. If some candidate like Harmon or Underwood shall appear with enough to nominate on the first ballot—which is highly improbable—Bryan will make the same sort of fight he made against Parker and then do what seems fit,

which probably will be to support the ticket—Bryan's continuous rallying cry and test of Democracy being regularity after the nominations are made.

Thus the Bryan part of the situation resolves itself to this: Bryan hopes to name the candidate. He is keeping himself in a friendly position with the men who will have delegates that must go somewhere after their principals have been found impossible of nomination. He wants to be in a place where he can tell those delegates to go to whomsoever he may select. Many hold he will select himself. I do not think so. Still, in the event of a deadlock and with Bryan on the ground, magnetic and impelling, it is in the cards to name him. Suppose a dozen futile ballots have been taken—suppose Wilson and Clark, for example, are the leading candidates—neither with enough delegates to win, and neither willing to give way to the other. Suppose some orator shall rush to the platform and ask the convention stentoriously: What is the matter with the Peerless Leader? He will be there. He will have impressed his personality again on the party. He will have shown himself a first-class fighting man. He still holds the affection of millions of Democrats. What will be the matter with him?

I doubt if Bryan has this in mind, however. I doubt if he feels he can ever be elected president. What he wants to do is to remain in his commanding position in the Democratic party. He does not want any man to be nominated and elected president by the Democrats who will shove Bryan from the center of the stage. He knows that will inevitably happen if Wilson or Underwood or Harmon is nominated and elected. Therefore where will he go? It is not likely that he will be allowed to veto more than one candidate. It is not likely he will be given unrestricted elimination privileges. In case of a situation of this kind Clark will be out of it, for he will have been balloted on in each of the indecisive ballots. Bryan must then turn to a compromise candidate. The man he is most likely to turn to is John W. Kern, senator from Indiana and candidate for vice-president with Bryan in 1908. Of course he may have a totally different compromise candidate in view—he is the only person who knows; but Kern is by far the strongest possibility. And Kern knows it too—and so do a lot of other people, including Taggart, of Indiana, who is going to Baltimore at the head of a delegation supposed to be for Governor Marshall. In reality, Taggart is for Kern. He may deny that—but he is, just the same.

Kern's Bid for the Old Soldier Vote

A SITUATION may easily arise when the contest shall narrow down to Underwood and Kern. It is quite unlikely that either Clark or Wilson, who are the leading candidates at this time, will have two-thirds of the delegates when the convention assembles. Then, unless there can be a combination of all the other delegates representing all the other candidates with either Wilson or Clark, it is inevitable that Wilson and Clark will kill each other off.

It may happen, of course, that Clark or Wilson will show such strength on the first ballot or two that the delegates, wanting to get with the apparent winner, will turn to one or the other and thus assure his nomination; but the chances are that there will come a jam, which will make it extremely difficult for either Clark or Wilson to win, and that a compromise candidate will be selected. There is where Kern is strong, he being an acceptable man, with nothing against him, no animosities stirred up and with a clean Democratic record; or, if not Kern, some other man of similar qualifications—somebody on whom all can unite. Kern is fully alive to the situation and so are his friends—witness Kern's carefully prepared pension speech in the Senate not long ago, a palpable bid for future support from the old soldiers in case anything turns up.

There is another situation where Mr. Bryan will figure and where the success or failure of the Democrats in the

coming campaign may center. That will be in the resolutions committee. Mr. Bryan has certain well-defined ideas as to what true Democratic doctrine is. He will endeavor to put his own ideas into the platform. If he is a delegate he will undoubtedly serve on the resolutions committee. He wants to make the platform as well as name the candidate. He will oppose various radical planks. He will be opposed by the conservatives in the party, and bitterly opposed. He will probably be voted down; but he will make a minority report if he is voted down, and will precipitate a fight on the floor of the convention that may make or unmake the candidate who shall be named after the platform is finally adopted.

Democrats who want to win next fall, and who think that, with a good candidate, winning is assured, shiver with apprehension when they think of that inevitable fight over the party platform. It has been said that, among other things, Mr. Bryan will try to commit the party to nation-wide prohibition. It seems inconceivable, from a political viewpoint, that he will propose any such revolutionary doctrine, but he may. Bryan has the courage of his convictions.

It has come to be the fashion in many Democratic quarters to declare Mr. Bryan's influence as negligible, but the declaration is based on the hope, not on the knowledge that such is the fact. Bryan is still the biggest individual factor in the Democratic party, and Bryan intends to continue in that position; there need be no mistake about that. Whether he can or not is another question; but it is certain that the men opposed to him and his policies who gather at Baltimore will know they have been in a fight before they are through and have nominated a candidate and made a platform.

Even if it shall be possible that the Nebraska Democrats will declare for Harmon and seek to instruct Mr. Bryan, as a delegate, to vote for Harmon, Bryan will still be a potent force in the Baltimore convention. Bryan has stated that if that game of politics is played on him he will not consent to be a delegate, but will go to Baltimore as an individual and make his fight outside the convention. He will make practically as much trouble in that capacity for those who defeated him, if they do carry out this plan, as if he were in the convention; for, though he will not have the talking privileges in the convention, he will have plenty of friends who will do the talking for him, and he will be spurred to greater efforts and go to greater lengths. It was noticeable, also, that in making this declaration of refusal to support Harmon Mr. Bryan refused to choose between Clark and Wilson, but smiled on both.

Wilson Against the Field

SO MUCH for the Bryan side of the situation—an important side, but not the obvious side. The obvious end of it is supplied by the open candidacies of the various men who are working for delegates. These men are Clark, Wilson, Harmon, Underwood and Marshall. Added to these are Gaynor, Baldwin and Foss. Neither Baldwin nor Foss need be considered very seriously. They may or may not have delegates.

As this is written, so far as actual pledged delegates are concerned, Clark leads, with Marshall second, Wilson third, Harmon fourth, and Underwood not yet with any delegates to his credit. Before this is printed, various conventions and primaries will have been held and this order may be reversed; but, basing what shall be written on a country-wide investigation just completed, and eliminating the future activities of Mr. Bryan, it may be said that, so far as the general result is concerned, Clark has gained strength since the first of the year, Wilson has not gained or lost much, Harmon has fallen behind, and Underwood has made friends who have not as yet crystallized friendship into votes.

When the Democratic national committee met in Washington early in January, Woodrow Wilson was easily in the lead for the nomination. About the middle of February Clark began to gain strength. As it now stands and as it probably will stand at convention-time Clark and Wilson will be the two leading candidates for the nomination. The managers of each candidate claim their man will have enough votes to nominate. Only recently the Wilson managers claimed eight hundred delegates. The total number of delegates in the convention will be ten hundred and ninety-four, making seven hundred and thirty votes necessary to nominate under the two-thirds rule. It is not probable that either Wilson or Clark will go to Baltimore with seven hundred and thirty delegates pledged.

Wilson took a spurt about the first of the year and went out in front—not because he had delegates actually pledged to him, but because the sentiment for him was strongest and most widespread. It was Wilson against the field. Naturally Wilson's position concentrated the opposition of all the other candidates on him. They went after him, hammer and tongs. They forgot their own canvasses in the endeavor to head off Wilson. And they had pretty good success. It is doubtful if the Harvey incident, or the Carnegie pension application incident, or the Joline letter incident had any such effect as was expected, though each may have hurt some. What happened to Wilson was this: His taking the lead in the race turned the specific attention of the Eastern half of the country on him. It aroused the New York business interests and they began work in earnest—not business, perhaps, in its broadest sense, but big business.

These men who congregate in the lower end of the city of New York are fanatical in their opposition to Wilson. They froth at the mouth when his name is mentioned. The biggest individual political ambition of all those factors that have been for years potent in politics, without being actually in politics, is to defeat Wilson for the nomination. They spread out over the country as well as they could, and the result was an apparent check to the strength of the Wilson movement—that is, instead of allowing Wilson to continue at a gallop, they pulled him down to a walk. In other words, they made it more difficult for him.

Wilson has a good deal of strength in the West and should have strength in the South—probably will have, as he was born in Virginia. He is weak in the East. The principal argument against him is the claim that he cannot carry New York. This is being used all over the country at the present time, and it will be emphasized and reënforced as the convention approaches. His opponents will try to make it stick. Also, it will be pointed out that he will have difficulty in carrying New Jersey. Inasmuch as New York and New Jersey are considered essential to Democratic success, this will have its effect if it can be proved true. Still, Wilson can make a showing against this by claiming he can carry the South and West and thus offset the loss of New York, even if he should not be able to carry that state—which his managers, of course, will not admit.

It is said that here and there Wilson is being opposed by a sort of a gentleman's agreement between the Clark, Harmon and Underwood managers. The plan is to make Wilson's state contests in various localities as poor showings for Wilson as possible by concentrating opposition to him in one candidate. For example, it is considered good politics for Clark and Harmon to keep out of various localities and let Underwood contest with Wilson, thus giving all the Wilson opponents a place to concentrate; or to put Harmon or Clark up against him and keep the others out, thus minimizing the apparent strength of Wilson if it should be in a position to develop.

At one time it seemed to be a good deal of a runaway race for Wilson, but that situation has changed. Wilson must fight for every delegate he gets, either in his native South or elsewhere. He is likely to get cold comfort in the East, especially in New England and New York. However, he will have strong support in the convention.

Clark began to grow as soon as he got Folk out of the way in Missouri. His home situation held Clark back. However, Folk was peacefully and pleasantly eliminated. Then Clark got into his stride. Clark has the great advantage in the fight of having a very smart political adviser. Senator William J. Stone, of Missouri, is managing his campaign; and Stone is considered a far better politician than any of those actively supporting the other candidates. Moreover, Clark has the apparent support of William R. Hearst, who withdrew as a candidate and thus helped Clark to a great extent in California and elsewhere. Then, too, the Republican managers think Mr. Taft has a better chance of defeating Clark than any other man; and wherever there is a chance for any Republican help for the speaker that help is forthcoming.

Indiscreet Chickens Coming Home to Roost

IF IT should come to a showdown between Clark and Wilson it is most likely that Bryan would finally declare for Clark as the more available. Bryan knows all about Clark. Wilson would be an unknown quantity to Bryan. Clark might be content to be president and let Bryan have the center of the stage. Wilson would want the center of the stage himself to the subsequent discomfort of Bryan. Another reason for Clark's strength is that he is known; his methods are known; his habit of mind and his political practices—all are fixed. The Democrats, who, in the last analysis, want to win for what there is in it for them, are reasonably certain Clark would play the game according to the rules. He would produce to the party men. He knows how and he is a willing performer. Nobody knows how Wilson would perform. The rank and file, who want to be postmasters and collectors and all that, have faith in an equitable distribution by Clark, the politician; and they might not get in out of the wet if Wilson, the schoolmaster, were on the job and giving out the jobs.

If Bryan wanted to be Secretary of State, Clark, as president, would undoubtedly make Bryan Secretary of State. What Wilson would do in the face of such a demand is problematical. If there are promises to make, Clark, being a seasoned politician and knowing the game, will make them to the right people and will carry them out. So far as the rank and file of the party is concerned, Clark is undoubtedly most popular for these reasons. Still, Clark has said many things in the course of his public career that will come back to plague him—and are coming back. He has spoken loosely on many subjects. His one desire has been to say the thing that would sound well and get him the applause; and he hasn't cared much what the thing was he said. The opponents to his candidacy are digging up these various utterances and spreading them about.

Clark has inherited a large part of the support Harmon originally had. When the race first began the old-line Democrats, directed by the forces potential in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican party, fell in behind Harmon. It wasn't long before it was discovered that the candidacy of Harmon made no appeal to the country at large. To use the phrase of the streets, the men behind Harmon found they couldn't "get him over." His main strength seemed to be in the assumption that he could carry Ohio,

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Before the Race

THE TRAIL OF THE DOG

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BY ELEVEN o'clock depositors were standing in line in front of the receiving teller's window. It was Saturday morning and the bank closed at noon. There was always a rush in the last hour.

Two or three minutes past eleven a big man in a wide-brimmed, black slouch hat came up the curving iron steps and entered the banking office. His broad, brick-red face was flat, as though it had been stepped on, and his nose was merely a pugnacious little nubbin—but his jaw was ponderous. He wore a close-clipped mustache that grew down below the corners of his mouth, forming a horseshoe. It seemed to be dyed. A folded newspaper protruded from the pocket of his sack coat.

The man deliberately surveyed the crowd in the banking room, glanced up at the clock and strode over to Special Officer McMullen.

"Seen Wilson in here this morning—James G. Wilson?" he demanded peremptorily, in a rumbling bass.

"Why, no, sir—no, sir; I don't believe Mr. Wilson's been in this morning," replied Special Officer McMullen, in an apologetic and soothing manner—because the man himself looked like a person who was not to be offended lightly and James G. Wilson was a highly respected patron of the bank. "I'll see if he's in President Hotchkiss' office, sir," the officer suggested in further propitiation.

Special Officer McMullen had a tremendous sense of responsibility to and for the Tweed Bank. Perhaps he was the only person in the world who was really proud of that institution. Items in the daily press which spoke respectfully of it, or of Andrew P. Hotchkiss, its president, he carefully cut out and mailed to his brother in Wisconsin. Returning from the anteroom of the president's office, he reported respectfully that Mr. Wilson was not there.

"Late!" growled the man in a tone of disapproval, and strode over to the front window, where he could command a full view of the bank—where, also, he could be seen from the street. Taking the newspaper from his pocket, he interested himself in its contents. A minute later a sandy-haired, snubnosed, muscular-looking young man came bounding up the steps and crossed briskly to the tall desk for the accommodation of customers near the center of the banking room. Taking a depositor's passbook, well filled with checks, from his pocket, he began indorsing the checks and entering them on a deposit ticket.

"Excuse Me, Ma'am—But Have You Seen a Wall-Eyed Airedale Dog?"

Meanwhile depositors were steadily coming in and joining the line that pressed forward, a step at a time, to the teller's window, where each depositor in turn thrust his checks, money and passbook through the wicket. The teller, with a swift upward glance to identify the depositor, seized the valuables, sorting, counting, examining them and checking them off on the deposit ticket; then entered the total in the passbook, thrust it back through the wicket and impatiently awaited the next man.

A taxicab wheeled up in front. Out of it sprang a stocky, middle-aged person in a derby hat, carrying a stout little brown bag. He came up the steps, entered the banking room and joined the line of depositors. The snubnosed young man who had been making up his deposit at the desk stepped into the line immediately behind him, passbook in hand.

The line pressed forward, a step at a time; the clock ticked on. The formidable man with the horseshoe mustache dropped his newspaper and stooped to pick it up. An old gentleman who had been standing in the window of a cigar shop across the street thereupon came out, crossed the street and entered the bank. He was a rather nice-looking old gentleman, in a long frock coat, with a neatly pointed gray beard. He carried three small bundles and led a dog by a chain. Going over to the customers' desk, he got a check out of his pocket and indorsed it—with some difficulty, because the bundles incumbered him and the dog was restless.

The man with the horseshoe mustache walked to the middle of the banking room, frowned up at the clock and growled to Special Officer McMullen:

"I'd like to know what the devil's keeping Wilson!"

The teller thrust a passbook back through the wicket. A depositor picked it up and turned away. The stocky man in the derby hat was next in line. He put his stout little brown bag on the ledge at the left of the teller's window, took out of it a double handful of coins done up in rolls and shoved them, with his passbook and deposit ticket, through the wicket.

The old gentleman, holding the indorsed check in his right hand, his dog-chain in his left hand and his bundles on his left arm, started over to the paying teller's window.

The stocky depositor, as the receiving teller began checking off the coins, took a thick pile of banknotes out of his bag and laid it on the ledge, ready to be shoved through the wicket when the teller finished checking the coins.

That operation, however, was suddenly interrupted. The restless dog gave a tug at the chain, causing the old gentleman to spill his bundles. One of the bundles contained a bottle. A crash of breaking glass sounded through the room, startling everybody and drawing all eyes. An odor of camphor arose. The old gentleman stood comically agape and bewildered. The man with the horseshoe mustache laughed in bass and ran to aid him. The snubnosed young man also laughed and sprang out of line to the old gentleman's assistance. For a second the three of them were stooping together—the old gentleman with outspread coattails, the big man with an outspread newspaper, and the snubnosed youth. In the confusion the restless dog broke away and loped toward the door.

"I'll catch him!" the snubnosed youth sang out cheerily, and bounded after. When the dog trotted down the steps the trailing end of his chain was only a foot ahead of the agile youth's outstretched hand.

Everybody in the banking room was agrin. The big man, with a bass laugh, patted the bewildered old gentleman on the shoulder. Special Officer McMullen smiled kindly upon him. The stocky depositor and the receiving teller grinned at each other—for a second. Then the receiving teller looked impatient and said: "Well?"

"Well?" the depositor repeated.

"But where's the currency?" the teller demanded, glancing again at the deposit ticket.

McMullen Saw the Dog Sniff the Leg of a Man Who Lounged Before a Round Table

"Currency!" the depositor exclaimed, looking at the empty ledge where he had laid his fat bundle of banknotes. "Why, I gave it to you!"

"No, you didn't!" the teller affirmed irritably. "You gave me only the coins."

It happened that a young woman cashier of a shoeshop stood in line near the stocky depositor, and at this point in the colloquy between him and the teller she cried out excitedly:

"Oh, that man—the man that ran after the dog! I believe he grabbed it!"

The plausibility of this explanation instantly struck both the stocky depositor and the teller. The former seized his empty brown bag and dashed wildly toward the door. The latter shouted to Special Officer McMullen:

"Hey, Martin! Stop that man!"

Special Officer McMullen naturally stopped the stocky depositor; but a moment later, understanding whom the teller meant, he ran to the entrance and down the curving steps.

The whole banking room was in commotion. Everywhere there was questioning and exclaiming: "What is it?" "What's up?" "A robbery!" "Somebody slugged the teller!" "Somebody grabbed some money!"

The young woman cashier, quite forgetting her own deposit, was excitedly explaining. Other depositors were explaining and commenting. The lines at the tellers' windows broke up. A group formed in the entrance, looking down the iron steps. Two minutes before, every person in the banking room had been frigidly detached from every other person. No one spoke to any one else or humanly looked at any one else. The young woman cashier would have frozen with indignation if the fat man next in line had addressed her. Now it was like a Grand Army reunion. Everybody talked to everybody. The young woman cashier and the fat man were in animated conversation. An assistant cashier was telephoning police headquarters. The vice-president was calling impatiently for the detective agency which the bank patronized.

By this time the commotion had penetrated President Hotchkiss' office. When the stocky depositor came up the steps and reëntered the bank, empty bag in hand, Mr. Hotchkiss was standing by the cashier's desk and several people were explaining to him what had happened. The stocky depositor joined the group. He was deeply agitated.

"I'd 'a' caught the guy myself if that boneheaded policeman of yours hadn't stopped me!" he declared, looking President Hotchkiss angrily in the eye.

The cashier seemed startled, because to address Mr. Hotchkiss in that manner was like smoking cigarettes in a powder mill. The president's features were rugged, his forehead sloping, his brow beetling, his chin salient. People who knew him were careful to keep their own tempers in his presence and only hoped he would keep his; but he forbore in this case to resent the stocky depositor's annoying remark.

Nearly on the heels of the stocky depositor, Special Officer McMullen hurried up the steps, accompanied by

a policeman. He had discovered, with no difficulty at all, that the dog pursued by the young man had run down the corridor and out into the side street. He was now returning, at a policeman's suggestion, to get a description of the young man.

"I hardly noticed the man myself," McMullen was explaining over again; "but I'd know the dog anywhere. It was an Airedale, with a wall eye. Airedales ain't so common over here; and when the old gentleman stepped in with this one ——"

"What old gentleman? Where is he?" the policeman interrupted.

Special Officer McMullen stopped abruptly and looked round the bank; but neither the nice old gentleman nor the formidable person with the horseshoe mustache was there. Evidently they had slipped out unnoticed in the confusion.

The superintendent of the detective agency and Inspector Johns, of the police department, reached the bank about the same time—some ten minutes after the robbery. Together, in President Hotchkiss' office, they listened to the principal witnesses. The superintendent of the detective agency could scarcely contain himself—foreseeing what a card this robbery would be for the rival agency which his concern had recently supplanted as guardian of the Tweed Bank!

"Why, any idiot—except this one"—he blurted out, glaring at Special Officer McMullen, "would have known in a second it was a plant! The big man with the newspaper, the old guy with the dog, and the young man who stood in line—of course they put up the job and pulled it off together. Anybody else would just have nabbed the old guy and the big fellow. One or the other of them had the money—the young chap passed it to 'em when they were stooping down together. If you had caught him you wouldn't 'a' found anything on him. A fine piece of work for a man wearing a police uniform—that was! Guess you was in with 'em—wasn't you?" he concluded, glaring at Special Officer McMullen.

Inspector Johns, turning to the stocky depositor, inquired mildly: "Whose money was this you were depositing?"

The stocky man seemed almost to resent this innocent question.

"It was Barney Kahn's," he replied rather sullenly, after a slight hesitation.

Inspector Johns glanced at President Hotchkiss out of the corner of his eye. Something seemed to amuse him; but he only murmured mildly:

"I see."

Certainly there had been enough in the last quarter of an hour to try a temper more stable than that of Andrew P. Hotchkiss. Certainly Mr. Hotchkiss' temper was badly tried. His rugged countenance had assumed a quite leaden hue; the gray eye under his beetling brow twinkled malevolently; his lips twitched as though he wished to bite. Turning to the cashier and leveling a forefinger at Special Officer McMullen's nose, he commanded: "Discharge this man right away! I believe he's a crook. Don't ever let him step inside the bank again!"

So saying, Mr. Hotchkiss turned his back upon the paralyzed special officer and retired to his den.

II

THAT afternoon a woebegone figure sat on a bench in the Battery, staring blankly out to sea. It was Martin L. McMullen, in the faded but neatly brushed derby hat and pepper-and-salt suit he had worn for five summers when not on duty and in uniform. He pressed the suit himself twice a week before going to bed and, with his own needle and thread, took the stitch in time which saves nine. Moreover, upon reaching his boarding house, he always took off the coat, thereby saving wear and tear. Thus the garments were well preserved; and it had never before occurred to him that they were not perfectly presentable.

This afternoon, however, he crossed his legs so as to hide a tiny spot that was darned upon one knee, and nervously folded his arms to conceal the fact that one button on the coat did not match the other two. He felt tramplish. Humiliation engulfed him. He had been discharged in disgrace! He had been accused of robbery!

A policeman passed and Martin McMullen glanced up with a furtive and hangdog look, as though half expecting arrest. His heavy heart was constricted afresh because, though only a special officer, he had long proudly considered himself an ally of the police force and in passing a regular policeman had invariably lifted his hand to the threadbare brim of his derby hat in a humbly fraternal salute.

Now he was a special officer no more. He had been discharged in disgrace and the splendid figure of the policeman brought a twinge of pain akin to that which a follower of Lucifer must have felt upon looking up at an unfallen angel.

Upon Saturday afternoon, in his unfallen state, he went home at five o'clock. He was waiting for that hour to arrive. His simple imagination strove in vain to reconstruct the boarding house as it must be after this catastrophe. For a long time he had been the most important personage in it, with his seat at the head of the table, from which, as a grave and perfectly modest satellite, he reflected the glory of Andrew P. Hotchkiss and the Tweed Bank.

Now Andrew P. Hotchkiss had called him a crook and the Tweed Bank had cast him out! Instinctively he wished to hide these things from the boarding house—shielding Mr. Hotchkiss and the bank rather than himself. The critics at Mrs. Mulloney's table would be sure to blame them, and that he could not endure; for, in spite of the bank's firmly expressed view to the contrary, he couldn't cast off his habitual sense of belonging to the bank.

He couldn't sit still very long. Disgrace seemed to welter in round him like a visible and steadily rising puddle from which he must flee. He had already shifted from one bench to another six times. He rose again and stumped heavily toward Broadway. It was only half past three, and there was an hour and a half to kill. A cool basement adorned with a large invitation to malt refreshment caught his dull eye and made him pause. At an expenditure of five cents he could pass half an hour there. He deliberated—and entered; but as he approached the busy bar a phase of the calamity which he had scarcely

For a Second the Three of Them Were Stooping Together

thought of before struck him like a barbed arrow—his wages had stopped! He spent a few minutes examining the chromos, therefore, ate a sandwich at the free-lunch counter and went out. For many years his patronage of saloons had been confined to the free-lunch counter—to which, as one wearing a police uniform, he felt that he had a prescriptive right.

He was, indeed, the most frugal of men. For a long time his savings had been remitted to his brother in Wisconsin and profitably invested. He was still physically vigorous and could face the world very confidently without his wages as special policeman, but he could not face the world in disgrace.

He blamed Mr. Hotchkiss; but the blame was within his own heart—like that of a fond husband for his wife, or of a devoted patriot for his country. Indeed, the more he thought it over—with his long service and deep attachment—the more intolerable it seemed that Mr. Hotchkiss should so lightly accuse him and cast him off.

He spent the evening in the seclusion of his modest bedroom at Mrs. Mulloney's like one lost in a trackless forest on a night of Egyptian darkness. Not only could he see no way out, but the situation looked so utterly hopeless that he couldn't even think of trying to see a way out. His mind, it may be remarked, was characterized by solidity rather than agility.

However, next morning a pale ray of hope penetrated his Stygian gloom. It came as a sort of inspiration upon reading in his morning newspaper that the police were still without a clew to the Tweed Bank robbers. He had told Mrs. Mulloney that he was lying off for a short time; and he remained in his room nearly the whole day, directing all the force of his mind to the problem he had conceived. That evening, with infinite pains, he framed and copied in a fair hand the following communication:

HONORABLE ANDREW P. HOTCHKISS, June Twenty-sixth.
Tweed Bank, City.

Dear Sir: Referring to conversation with undersigned at the bank on yesterday, I wish to state same was undeserved. I never saw those robbers before, Mr. Hotchkiss; but I may be a blockhead. This will be proved to your satisfaction when they are caught. I will catch them myself, sir, if it takes me a year—unless the police do it sooner. Then you will know.

Very respectfully yours,
MARTIN L. MCMULLEN.

His reading was exceedingly limited; but, of course, he had some acquaintance with the exploits of Sherlock Holmes. That character's theory that any criminal mystery may be solved by a sufficiently vigorous application of the powers of reason had always appealed to him as a reasonable man. Finally, as he pondered the subject, a clew that promised to unravel the whole case occurred to him. The more he thought of it the more convinced he was.

He looked eagerly through the next morning's newspaper and was happy to find, by an obscure item at the bottom of an inside page, that no arrests had been made in the Tweed Bank robbery. He had been afraid overnight that the police would anticipate him.

That forenoon he called upon Inspector Johns, of the police department. His statement to the desk sergeant that he had something important to communicate regarding a robbery procured him an audience. Entering the inspector's office in his well-brushed pepper-and-salt suit, with the faded derby hat in hand, his air was respectful, but not at all hangdog. He explained who he was and the inspector at once remembered him.

"I made up my mind, sir," he said, "that I'd catch those fellows and prove to Mr. Hotchkiss that he'd mistook me. I've looked the case all over and I know I can do it. All I ask of you is to give me three plain-clothes men who'll act under my orders. I don't expect a cent for my time, you understand. All I want is to square myself."

Inspector Johns surveyed the thick-set, red-faced and square-browed figure standing at the end of the desk, a derby hat grasped firmly by the brim in both large hands. The inspector noted the compression of the lips and a stubborn woe in the pale blue eyes.

"What's your theory now?" he inquired, and brushed his hand across his mouth—possibly to conceal a smile.

McMullen hesitated a moment and seemed to struggle with a painful doubt.

"Well, sir—my theory now," he said, eying the officer dubiously—"I ain't questioning your good intentions, inspector, nor the good intentions of the police department; but I wouldn't like Mr. Hotchkiss to miss the point that I done this myself."

The inspector laughed in amiable amusement and replied lightly:

"Probably you're right in keeping it to yourself; but my men are pretty busy just now. I really couldn't spare you any." His finger reached toward a button on his desk.

(Continued on Page 48)

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AS SOON as possible I began looking for another place. I went down to see my former city editor, but neither he nor the managing editor displayed any enthusiasm about having me rejoin the staff. They told me I had been a fool to quit and go off on a wild-goose chase after editorial fame and fortune the way I did, and I knew they were right, although I didn't care for their method of imparting the truth to me. I visited all the other city editors in the place, but apparently I had not sufficiently impressed myself on the journalism of that locality to make it imperative to secure my services; in fact, they all said they could worry along without me, and they all did.

I was then nineteen, had learned a bitter lesson, and was anxious to return into the business at whatever salary might be offered. I looked back at the days when I had received ten dollars a week and thought that a princely income. Papers in two or three other cities in the state wanted men, I heard, and I applied, but soon learned they didn't need me. I knew I could do as good work as half the men on these papers, if not better, but I couldn't make anybody else think so. Besides, it was summertime and they were letting out men—they said—instead of taking them on. Nobody on earth appeared to have the slightest desire for my valuable services. I tried applying by letter—speaking enthusiastically about my capabilities and vast experience—all the way from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, and didn't get a rise.

I Plan to Lead a Hermit's Life

HENCE I turned my attention to general literature. I essayed fiction, poetry, special articles and all other branches of that fascinating pursuit. One periodical took a story, promised me ten dollars and didn't pay. After a few weeks I concluded there was no nourishment in that, so with a couple of friends I built a shack in the woods on the shore of a lake a few miles from home and went out there to spend the summer and think things over. Foraging was good, the fish bit well and the problem of living was easily solved. After long reflection I concluded I was a dub and might just as well live out my life in that shack as a hermit. I planned it to the last detail. It was manifestly impossible to be a hermit that summer, for the other boys were with me, there were plenty of young people camping and living in cottages at the lake, and there were dances and corn-roasts and fishing parties and excursions and picnics and other festivities to be engaged in—and, inexperienced in hermiting as I was, I knew that festivities were not compatible with the job. But when winter came I intended to remain there, let my hair and whiskers grow—I could picture myself with a long, flowing red beard—and settle down to hermit out the rest of my pitiful existence.

It was a lively summer. I had a lot of fun at no expense save the exertion of catching fish and garnering other foodstuff. Clothes did not bother me, and except when the girls were along no shoes were worn. I fully decided I was a failure, and had rather pleasant anticipations of long winter nights alone in the shack, with no company but my thoughts and my faithful dog. I didn't have a faithful dog, but I was sure I could find one somewhere. Then on the first of August a man from the telegraph office at the head of the lake came up with a telegram for me. It was from my old managing editor, and said if I wanted to come back and substitute during the vacation season he would give me that place and my original ten dollars a week.

He told me to answer by wire. I didn't do that. I answered in person, arriving there the next morning and forgetting all about my hermit decision. Indeed I think I should have made a mighty poor hermit, and probably it is just as well.

I fell easily back into the old swing and worked until the middle of September. Then the boys were all back from their vacations and the editors told me they were sorry but they had no place for me. I had been frugal during this employment and had saved a few dollars, and I didn't mind dismissal much. I had an idea I wanted to branch out again and had been writing round to several people on the office letter-heads.

I had a nibble from a big city in another state. Under most careful nursing the nibble developed into a bite, and on the day I left my substitute job I started for the other city. I didn't know what I should get, but I was ready to tackle anything from leading editorial articles to undertakers and morgue, and had endeavored to impress on that editor my ability to do just that.

I went round to see the man who had asked me to come on. It was on Saturday afternoon. He told me he was busy, gave me a ticket to the theater and said I should come in late on Sunday afternoon and he would see what he could do. The show was Dixey in Adonis, and had Amelia Summerville playing the Merry Little Mountain Maid. I was all cheered up with the idea of getting work and applauded everything enthusiastically. I was a couple of hours ahead of time at the office next day, and the editor was an hour late, which gave me a creepy feeling. Perhaps he didn't mean it!

"Get Out!" He Squeaked. "Get Out! You're Fired!"

He did, though. He came in presently, read his letters, gave some orders and then told the boy to bring me in. He was a kindly man and listened tolerantly to my enthusiastic recital of my experience and abilities. Then he said: "I had expected to put you on the local staff, but the situation has changed"—my heart sank into my shoes at that—"and I cannot spend any more money in that direction just at present. However, now that I have brought you on I can fix you temporarily"—my spirits rose again in a rush—"and will give you a place as assistant proofreader. The salary will be fifteen dollars a week."

Assistant proofreader! That was worse than I had expected even in my most pessimistic moments. My disappointment showed in my face, for he leaned over and said gently: "I am sorry, my boy, but I don't own this paper. If I did things might be different. I am working for wages here just as the others are, and subject to the whims of the man who pays those wages. Be a sport and take this place, and presently I can fix you."

I gulped two or three times and then straightened up in the chair. "All right," I answered. "When do I go to work?"

"Tonight. Report to Mac, the head proofreader, in the composing room at six-thirty. Good afternoon."

An Asthmatic Man With an Eagle Mind

MAC was a thin, cadaverous man, who had asthma and smoked cubeb cigarettes. He had, in addition to his asthma, a chronic grouch against all editors, reporters, printers and all other branches of the newspaper business, and claimed they would all show themselves as ignoramuses if he wasn't there to catch and correct their errors. He was largely right. Mac had a great deal of information packed into that asthmatic head of his.

The composing room was on the top floor of a four or five story building, I forget which. The business office and editorial rooms were on the ground floor, and the lofts between were vacant. There was no elevator. I remember perfectly how my footsteps on the stairs echoed dismally through those vacant lofts as I climbed up to the composing room for my first night's work. I wasn't especially cheerful either. It was pretty tough for a rising young journalist, who imagined he knew all there was to know about the business, to be reading proof. Still I had made up my mind I would do anything round that place before I would quit, and I went in and introduced myself to Mac. He looked at me curiously.

"Ever read proof?" he asked.

I told him I had, and detailed my experience in the local room where I began my newspaper work.

Mac sniffed. "Great Scott!" he said, "another stuff unloaded on me by that soft-hearted managing editor! Does he think I am running a kindergarten up here?"

It seemed so to me, but I didn't answer. I held copy all that first night and read revises. Mac was one of the most expert proofreaders I have ever known, and his need really

The Boss Was Peppering at the Man in the Street

was a copy-holder and revise reader, with a man to jump in and take a few galleys during the late rush. He almost could handle the job alone. The proofreaders' desks were in the composing room, a lively and interesting place, and there was a good deal of loafing-time in the early hours when copy was slow. From midnight on the proof desk was the busiest place in the establishment.

I made up my mind I might just as well be friends with Mac, who at heart was a mighty good fellow, and I laid myself out to win him. It didn't take long. Mac saw I was a rank amateur, but I had told him how much I needed the job, and he excused my stupidity and errors and encouraged me by saying I had the makings of a proofreader in me. He worked on his first night off after I got there, too, so the job wouldn't fall on me before I knew the ropes, and we became fast friends. Incidentally, Mac taught me a great deal about reading proof and gave me graphic and exact information about each member of the staff. I knew all their weaknesses and all the gossip about them and could tell their copy the minute it came to hand. Some of them were pretty bad and some were good, but it wasn't long before I was convinced I was as good as any of them and only needed an opportunity to prove it.

I had plenty of time to myself, as I got off about four o'clock in the morning and slept until noon, thus having the afternoons for myself. I found a room about a mile from the office. The landlady said I could have it for two dollars and a half a week if I would room with another young man. She brought up the other young man. He was a West Virginian who was studying to be an undertaker, and had the room filled with the tools and textbooks of his profession. He slept at night and I slept in the daytime, so the arrangement worked well, and I gathered considerable information from him about embalming and kindred topics. I couldn't see why anybody should want to be an undertaker and he was at a loss to understand why anybody should read proof for a living, so we started out on a mutual basis of disagreement and got along famously.

A Body Blow

My fifteen dollars a week kept me going nicely, but I was lonely, for I rarely came in contact with any of the men on the editorial staff, except the night editor. They held an assistant proofreader in low esteem anyhow. So my companion on my nights off was the embryo undertaker, who was a fine chap. We went to theaters together and, as Saturday was payday with me and my day off, we indulged in a chop and a bottle of ale afterward and imagined we were rolling high. On Saturdays, too, I smoked my only ten-cent cigar of the week. The rest of the time I smoked stogies that came about seven for ten cents. I found a cheap restaurant where I could get breakfast and dinner for fifty cents a day, and at midnight a man came into the office with sandwiches and coffee. So I saved some money.

I had been working for about three weeks and everybody in the editorial rooms had forgotten my existence, except once when I let a bad bull go through on a revise and heard from it emphatically, when the foreman came over to Mac about midnight and said: "What do you know about this? That stiff that writes the alleged paragraphs for the editorial page hasn't showed up tonight and I'm ready to close that page."

"Close it," said Mac. "It will be better without them."

It so happened that the editorial paragrapher was a nephew of the man who owned the paper and had no ability, but was kept on the paper because his uncle didn't know what else to do with him. He had picked out paragraphing as the softest job on the paper, though real paragraphing is one of the hardest, there being then and now but few writers who are good at it.

Here was a chance for me. "How many do you need?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, half a dozen or so to make a showing," the foreman said. "Why?"

"I'll write them."

The foreman and Mac laughed. "Go to it," the foreman said. I wrote eight. When they came through in proof Mac read them carefully and said: "Not so rotten." That was high praise from Mac. Next night the nephew came up and asked Mac: "Who wrote the paragraphs last night?" Mac jerked his thumb at me. The nephew took me aside. "Keep it up," he said, "and I'll fix it with my uncle so you get downstairs. I hate paragraphing anyhow. I want to be sporting editor."

So I wrote the paragraphs every night for a week and gave them to the nephew, who copied them and handed them in. Then the managing editor came up. "Who's writing those paragraphs?" he asked. They told him I was. "Quit it," he ordered. "Do you think I'm going to let that lobster get by this way? Chop it, or I'll fire you."

That was a body blow. I hoped the managing editor would recognize true merit and take me downstairs, but he didn't. Still I had plenty to do. The night editor found I knew something about make-up, and he let me make up the early pages while he luxuriated in a place near by. The foreman and the assistant foreman became my firm friends and I found some of the printers were pretty good companions. So at the end of the first month I was reasonably well contented, was getting an insight into composing-room methods that stood me in good stead later, and was sending down a few special articles to the managing editor, some of which he ran in when copy was short.

Then I had a smashing blow in the face. One morning about five o'clock, after work was over and I had been sitting round and talking with Mac and the foreman, I started down the long stairs through the vacant lofts to go to my room. My eyes had been hurting a good deal for a couple of weeks and I had vaguely considered going to see a doctor about them. I was using them hard and continuously under the electric light on the proofs and not taking any too much sleep, for I was exploring the city and trying to find material for special articles. I walked down the stairs and out on the street. Just as I reached the sidewalk all the lights seemed to go out and things became utterly black before me. I couldn't figure out what was the matter, but stood uncertainly on the walk, unable to see at all.

I heard somebody coming out and called: "Who is it?" It was Mac. I told him what had happened. I could hear him muttering under his breath. He took me by the arm and led me to my room. On the way I realized that I had become blind. I couldn't see! I almost collapsed when I got that straight in my head. Mac had been cheering me up all the way.

"Mac," I quavered, "what's the matter with me? Am I blind?"

"Don't worry about that," soothed Mac. "I've seen this happen a lot of times," he lied encouragingly. "A few days' rest and you'll be all right. I'll have the doctor over to see you early in the morning."

Mac led me to my room and helped me undress. He told the student of undertaking to look after me, which he did, and I lay there in total darkness until nine o'clock, thinking it might be just as well to kill myself and have it over with. The doctor came at nine o'clock. Mac hadn't gone to bed, but had called a famous oculist and came with him. Afterward I learned that grouchy, asthmatic, cynical, sardonic Mac had guaranteed the doctor's bill.

The doctor said the trouble was merely temporary. I needed glasses, and a few days in a dark room would fix me all right. This helped a lot and the student of undertaking stayed with me like a nurse. He quit his studies and read to me and told me stories about his adventures, and Mac dropped in every day with the news of the office. On the fifth day my sight came back as suddenly as it had left me, the doctor fitted me to a pair of glasses and I was apparently all right. That day Mac came in in a state of excitement for him.

"Say, kid," he said, "there's a guy got a paper down in the next state who wants an editor. Here's his name. Write to him and maybe you'll get the job."

I wrote and then went back to work. Mac favored me a lot for two or three days. The new glasses worked well and I was getting rapidly into the old stride when, one morning about ten o'clock, the landlady knocked on my door and said there was a gentleman to see me. He came up. It was the man to whom I had written about the editorship.

We talked for a time and he said I seemed to be just the man he wanted. He said there was a big strike on in his town; that he and another man who had been working in the mills had started the paper to take the side of the strikers; that they had plenty of money and that it was a mighty good game.

He said the town was all in sympathy with the strikers and the union, and that the other papers were owned by the corporations; and it was the chance of a lifetime to jump in and grab all the business and circulation in the place.

My New Job

"But," he said, "before I hire you I want to see what you can do. I notice on the newspaper bulletin boards in town that Jefferson Davis is dead"—he wasn't, it was a false report—"and I wish you would write me a column editorial on Davis, remembering that our city is about half Union and half Confederate. Give him his deserts, but don't slop over on him."

I spent the afternoon writing my opinion of Jefferson Davis for a constituency half Union and half Confederate, and mailed the result to the owner. Two mornings later I received a letter from him containing a railroad mileage-book and an invitation to come on and take the job. He said the editorial was great and he regretted that Davis had not died, so that he might use it. However, he promised to save it until the proper time should come.

I asked the managing editor if there was any chance of my getting downstairs, and he said there wasn't at that time; so I quit, bade goodby to Mac and my friends in the composing room, packed my trunk, had a last chop and bottle of ale with the student of undertaking and took the train on Monday morning early. The owner was at the station to meet me.

"Come on up to my house for dinner," he said. "Then we will go down to the office."

We walked up to his house. As we came in he called up the stairs: "Mary dear, I've got our new editor here for dinner."

"You have?" replied Mary acidly. "How nice of you! And this washday and not a thing for dinner but vegetable soup and cold meat! You have got about as much sense as a canary bird."

"Don't mind that," he whispered. "I plumb forgot it was washday."

It wasn't so bad as Mary had said. At dinner the owner told me the story of the great strike, how he had started his paper, how much money he and his partner had, how it was doing, and afterward we went down to the office. It was located up one flight of stairs. As we entered I saw that the outfit was not much better than the one I had owned the year before. I had a chill. Still I found that he had arranged for a condensed telegraph service, that he really had a telegraph wire running into the place and an

If I Wanted to Come Back and Substitute He Would Give Me My Original Ten Dollars a Week

operator, and that there was an experienced man working as the entire local staff. He had a fairly good press and the business end of it was all right.

The local staff came in and I met him. He was a reporter in hard luck, like myself, but he had had about ten times as much experience as I had. However, the owner made me editor-in-chief and we went at it. The telegraph operator, who wasn't very affluent himself, took the telegraph report, wrote the heads and rewrote the important items, expanding them as much as he could. The local staff and the editor-in-chief got and wrote all the local, the editorial articles, most of the advertising, made up, read the proof—in short, we got out the paper. We lambasted the tar out of the criminal corporations that were oppressing the strikers, and had a gay old time. Salary was regular for a time. Then it became wobbly. It cost more to run a new paper than our owners supposed and the corporations were putting on the screws wherever possible. My fifteen dollars a week dwindled some weeks to six and seven dollars and some orders on merchants who advertised. It didn't look good.

One day the local staff threw me over a letter. It was from a man in a Southern city who wanted an editor. "Take it," he said; "I am going north when this blows up."

I went out and telegraphed. I had an answer that afternoon telling me to come on, and next day I quit and started south. All told I had about seventy-five dollars in money I had laboriously saved. When I got to my town I found I was in with another new proposition. There was a big and influential paper in the city and this one had been started by a disgruntled politician who had been kept out of the graft.

This man gave me twenty dollars a week, and my duties consisted entirely in an editorial supervision of the paper and the writing of editorial articles attacking his enemies. We had three reporters and were well fixed in handling the local.

I fussed round for a week getting the lay of the land, and then one afternoon I let go a screamer about the local boss and some of his henchmen. That article certainly did call those persons by their right names. The boss was so tickled with it that he had it put on the first column of the first page and double-leaded. When the paper came up the city editor walked over to my desk.

"Better keep under cover for a few days," he advised.

"Why?" I asked.

"That stuff means shooting down here," he told me, "and they're just as likely to shoot you as not."

That was a contingency that had not appealed to me. There was nothing in being shot, so far as I could see. Nothing happened. The local political reporter told me the politicians growled some, but that was all. Three days later I printed another. At the end of the week we put one out that made the first one look like a tract. By this time I was convinced that all this talk about shooting was a bluff, and I dismissed it from my mind. I was elated, too, for we were getting action. The people began to side with us, and the boss said all we had to do was to keep at it and we would drive them all to their holes.

"That last one almost took the rag off the bush," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Give them another tomorrow and we'll have them on the run."

The Doctor Said a Few Days in a Dark Room Would Fix Me All Right

Then he raised my salary to twenty-five dollars a week and took me out to luncheon. We walked down the street. As we turned the corner a man stepped out of a doorway, holding something bright and shiny in his hand. I remember looking at him curiously and wondering what the shiny thing was.

"Duck!" yelled the boss, diving for a doorway and tugging at his hip pocket.

I heard a sharp report and something whizzed by my head. It sounded like a big bee buzzing. Then I realized the man with the shiny thing in his hand was shooting at me. I don't remember whether I got into that store through the transom over the door or through the plate-glass window. I got in somehow and landed behind a counter. The boss had unlimbered his pistol by this time and was peppering at the man in the street from behind a soda-water fountain. Each fired five times. They were poor shots. Neither was hit. The man in the street disappeared up an alley and the boss loaded his pistol and took a careful reconnoissance. "Come on," he said to me. "It's all over for the time being. We'll eat now."

I didn't eat anything. It didn't seem time for gustatory exercises. Instead I hurried back to the office. There the local political reporter imparted the cheerful information to me that the gang had decided to "get" this fresh Northerner who had come down there and was abusing them, and that probably I was due to be shot sooner or later. He said they expected to shoot both the boss and myself that day.

The boss was used to that sort of politics, but I wasn't; and after writing a flaming story about the attempt of cowardly assassins to murder in cold blood the fearless publicists who had dared to tell the truth about them, and defying them and calling them many other fancy names to the extent of a column and a half, I decided that I needed a change of air and I took it. Years later one of the men who was in the plot to shoot me told me they only desired to scare me. I told him they succeeded in their desire.

I had expanded a little, so far as living expenses went, and didn't have as much money when I left as I had when

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The Inner Secrets of a Salesman's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHEN I was a young chap, just starting out as a wholesale grocery salesman, I sat round considerably, with my feet on hotel stoves or on the window-sill. Loafing seemed to be part of the game. Often I had to wait hours for a train after I had sold all my dealers in a town, and a hotel chair was the natural place to nurse my grouch against things in general. Very early in my career, however, I met a traveling man named Riggs, who influenced my life more than any other man. He was a drygoods salesman, with half a dozen side lines. It was through Riggs that I quit loafing—not to take up side lines, but to hew closely to the thing I was really after."

The salesman quoted in the foregoing is today drawing a salary of a thousand dollars a month, and in addition is earning commissions that often amount to more than his wages. He is handling a certain line of machinery and his territory is the United States—sometimes foreign countries. He has held positions as sales manager, but he prefers the personal game of selling.

The story of his rise includes a variety of lines, and the narrative which follows throws a strong light on the secrets of his success. His own analyses of the essential factors in selling are particularly keen and readily adaptable by all classes of salesmen.

"It was down in Chillicothe that I first met Riggs," he went on as he sat in the office of a large manufacturing concern just outside of New York. "After selling to my customers in that town I found myself with half a day to waste as I saw fit.

"'Jones,' said this side-line fellow to me, 'if you really want to work I can put you next to three or four games that will fill out all your spare time. I know a trunk concern that wants a lot of specialty salesmen on the side to push some new goods; and up in Chicago there's a house that wants salesmen to call on undertakers with the best side line on earth—a regular jimcrack! You simply couldn't fail to sell 'em. Of course I can't let you in on my own snaps; but I'll do all I can for you.'

"I spent the afternoon with my feet on the hotel heater, thinking. As I look back on that day, I can see how it was the crisis in my selling career. I might have taken the wrong path; but somehow the logic of the situation got hold of me, just as the grip of life gets hold of some poor fellow who's ill with a fever.

"The next time I saw Riggs I said to him: 'Never mind about sending in my name to the wholesale undertaker or the trunk man. I've made up my mind to travel on the main line. You never saw a limited train running on a jerkwater branch. It's the limited for me! I'm selling groceries.'

"'But you're wasting half your time,' he protested. 'Now I know a house that wants a few first-class salesmen to introduce to the trade its patent double-acting toothbrush. It's the biggest thing yet! I'll send in your name.'

"'No,' said I; 'don't trouble yourself. I've got a double-acting grocery proposition of my own and I haven't time even to look up the meaning of that jaw-breaking toothbrush of yours. I tell you I'm selling groceries—and I'll not have any spare time hereafter. The fellows with spare time are always the ones who are in a rut and haven't the brains to get out. See here, Riggs; there are millions of people all round me and every person among them eats groceries! Don't you think I ought to find enough to do on the main track without getting off on the switches?'

"So he went his way and I went mine. Side lines are all right for the man who hasn't yet found his big, consuming purpose. They will do to fill in with during an emergency. They will help a boy through college, or a girl with her music, or the man out of a job; but, when you're on the track of something really worth while, go to it for all there is in you. Hammer away continually on the big thing, and all your efforts will be cumulative—as mine were; but dissipate your energies on side lines and you will find that each effort is detached and complete by itself, without successive additions that keep on piling up in geometrical progression. Riggs is down and out today, while I'm on the firing line, stronger than ever.

"When I made up my mind to travel exclusively on the main selling-path I looked about to see how I might keep busy during that heavy percentage of time I had been wasting. At the next town I struck, it occurred to me to find out how the consuming public looked on our brands of goods. My house carried a number of trademarked lines and was not doing especially well with any of them; our canned goods and coffees, in particular, were away behind what they ought to have been.

"I had two hours before train time, and I started out on an expedition that was rather unorthodox for a traveling salesman—and yet immensely illuminating in the end. Turning in at the first residence I found, I rang the bell and said to the housewife: 'Madam, I have nothing whatever to sell you; I represent X., Y. & Company, the wholesale grocers up in Chicago, and I should like very much to know what you think of our Double B brands. We are desirous, you see, of pleasing our customers; and we hope to get a consensus of opinion that will aid us in doing so.'

"She looked at me somewhat blankly. 'I can't recall the Double B brands,' she said; 'and somehow I don't just seem to remember X., Y. & Company.'

"At the next house I got the same answer—and at the next. I talked with more than twenty housewives that day, and not more than three of them had any definite

impression of our goods or our house. When I left town, however, all of them did have a concrete mental picture of the Double B's. Nor were they likely to forget that X., Y. & Company were located in Chicago and were handling the very best brands of groceries on the market.

"During that entire trip I put in every minute of my spare time going from house to house on this exploring expedition. If I had only a quarter of an hour at my disposal I spent it in this fashion. I kept tally of my discoveries, and when I got back to Chicago I had some mighty interesting facts to give our sales manager. More than ninety per cent of the people with whom I talked never had heard of our Double B brands or of our firm and its general products.

"'There's something vitally wrong here,' said I. 'Why, we are literally hedged in by markets that don't even know about us! There are swarms of people everywhere, but they don't buy our goods simply because we've made no impression on them.'

"'Well,' said the sales manager as he scanned the figures I had given him, 'it's an unfortunate situation; but how can we better it? You know we're up to the limit on our advertising appropriation. It takes big money to advertise broadly; and to make the impression you're talking about we'd have to keep at it continually. We'd use up our capital in a year.'

"I went out on my next trip; but my estimate of my sales manager had dropped a few notches. I was possessed with a hazy idea that somehow he hadn't risen to the situation as he should have done. He was a thoroughly orthodox chap, strong on systems and mighty powerful on the auditing of expense accounts; but—as I realized afterward—he had no rightful business at the sales-manager's desk. It was up to me to do what he should have done—find a way to sell goods. However, after all, that is what any salesman must do if he hopes to rise. Comparatively few sales managers really know how to sell; they hold down their jobs simply through force of circumstances. I have known hundreds of extraordinarily successful men on the road and, practically without exception, they have been fellows who didn't wait to be stirred up by their sales managers; more often, they reversed the process and did the stirring up themselves. They originated the selling ideas."

Ideas the Backbone of All Selling

"I MAINTAIN that aside from the goods themselves selling ideas are the principal factors in salesmanship. Of course I don't mean to deprecate all those little elements taught by the salesmanship schools. Many of them are valuable as adjuncts; but when you teach a salesman how to approach a prospect, and how to talk to him, and how to close him, and how to prevent him from changing his mind before you can get your fountain pen back in your pocket, you are merely polishing the salesman off. Often this polishing process is done before the embryo salesman is shaped up for polishing. It's like giving a medical student his diploma before he's done any dissecting.

"What you want to do first is to take some red paint and a brush and write on a board: 'Salesmanship comprises ninety-nine parts of ideas and one part of minor ingredients.' Then lay the board on the salesman's head and hammer it into his brains with a sledge. After that proceed with the polish, making sure that it doesn't drip.

"I am digressing, however. For a month or two I kept at my self-constituted task of sounding the public's estimate of our Double B brands. A thankless task it was, and it grew mighty monotonous, especially as the aforesaid estimate was nine-tenths vacuum. Nevertheless it gave emphasis to my vague theory that something ought to be done and it kept me busy. It helped a little, too, in bulk sales; but unfortunately I was merely one person, while there were many millions of people to be told about our goods. Had I been able to get round to talk in person with all those millions, our sales would have jumped faster than Jack climbed the beanstalk.

"After a while a plan began to simmer into my head; if you keep on thinking about a proposition long and hard enough you're tolerably sure to get a few genuine thinks coming your way in time. The trouble with our sales manager was his habit of thinking in grooves. A cat thinks in a groove when it comes to the door every morning to be let in; a chicken thinks in a groove when it observes the shades of evening descending on the hen-house. And so a salesman thinks in a groove when he merely goes into a customer's store and says:

"'Good morning, Mr. Johnson! Nice day, isn't it? How many Double B's can I sell you today? Thank you. Goodby.'

"It wasn't my orthodox business, of course, to figure out any plan—that was the sales manager's business; but, none the less, I worked out a game of personal contact on a big scale. For years afterward the motto of our house was Personal Contact.

"My game, in other words, was to talk to the housewives by proxy, since I could not talk to a large percentage of them in person. I had observed the advantage of a five minutes' conversation on the subject of Double B's. Such personal-contact publicity, if deftly accomplished, had the effect of a nail driven halfway into a board and placed squarely in the path of the housewife. Whenever she went to the grocery for canned goods or coffee thereafter she was tolerably sure to shy round that nail in her memory and to finish by purchasing Double B's."

Advertising by Personal Contact

"SO, WITH the grudging consent of the sales manager, I began to organize in my territory a force of personal-contact talkers. We tried the scheme cautiously at first, for I wasn't quite sure of it myself. It was vitally necessary, too, that the plan should be self-supporting. The house was not willing to spend a dollar on the campaign until I had demonstrated it to be eighteen-carat gold.

"I began in a small Kansas town. I knew a clever young chap there who was anxious to get on the road. He was employed in a bank; but I said to him: 'If you will spend two hours every evening talking to the people about X., Y. & Company's goods, we will pay you twenty per cent commission on the net profit we make from the increased sales in the town. Later on, if you show yourself capable, I will do all I can to get you a steady job on the road or up in Chicago. For the present, however, you will have nothing to sell. Your job will be to talk. I want you to go to every desirable family in this town and ask opinions and suggestions on X., Y. & Company's brands. This will give you the excuse for calling and open the way for a nice little talk, in the course of which you will disseminate a lot of specific and interesting information that I will furnish you.'

"In all my other towns I worked along the same lines. In each of the larger places I divided the work into districts and had several personal-contact talkers. When a town once had been completely talked to some excuse was invented for going over it again—some new product or package or a second set of questions. In many towns we doubled our sales without the outlay of a dollar aside from the commissions we paid those local chaps for talking. I was always very careful in my selection of men; and afterward, when I held executive positions, I gave employment to many of them and found most of them very successful salesmen.

"Eventually we broadened this scheme and used samples, premiums and various other aids to the mere talking plan, and the time came when there was scarcely a family in all our territory that was not familiar with our house and its goods.

"I don't mean to dwell on this or any other scheme; it's the principle of the thing I'd like to impress on salesmen. I have just been describing to you a concrete instance of real salesmanship. So many fellows mistake the salesmanship polish for the salesmanship itself, that I feel like getting hold of a megaphone and climbing a telegraph pole to let them know the difference.

"The real salesmanship is out of sight—the general public doesn't see it. It lies in your gray matter, where you marshal your forces, plan your strategy and get the people marching in an endless procession to buy your stuff."

"'*Madam, I Have Nothing Whatever to Sell You*'"

Putting the Screws on an Obstinate Grocer

"THE salesmanship polish, on the other hand, is commonly more conspicuous. Don't neglect it—it is very necessary sometimes. A salesman's personal atmosphere, his ability to make a neat, well-rounded argument, and all the fine little points that make selling an intricate game of the wits deserve close study. You can't analyze yourself too thoroughly, or your customers. These things of themselves may give you a lesser degree of success.

"The polish, however, will never make you successful in its broad significance, though true salesmanship in its higher forms may earn you ten thousand dollars a year without any polish whatever. I have seen this truth demonstrated so many times that I am sure of it. Real salesmanship lies in the ideas that sell goods.

"I had customers in those early days to whom I couldn't have sold at all without ideas. Ideas may be of all kinds and sizes. I have cited one of my big ideas: a little one often has just as much relative importance. I remember one retail grocer in Iowa whom I couldn't touch for a long time with my Double B brands. He was welded to other goods as tightly as a rivet in an iron beam. Once he set his jaws on a thing, he was like a bulldog I once knew that got another dog by the ear and hung on for ten hours. You couldn't argue with that dealer any more than you could with the bulldog. His customers were satisfied with the goods they were getting, he said—and that ended it.

"I knew a lot of grocery salesmen had given him up, but I made up my mind to get him. I was tired of going into his store only to be turned down. I got our sales manager to consent to a plan requiring a special advertising appropriation of a hundred dollars. Then I had a lot of handbills printed, announcing that all the enterprising grocers in the town would be in position on a certain day to give away an aggregate of five hundred pounds of Double B coffee in half-pound packages. Every family in town would be entitled to one package if called for at the first-class grocery stores. After I had hired a boy to distribute these circulars I called on my obstinate friend. At last I had the whiphand.

"'It's up to you to get into the bandwagon or stay out, as you prefer,' I told him. 'You know very well what the people will think of your store if you turn them away

"'*If You Really Want to Work I Can Put You Next to Three or Four Games That Will Fill Out All Your Spare Time*'"

empty-handed when they come to claim their packages of coffee. It makes no particular difference to X., Y. & Company—though, of course, we'd like to see you get your share of the goodwill and the trade that is bound to come from this proposition. The people of your town are going to use our goods—don't forget it. In a month or so, probably, we'll repeat this dose and give away a lot of Double B canned corn; then we'll come along with Double B peas, and so on. None but the first-class grocers will be in on the thing—depend upon that. Now you still have time enough to get in line. If you say so I'll wire the house to rush along your proportion of the free coffee by express. And, while you're about it, perhaps you'll want to give me an order. You're bound to have a lot of calls for Double B coffee, you know.'

"He saw the point, and after that I sold him goods regularly; in fact he became my best customer in that town. Sometimes a bit of selling ingenuity and a little advertising money will achieve remarkable results.

"I worked out a host of these selling ideas during my waits for trains. When I wasn't actually selling I was figuring out some selling problem or analyzing some proposition that had baffled me."

Making Trade by Talking Processes

"I REMEMBER one grocer who showed an extremely scant interest in my goods; he would never listen to me for more than thirty seconds, and the few goods he did buy he tucked away out of sight and sold them only when specially called for. Whenever I struck his store he was sure to be everlastingly busy—and he brushed me aside as he would a fly.

"I pondered this problem quite a while and then I hit on a plan. The next time I got to Chicago I had a photograph taken of our coffee-tasting table, showing the taster seated in his chair, with twelve cups of coffee on the revolving tabletop, along with the twelve trays of coffee beans that corresponded.

"When I made my unfriendly dealer's town again I tackled him on the spot for an order of coffee; and before he had time to side-step I put the photograph before him.

"'See here!' I said. 'If you want to sell the biggest line of coffees in town I'll show you how to begin. Just fix up an improvised coffee-tasting table in your show window. Put twelve cups of coffee there and twelve trays, and hire some youth for a couple of dollars a week to sit there and show the public how the quality of the X. and Y. coffees is safeguarded. It's bound to be the most pulling coffee display ever seen in this town. Oh, of course, if you don't care to take advantage of the opportunity I'll let Johnson Brothers, across the street, have it. I know a lot of grocers who are keen for these business pullers. I'll not say anything more to you about coffee; but how about Double B canned goods? How much ——'

"'Wait a minute!' he broke in. 'Lemme see that picture again. Now how would a fellow go about fixin' up such a table?'

"So the game worked as I expected it would. He bought a big lot of our coffees and other goods after that.

"'Wait a Minute! Now How Would a Fellow Go About Fixin' Up Such a Table?'"

A thousand times I've had success with little schemes of that sort. I always found it advantageous to spring interesting little side talks on difficult customers—always pertaining, however, to my line of goods. Just as I featured coffee-tasting in the foregoing incident, so I featured tea picking and drying, sugar-refining, canning processes, and so on. There isn't one grocer out of a thousand who has any knowledge of this sort. If the wholesale salesman is wise he'll post himself thoroughly on manufacturing details and use the information to focus the interest of the retail men. It'll do it practically every time. I remember a crabbed old grocer I won over with prunes. He wouldn't buy my prunes until I shocked him into it! I explained the process by which many brands of prunes were first dipped in a solution of lye—to break the skins. The X. and Y. prunes never saw any lye. My description of the various processes held him spellbound and he became a good friend and customer of my house.

"I have known a lot of salesmen in various lines who knew no more about their goods than their customers did. I recall a salesman who handled photographic goods; he hadn't the slightest conception of the process followed in making dry plates. Once I asked a hardware salesman how teakettles were made—he merely looked blank.

"So I believe I can say that one vital secret of my success lay in the knowledge I acquired concerning everything I sold. The salesman who knows his goods from the raw material to the finished product is like the school-teacher who knows his arithmetic from addition to cube root. You can't ring in the wrong answer on him. He's got the talking points right on the end of his tongue. Talking points are genuine salesmanship, because—if they're really talking points—they make the customer eager to buy your goods. Sometimes, when the talking point has been figured out carefully enough in the home establishment or back in the factory, the public actually gets clamorous to buy. Yet I've known salesmen to go along indefinitely without knowing that their goods had any talking points. I knew one chap who sold toys for five years before he learned accidentally that extraordinary care was used in his factory to keep the coloring matter free from poison."

Persistence Crowned by Selling Victories

"THEN I think there was another factor that had a strong influence on my success—that factor was persistence. The three chief elements of salesmanship I believe to be ideas, knowledge of goods and persistence. I never abandoned a prospect or let up on a customer who wasn't buying up to his full possibilities.

"One grocer, in Nebraska, had a grudge against my house over some mixup before my time. For a year I went into his store once a month without getting an order. He was rough and insulting at first. He had treated other salesmen the same way, and some of them had cut him off their lists absolutely as hopeless. For three or four months I tried every scheme I could invent to make an impression on him. Then I se'tled down to a patient game in which I became his customer.

"'Good morning, Mr. Smith,' I would say. 'How about some Double B's today?'

"'Don't want none!' he would snap. 'Ain't I told you that times enough?'

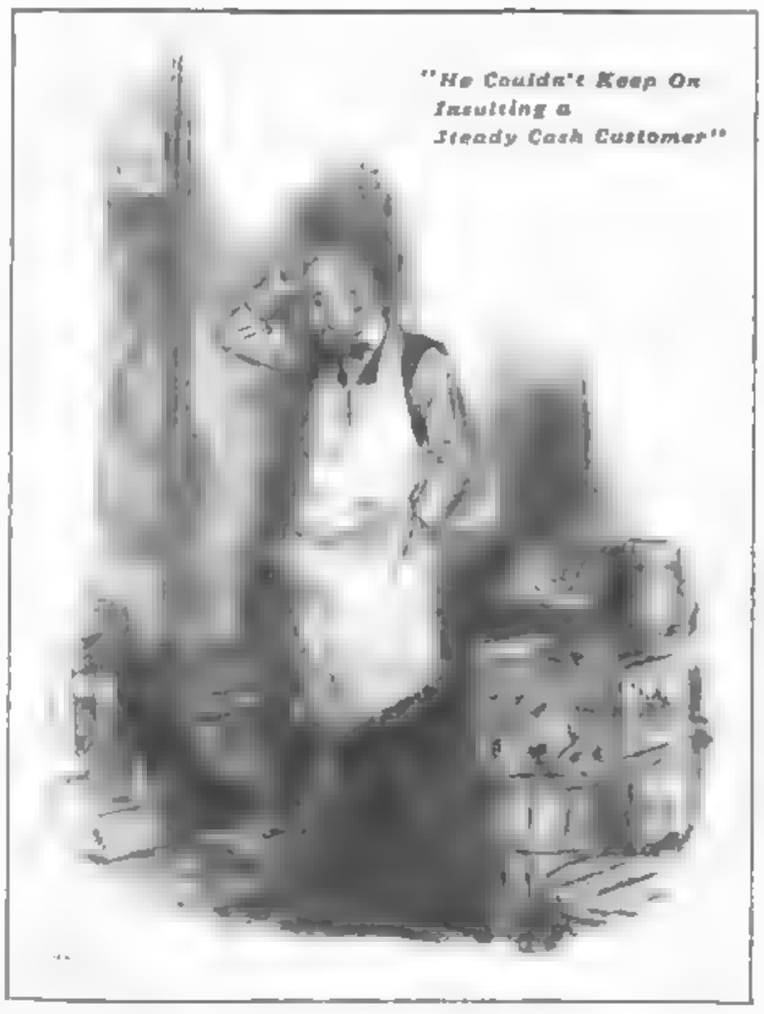
"'All right,' I would answer; 'but please put me up a dozen oranges. You handle mighty good fruit, Mr. Smith. How much? Well, now, your price isn't bad either. Thank you. I'll drop in next month.'

"I was morally certain he couldn't hold out forever against a game of that sort; and he didn't. I could see for some time that he was growing ashamed of himself. He couldn't keep on insulting a steady cash customer; and finally he came back of his own accord and bought of our house.

"I think that fully a third of my sales during my final years in the grocery line came from customers I had worked up by persistent methods of one sort or another. Every such effort I aimed to direct against a weak spot in the enemy's intrenchments. Sometimes my games were slow; but in the end I usually tunneled under the walls or got over with a scaling ladder, or watched my chance to get through an open gate.

"I was made sales manager of X., Y. & Company, but I stayed there only two years. A Pittsburgh house offered me five thousand dollars a year and commissions to sell lubricating oils. As sales manager I had been getting four thousand, without commissions.

"It was something of a jump from groceries to oils; but I have always held that the same fundamental principles governed all forms of selling. And I reasoned that a man who could make a success of staples in a crowded market ought to make good in anything.



"He Couldn't Keep On Insulting a Steady Cash Customer"

"So I took hold of oils. Before going out on the road I put on jumper and overalls and spent two months at the works. Then I devoted another month to the office. It seemed singular to me that this concern should voluntarily send to Chicago and pick out a grocery salesman and then put him on the shelf for three months at more than four hundred dollars a month, while a lot of experienced oil salesmen in the country were looking for jobs; but the fact itself proved that oil salesmanship was not so greatly different, after all. And when this oil manager hired me he did not ask about my brand of salesmanship polish; he did not ask whether I approached a prospect on tiptoe or flatfooted; whether I got out my order blank at the close of the fourth or sixteenth clause in my argument; whether I had an eloquent peroration that summed up eleven out of the sixteen clauses, but left five clauses to be held in reserve for emergency. He simply asked me if I thought I could adapt a lot of my ideas to oil.

"I was sent down South. I found that salesmen from other oil companies had made a lot of trails; but I didn't stay on those trails any more than I could help. I got off into virgin country."

Immediate Success in a New Business

"I FOUND one seacoast river, for instance, that had a good many small manufacturing plants scattered along it and a large number of motor boats plying on its waters; yet few of these oil consumers had any direct way of getting oil, but had to pay exorbitant freight charges and cartage bills. The result was that the quantity of oil consumed was less than half what the machinery really required. This fact I determined by carefully compiled statistics.

"There was no freight service on this river, for only at occasional periods during the year was it navigable for anything except small boats, many of which belonged to fishermen. Therefore, on my representations, my firm established two stations on the river at which oil could be procured at all times and carried away in the small craft available. These stations we stocked at opportune periods. Then I constituted myself a sort of commissioner of education on the use of oil—I showed those consumers how they might conserve their own interests by doubling their oil consumption.

"We never had sold any oil on that river before; in fact we hadn't supposed the trade down there was worth going after. We were soon selling thousands of barrels a year, however.

"I merely cite this instance as an example of the truth I've been trying all along to drive home—that true salesmanship is deeper than its outward manifestations. The salesmanship that boosts a salesman up and up, and still higher, is the constant forcing of sales by such methods as this. It is the keen, shrewd analysis of situations and the discovery of opportunities rather than a rigmarole of superficial rules and balderdash. Whether you sell groceries, oils, books or cornplasters, the proposition is pretty much the same. The commonplace salesman follows the trails marked out for him by other commonplace salesmen; there may be markets under his nose that he doesn't dream of and ways of reaching those markets that no school of salesmanship ever taught. Real salesmanship

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THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

VI

TOOPY POLECON and Tedoyah, whom Jimmy Smith had rechristened Teddy because of his expansive teeth, came racing up the terrace to where Bezzanna sat against one of the prancing stone goats which ornamented the approach to the rambling and gloomy-looking big stone palace, and jerked her unceremoniously to the ground.

With silent scorn for the silliness of children of the absurdly young ages of sixteen and seventeen, she quietly climbed up again and leaned her waving and curling brown hair against the golden yellow of the goat. Not finding the exact comfortable spot she had previously enjoyed, she shifted her head until she found it; and, noting that her russet-brown robe trailed gracefully against the yellow stone, she folded her hands upon her lap and cast her gloomy gaze down across the valley—at nothing in particular.

With the vivid green of springtime waving beside her and a dash of scarlet at her throat, she was far too richly colored to be the extreme picture of melancholy she had meant to appear; and, after a moment of puzzling over her present pose, Toopy and Teddy jerked her to the ground again.

"Come on, Betsy Ann," begged Teddy. "We've had a violent quarrel about a hole in the ground. I say it's a snakehole ——"

"It isn't! It was made with a stick," interrupted Toopy with much vim.

"Bring the hole here and I'll tell you which it is," offered Betsy Ann, without a trace of a smile, and started to climb back on her porch.

"I'm afraid we'd break it," retorted Teddy; and he was angry because nobody snickered.

"Come on, please!" begged Toopy, regarding her friend with wistful eyes. "Tedoyah's dreadfully dull and quarrelsome when you're not with us. What's the matter?"

"I want to think," replied Bezzanna gloomily.

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"I know!" blurted the exasperated Teddy. "She's very angry with Jimmy Smith."

"It isn't true," denied Bezzanna coldly. "People have to be worth while for one to be angry with them."

"Then why did you burn up the two extra costumes you had started to make for him?" demanded Tedoyah.

"I didn't feel like finishing them," was the lofty reply.

Toopy's black eyes snapped, but she was a wise little lady and she kept her tongue behind her teeth; however, she slyly nudged Tedoyah, and that reckless person walked straight into the fire.

"It's because he didn't wear the butterfly suit," he gleefully accused her. "It's because he borrowed your sewing machine to make some for himself. It's because he's shut himself up—for two days now—and won't see anybody but brother and me. It's because ——"

Bezzanna jumped down to the steps and started, with frigid determination, toward the front door.

"Wait!" called Teddy, intuitively scared. "Where are you going?"

"To feed the goats."

Toopy was surprised to see the intrepid Tedoyah turn pale.

"My cherry cakes!" he gasped, and started after his sister. "Don't, Bezzanna! You only baked them for me this morning."

Hearing Tedoyah coming after her, Bezzanna broke immediately into a run, dashed through the little door at the side of the big ones, slammed it after her and tried to bolt it, relinquished that idea when she felt Tedoyah's resistless weight on the outside, flew up the stairs and back toward her own sitting room, where she had her own strictly personal and private amateur oven built into the side of her own fireplace.

Tedoyah, with Toopy a close third, caught up with her just in front of Jimmy's door, which the king had at that moment abruptly opened, and all three of the young people stopped aghast, all other interests forgotten in the amazing sight which met their eyes! Jimmy Smith, squatted on the floor at his open window and looking intently into a basin of water, had his face covered with some white substance streaked with red, and was scraping it off with a remarkably bright knife.

"What's he doing?" asked Toopy in breathless horror, as the king closed the door from the outside.

"Shaving," answered the king solemnly. "It means removing the hair from the face. Jimmy is a remarkable man. He tells me that, from a close study of the bearded nations, he has discovered that their virility all runs to whiskers." The king looked about his audience gravely, immature as they were; for he had a serious matter on his mind. "Jimmy strongly urges me to remove my beard; but it seems to be a very painful and dangerous process, for he has already cut himself three times and has used several American words I do not yet understand. I think that I shall learn them, however, for they seem to be very useful and to give him a great deal of satisfaction."

"It Isn't Exactly Fifth Avenue. Do They Look Better When I Walk Backward?"

"How does he do it?" inquired the awestricken Toopy, to the great gratification of Bezzanna, who was dying to ask the same question, but would not.

They had all of them by this time descended the stairs; and now they walked out on the big stone terrace, Teddy reflecting, with a guilty grin, that this lucky interruption had probably saved his cherry cakes.

"Shaving requires, first of all, a very sharp knife," explained the king, pondering upon the mysteries to which he had been a recent witness. "He refused both the gold and the silver ones I offered him, and took instead a coarse iron one which, before my own eyes, he turned into steel! When he was through with all his heating and cooling operations the knife was so hard that when he dropped it a corner of it broke off!"

"I don't see anything so remarkable in that," commented Bezzanna disdainfully.

"Nothing remarkable!" reproached the king. "You don't understand. Steel is now the most valuable metal in the kingdom. I tremble lest something might happen sometime to Jimmy."

"Please, how does he shave?" pleaded Toopy, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted.

"That part of it was simple enough when he once had a knife which would cut a hair," replied the king. "He merely boiled one of the roots we rub on our hands when we wash and rubbed the suds well on his face to soften the hair; and then he sliced it off. I presume one gets used to it. He says that he will get a better edge on the next knife and make me what he calls a safety razor."

"I hope you are not thinking of shaving!" instantly objected Bezzanna.

"I don't know," mused the king. "There seems something so clean about it."

"If you do I'll never kiss you again!" declared Bezzanna. "Do you want to look like a boy?"

"You don't approve of it then?" guessed the king in surprise. "Why, I thought you liked Jimmy's beardless face!"

"I like a man to look like a man," she stonily maintained.

"Don't you get the bug that friend Jimmy isn't all man!" promptly defended Tedoyah. "He's some Jimmy, if you'll leave it to me!"

"Can no one talk of anything but Jimmy?" demanded Bezzanna. "I hear nothing else but Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, from morning until night! By the way, brother, how—how do they look?"

The king gazed at her, puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed. "You mean his trousers?"

"Pants," corrected Teddy.

"No; he assures me that 'trousers' is the correct indoor word," insisted the king.

Bezzanna waited for him to say more. Toopy also waited and glanced at her friend. The princess was starting to walk away with a remarkable air of dignity.

"How do they look?" asked Toopy.

The king checked a chuckle. "He is coming down as soon as he washes his face, and you may judge for yourselves."

The door opened and Jimmy Smith came among them, a fine-featured gentleman—except for the recent scars, which were now four—erect, clear-eyed and ruddy-faced, and clad in tunic of a fastidious Isolian to well below the waist; but from there down fastidiousness ceased.

The girls gave one awe-stricken glance, then giggled, then ran; and, long after the flash of brown and the flash of red had disappeared amid the shrubbery, they could be heard shrieking!

Jimmy looked down at his own sartorial creation with extreme disfavor.

"I know they're rotten!" he disconsolately observed. "They're as bad as if they had been made by an exclusive London tailor; but I never had a hope that they would create so much sensation."

"They're not so cute as I expected them to be," criticised Teddy, with much interest. "Should they bulge in front?"

"It isn't exactly Fifth Avenue," admitted Jimmy ruefully. "I carved them out by guesswork and sewed them up by instinct, and they turned out with the going part where the coming part ought to be. Do they look better when I walk backward?" And he tried it.

"They look worse when you move in any direction," decided the king.

"Just the same, I'm going to stick with them," announced Jimmy firmly. "They at least keep me from feeling like a pair of corkscrews."

"They have one thing in their favor," admitted the king judicially, having in mind his duties as a host: "they can be put on or removed much more quickly than our garments."

"They are the crowning invention of civilization," stoutly maintained Jimmy. "Let's get busy, boys. You promised to show me the workshop and then take me out for a squint at your natural resources. Do you know that, before we start manufacturing or even organizing companies, I may have to invent a currency system for you? I haven't seen any money since I'm here, or heard anybody talk about it; and I'm lonesome."

"I had intended to speak about that," hesitated the king with a worried air, as they walked back toward the stables. "Of course we have a medium of exchange, as you called it the other night; but I have almost none of it, and I do not see how I can invest in all the business enterprises you have suggested."

"Invest!" exclaimed Jimmy, both shocked and pained. "Why, how did you get the idea that you and I were to invest anything? That isn't the American way. We're the promoters, and it's a promoter's business to get other people to put up all the money in exchange for forty-nine per cent of the stock. The promoter's share is fifty-one per cent of the profits, most of the credit and all the fun."

"Is that quite fair to the investor?" wondered the king.

"Certainly," Jimmy promptly assured him. "The investor isn't entitled to more, for he only furnishes the money."

"I think I get you," replied the king slowly. "A man who only has money is not held in very high esteem in America."

"Well, pro rata," amended Jimmy cautiously. "The real principle is that if a man is entitled to more in America he gets it; and if he doesn't get it he isn't entitled to it."

They paused before the door of a long, one-story stone building, with frequent wide windows; but the king was too deeply interested in this startlingly new code of ethics to go in for a moment.

"Isn't there danger of selfishness behind that system?" he objected.

"The same there is in a footrace," explained Jimmy earnestly.

The king looked at him in smiling speculation as he threw open the door.

"If Americans are all like you it can't be such an entirely selfish nation," he decided.

"I'm only a moderate specimen," loyally affirmed Jimmy. "I wouldn't, for a glimpse of Broadway—and that's being extravagant if you only knew it—have you collect the idea that Americans are a race of sordid dollar-chasers. I let them make me believe that when I was a kid; but when I got abroad and saw the things men would do for a lira, or a franc, or a shilling, I was tickled stiff to come home where the price was at least a dollar. Dollar-chasers? Why, there's no land in the world where they care so little for money and have so many principles and ideals they won't sell, as in the good old U. S. A.!"

"You seem to think America's some country," laughed the king.

"I'm so strong for it I'm a voluntary nuisance!"

"Strong?" puzzled the king. "That means muscular, doesn't it?"

"That's it exactly," agreed Jimmy—"muscular. This looks like a handy shack," and he stepped inside the big, dark building. "Throw open a wooden window or so, Teddy, and let's pick out a place for the main shafting."

When the flood of light came in he looked round him.

"This was formerly King Xantobah's main stable," said the king. "He kept the hundred best donkeys here."

"We'll make it the nursery for a hundred infant industries," promised Jimmy, inspecting with approval the well-packed earthen floor, the heavy stone walls, the numerous windows and the solid rafters.

"Well, look who's here!" exclaimed Tedoyah suddenly.

Up the beautiful winding road from the valley to the park came, with a jangle of bells, a glittering procession which made the rest of the world seem drab. Ahead, on a tall donkey with golden tassels on its ears, rode a man in a scarlet coat with a golden helmet from which flaunted a brilliant bunch of pheasants' tails; and in each hand he carried, its lower end resting upon his stirrup, a long spear, to the point of which was attached an orange banner embellished with a goat. Behind this human flame came six smaller men on smaller donkeys, but all black-bearded, all scarlet-coated, carrying smaller spears and smaller banners, and flaunting a single pheasant's tail. Following these came eight donkeys caparisoned in scarlet and drawing a coach of scarlet and gold, embellished with silver goats' heads. On the driver's seat were a gorgeously liveried coachman and footman; and on the scarlet cushions, in stiff state, sat a black-bearded man attired in modest gold-filigreed gray, with ruffles of soft white lace at his neck and wrists. In the rear of this carriage were four outriders, also in scarlet, but without spears.

"Why didn't you tell me there was to be a lodge parade today?" demanded Jimmy.

No one answered him.

"Against my express wishes," observed the king to Teddy in Isolian, as both brothers stood together at the window—Teddy, with his hand on the king's shoulder, looking with much concern on the gaudy procession, which swept nimbly into the park and up the main driveway to the palace.

"It's bully though!" admired Teddy in his favorite language.

"It is a defiance!" corrected the king in Isolian. "Do you realize," and he turned to Teddy with a frown, "that this flaunting display has come by the main road through the city and the chief villages, across the entire width of Isola—and that those trappings and that coach will be recognized as those of the deposed Xantobah? Do you realize that his passage has stirred up restless speculation? Do you realize that it was a daring and an insolent thing to use that goat on his banners?"

"He's of the royal family," argued Tedoyah, also relapsing into Isolian; "and the goat is not prancing."

"No," admitted the king; "but look! It is of a new design. Its forefeet are just rising from the ground."

Teddy gazed blankly out the window for a moment; then he flushed with anger and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded the king.

"To tear those banners down!"

"Not yet." And the king, smiling affectionately at his brother, restrained him with a firm grasp.

The Princess Bezzanna, looking more charming in her straight and slender symphony of brown and yellow and scarlet than he had ever seen her, Jimmy thought, came out on the terrace, just as the gay cavalcade drew up at the steps, and clapped her pretty hands in delight. The man in gray and gold and the frills of white lace sprang out of the coach and, bearing in his hands a brilliant nosegay, bowed with the grace of a dancing-master before the princess, holding up his gift for acceptance.

She took it with equal grace and then burst into merry laughter. The gallant arose and offered his arm. She took it and, looking up into his face and chatting gayly, they walked into the palace.

Jimmy Smith, viewing that pretty tableau, was aware of an uncomfortable tightening under his ribs; and unconsciously he looked down in dismay at his amateur trousers. He was suddenly aware of the fact that he wanted this girl himself—wanted her hard—wanted her fiercely—wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything in his life or had ever expected to; and he realized, moreover, that in this affair of the nobility he had not the chance of a yellow rabbit in a dog-pound!

"And, by jinks, it's Prince Onion!" he ejaculated to himself; and his brow took on as worried an expression as those of the king and Tedoyah.

"What's on Your Mind, Old Sport?" Asked the King Cordially

VII

"I'VE come to take you home with me," announced Onalyon cheerily as the princess led him into the red reception room dating from Xantobah, where ferns, cunningly wrought in green metal, formed frieze and dado and panels, and supported every candle-bracket, and embellished in greater or lesser degree every essential article of use or adornment.

"Is that the reason for all the red?" she laughed, sitting opposite to him and clasping her hands adorably about her knee.

"That's one of the reasons—and the greatest one," he assured her. "The other one is I have determined to restore some of the gayety which once made life worth living in Isola."

"That's glorious news!" she told him, sincerely delighted. "Life has been so dull as to be almost unbearable of late, and in the last two or three days I have been nearly mad for something to interest me." It had been two days since she had presented Jimmy Smith with his pale blue trunks.

"You have an interesting guest," he suggested, awaiting her reply with well-concealed anxiety.

"He is a very valuable addition to Isola, I believe," she answered with a coldness which was most reassuring to the prince. "He and my brother expect to be so absorbed in business affairs that the rest of us are scarcely likely to see them for weeks to come."

Jimmy Was Scraping It Off With a Remarkably Bright Knife

"That in itself is interesting," admitted Onalyon with a smile. "Do you know what sort of business they have on hand?"

"Nearly everything, I think," she laughed. "They expect to use half the men in Isola in manufacturing glass, and steel, and soap, and sewing machines, and telephones, and electricity, and—oh, everything!"

"Those are all American words," puzzled the prince.

"You bet they are!" she told him in admiring American, whereupon she immediately apologized. "I am compelled to use American names for these things," she explained, "because we have no words in Isolian which would tell you what they are. They are all very wonderful; and my brother says that their introduction will bring such activity and luxury and prosperity to Isola as it has never known. Jimmy is a marvelous man!"

The prince did not like the manner in which her eyes sparkled when she said this.

"You seem to admire him tremendously," he jealously charged.

She had it upon the tip of her tongue rather bitterly to suggest the difference between a man's attainments and his personality, for she had by no means forgiven Jimmy's rude failure to wear the pale blue national costume, adorned with ribbons and embroidered with butterflies; or his shutting himself up for two days; or his making and wearing crude garments of his own manufacture; or, last and worst of all, his absurd appearance when he had them on. She reflected, however, that though she thought these things she did not care to say them to the prince—or, in fact, to any enemy or friend of Jimmy's. Moreover, there was no need to put the prince too much in conceit with himself.

"No one can help admiring Jimmy," she primly observed.

"I quite agree with you," lied the prince feebly, and hastened to change the uncomfortable subject. "I must look into these strange articles he is going to manufacture. Nothing would please me better than to have him bring activity and prosperity to Isola. It fits in exactly with my own plans. While the older and more sedate men are engaged in commercial enterprise it should be the duty of the younger set to make their endeavors worth while by restoring social life and activity."

"I'm for that!" impulsively announced Bezzanna; and then, remembering, she translated the remark: "It sounds good to Sister Betsy Ann."

The prince frowned at the foreign phrase, but thought best to ignore it.

"I'm glad you approve of it," he returned. "In the three weeks since I went home I have been preparing to start the social revival—and tomorrow night will be the beginning. Every person in Isola who is entitled to attend such a function will be at the opening ball, which will start a two weeks' session of gayeties at my palace; and, following that, Birrquay will have the pleasure of entertaining."

"Why are we the last to hear about it?" she demanded, offended at the seeming slight.

"Because it was a surprise for you," glowed the prince, drawing closer. "You are the only motive I have, Bezzanna."

She paled a trifle, with the frightened uneasiness brought by her intuitive knowledge of what more he was about to say.

"I want to marry you," he hurried on. "You have been told, since you were a child, of the political need of this marriage, until you are offended by the bare mention of it; and you are not to be blamed, for that is putting marriage upon as sordid a basis as in one of our mountain mining villages. We—both you and I—know there has been grave danger for a hundred years that your family and mine, of equal royal descent, might engage in a war for the throne, which, if it were waged fiercely enough, might well-nigh sweep Isola out of existence; and both of us are willing to say, I believe, that our marriage would be the most commendable, the most wise, the most humane and the most sensible thing which could occur."

"I realize that," she admitted with a readiness and frankness which both surprised and pleased him.

"We are fortunate even to have such an opportunity," the prince went on, greatly encouraged. "Frankly, your

brother's failure, through the death of the queen, to present heirs to Isola has simplified the situation very much, since heirs for him would have meant war."

"The descendants of Xantobah have been threatening war for a hundred years," she coolly reminded him.

"Those threats are to cease in my generation," the prince replied, with so little bombast that she viewed him with renewed interest. Perhaps he really meant it. "We do not need to discuss war however. You are the next successor to your brother, and our marriage will place the line of Xantobah again on the throne, without bloodshed. You see that clearly, don't you?"

"Quite," she dryly acknowledged.

"Thank you," he gratefully returned. "Let us now set political considerations entirely aside, Bezzanna. I come to you today, not as a politician but as a lover. The death of Aleesa and the king's refusal to take another wife have made the palace dull and so deadened the kingdom. He himself regrets this, and we can help him by infusing life and energy here. You know your brother does not object to balls and parties and gayety."

"Of course not," agreed Bezzanna almost indignantly.

"And you like them," eagerly supplemented the prince. "That is why I have rejuvenated my palace from foundation to roof. I've brought out the sumptuous old trappings and liveries which were the personal property of my ancestor, Xantobah. That is why I have prepared to entertain the nobles, with you and your brothers as our chief guests, on a scale of magnificence—I am not immodest in saying it, because it is so painfully true—unknown in Isola since many generations. That is why I coaxed your Aunt Zheenezha to visit us when I went over to my home on the south mountain three weeks ago. That is why everything, Bezzanna!"

He took her warm hand. His own was hot and dry, and his dark eyes swept over her. She shrank, as she had always done, with an instinctive fear of some vague cruelty in him; and yet something within him thrilled her for the first time in their lives—and she was more afraid of him than ever. She could not understand him at all—or herself.

She did not know it, but in the past three weeks she had undergone a slight crystallization, and the time was hastening when she would be ripe for love; nor was it the prince who had wrought this miracle!

"Bezzanna, I love you!" he went on. "Do you understand what that means? I love you so that my heart throbs when I look at you, or hear you, or think of you! I love you so that I never have a thought, by night or by day, which is not connected with you and your welfare; and I want to take you out of your uneventful life and give you the brightness which belongs to you. I want to surround you with life and light and color, with gayety and laughter and happiness, all your days and mine! The start I have made is but feeble to what I would do if you and I were to reign. Think of it, Bezzanna! We would fill this palace with servants and with guests and with one gay gathering after another. We would make it a warm and bright and cheerful place, glowing with color and movement, instead of a succession of long, dark corridors and tenantless rooms; and every moment should be one that would be filled to overflowing with delight!"

"It's a glorious picture you paint," she admitted with a sigh and with heightened color, as her active imagination carried her through all the brilliant scenes he had suggested.

"Glorious?" he questioned. "It is dull and gray, Bezzanna, compared with the glory of you! It is only an attempt of what feeble art I have to set suitably the gem which Nature has made of you!" He drew still nearer, clasping again the hand which still burned from his touch. "No scene of color and of life and of light can compare with the glow of your cheeks and the charm of your smile and the brilliance of your eyes!" He was so close now that he put his hand upon the back of her chair, and his eyes seemed burning into hers. She felt oppressed, and yet——

She trembled with the dawning of a fancied knowledge that he had some acute physical influence upon her. She could not know that, aside from the ardor of his wooing and the actual, material warmth which she became aware was emanating from him, this stirring was within herself and had come into existence only since she had known Jimmy Smith.

"You frighten me!" she faltered, and withdrew her hand.

"I did not mean to," he humbly assured her, drawing back. He was trembling—and held command of his voice with an effort. "I love you, Bezzanna! I can't seem to say that often enough, or in enough striking ways to make you appreciate it. I do not wish to cause you any uneasiness—not even for a moment; but I want you!" His hands were half raised as if, against his will and of their own great physical longing, they would clasp her in his arms, crush her to his breast and hold and hold and hold her there, despite her piteous struggles; but he forced them down. "Tell me——" He halted. "Tell me!" His tone was compelling and it impressed her. "Tell me that you love me!"

"I—I don't know," she hesitated. "You must let me alone, Onalyon! I want to think! No; don't talk to me any more just now!"

He arose and went to the window, but he came back immediately.

"The king is coming!" he informed her in a panic, because he did not wish his agitation to be seen.

"Good!" she cried with an abrupt transition into her usual self-possession which amazed him. She was amazed no less herself when she realized that the disquieting influence he had exerted upon her was so quickly gone.

"Jimmy and Tedoyah and myself are just starting for a trip to the mines," said the king, "but I ran in to bid you a welcome. I trust we shall find you here when we return?"

"Indeed, no," Bezzanna gayly assured him. "We are all going over to Onalyon's to a tremendous session of gayety which is to begin tomorrow night; and I am to start immediately in the magnificent scream which the prince brought over to carry me away."

"I'm glad to hear it," responded the king, smiling at her use of the American word. "I have regretted that we have not been having enough gayety for you. I'll be over tomorrow night with pleasure, Onalyon, though I cannot promise to be with you much during the following two or three weeks; but you shall be officially my host during the entire time. Of course your invitation includes our guest?"

"I submit that to you," answered Onalyon diplomatically. "I hesitated to decide in the matter, since I understand that there is no nobility in America."

"I should like to hear Jimmy's answer to that," mused the king with a laugh. "However, since you leave that matter to me, I will take care of it. I scarcely need to remind you that if he can be the guest of the king he can be the guest of any one in Isola. Have a good time, dear," he urged his sister; and, walking over, he took her very tenderly in his arms and kissed her goodby. "Will you come out, Onalyon?"

"With pleasure," replied Onalyon wonderingly, and followed him to the terrace.

Outside, the king turned on him abruptly. He was taller than Onalyon and, taking instinctive advantage of that fact, he came so close that he looked down into the eyes of the prince.

"I wish to thank you for the delicate compliment you have paid us," he observed very quietly indeed. "Since you were to escort the Princess Bezzanna to your home, it was appropriate that you should carry banners so nearly approaching the insignia of the reigning family. If I were to criticise the graceful act at all I should say you were slightly in error in displaying them without the princess or myself or my brother actually in your coach; but I am sure that, having the matter once brought to your attention, you will be thoughtful enough to avoid that error in the future."

The prince tried hard not to blink as he comprehended the import of that masterfully clever speech; but he did not lose his head.

"I am glad that you are pleased," he replied with every appearance of joy.

A neat little cart, with its queer solid wheels pierced by carved tracery and drawn by two donkeys, came round one corner of the palace; and round the other corner came Tedoyah and Jimmy Smith. The latter gentleman shook hands with the prince and looked longingly toward the door of the palace.

"All right!" yelled Teddy imperatively, springing into the cart.

The king, head erect, shoulders squared, blazing eyes softened by the dawning of lines of humor at the corners, and curling brown beard stuck out at an angle of forty-five degrees, already had his hand on the seat-arm of the cart.

Jimmy Smith, with another longing look at the palace, turned and strode down the path.

The Princess Bezzanna, hidden in the darkness just beyond the window in the red room, giggled right out! She could not help it. His trousers bagged so funny in front and pulled so queerly behind, and were in such a general condition of warp and pull and twist and pucker, that a stone goat would have laughed; but Jimmy Smith, driving away with the echo of that bell-like giggle in his ears, had a heart as heavy and dull as a cold apple dumpling!

"Come On, Betsy Ann," Begged Teddy. "We've Had a Violent Quarrel About a Hole in the Ground"

VIII

"YOUR ancestors were good pickers when they selected Isola for a shipwreck port," complimented Jimmy Smith as he surveyed the fruitful country that evening at sunset from the mines at the far inland extremity.

"It is almost richer than we need," the king responded, glancing with affection over his splendid domain. "Even with our steadily growing population, not over a fifth of our fertile soil is under tillage; more would be waste."

"You don't have to eat everything you grow," Jimmy sagely informed him. "You have cotton and flax. We'll increase their production and devote more grazing land to the cultivation of sheep for their wool."

The king looked grieved. He had deified Jimmy so much that he did not like to find him in error. It was rather presumptuous in a stranger to gauge the ratio of production to consumption from a bird's-eye view.

"We have already a slight overproduction of fabric materials," he informed Jimmy with the faintest perceptible trace of loftiness.

"I know; but I haven't handed you fashions yet," Jimmy enlightened him. "A country which has a national costume is always poor. I notice that all your women, commoners and nobles, dress exactly alike except as to fineness of cloth. Why, Betsy Ann had on one of those pretty, simple Grecian robes which she said was four years old—a delicate violet, embroidered round the hem and the neck and sleeves, and up the fold, with rosebuds; and she had the girl of anybody's dreams lashed to the mast and shrieking for help! Cross my heart, when I turned round and saw her in that fragrant spring-blossom makeup I lost six heartbeats—and I haven't caught up yet!"

The king looked a trifle worried; but he thought best to ignore for the time the enthusiastic reference to Bezzanna's beauty, and Jimmy, being intuitive, realized that in his frankness he had been crude. Other people would have

(Continued on Page 64)

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Financing China

THE new Chinese government is setting out rather inauspiciously—that is, it is in trouble with its bankers. Before the revolution, it may be recalled, a syndicate of English, French and German bankers undertook to lend the empire certain funds for railroad and other improvements. As a result of some pressure from our State Department, American bankers were admitted to the syndicate. Since the revolution, Japan and Russia demanded a share of the underwriting, resulting in the "six-nation" agreement by which financiers of the Powers named above were to play "uncle" to the new republic. It appears, however, that, while the six-nation syndicate was negotiating with the government, China committed the *faux pas* of accepting a loan of one million pounds from rank outsiders, of Belgian extraction. This is said to have shocked the six-nation insiders. Moreover, when a majority of the Big Six proposed to lend China three hundred million dollars, of which twenty per cent might be spent for armament, the Russian representatives withdrew. Apparently, providing China with fifty or sixty million dollars to buy guns that might be aimed at her great and good neighbor to the north was no part of the Czar's plans! The outcome, at this writing, is uncertain—except in the main point that the new republic will not get very far until it has squared itself with the cashier.

City Government by Proxy

ONE hundred and thirty candidates for the city council submitted themselves to the voters of Chicago at the April election. Probably not one voter in ten, of the three hundred thousand who went to the polls, had ever heard the names of more than a dozen of these candidates thirty days prior to the election, or could have named the candidates in any three wards of the city on election day. One of the candidates indeed—Honorable "Bathhouse John" Coughlin—has achieved a wide celebrity. Few of the others are known to the average citizen a mile from home. Having selected thirty-five out of these one hundred and thirty candidates, the people of Chicago are only at the beginning of their endless electoral task. Next year they must elect thirty-five other aldermen to succeed those who hold over this year. At comparatively short intervals they must elect a mayor, sixty-odd judges, a president of the county board, ten county commissioners, a sheriff, coroner, surveyor and state's attorney, besides some four-score representatives and senators for the state legislature, and members of Congress.

By consulting a roster of elective offices and an actuary's table of the expectation of life, we find that male residents of the city who are now twenty-one years of age and who continue to dwell in that otherwise advantageous locality will probably be called upon to vote for ten thousand candidates—mostly strangers to them and mostly for petty offices.

The outlook would be discouraging; but, some years before Galveston invented city government by commission, Chicago—driven by the same necessity—invented a sort of government by proxy in the form of a non-partisan volunteer voters' league which, in effect, does the good citizen's selecting of petty candidates for him. Thirty-two out of the thirty-five aldermen elected this spring were indorsed or unopposed by the league. In comparison with the commission government that Chicago ought to have, it is a clumsy device; but voters simply cannot choose intelligently themselves among a swarm of obscure candidates.

In cities the only practicable alternative to commission government is a sort of unofficial voting by proxy through a non-partisan league like that in Chicago.

Some Bogus Economy

TO RENEW the insurance on your house will cost thirty dollars. To repair the defective chimney will cost thirty more. By letting the insurance lapse and the chimney stand as it is you can "save" sixty dollars—and take your chances of a fire. How does that example of economy strike you? It is the same sort of economy that the House of Representatives practiced when it cut from the agricultural appropriation bill one million dollars that was needed to prevent and fight fires in the national forests. The reduced appropriation may be proudly pointed to on the stump as an evidence of legislative zeal in saving public money; but, as a matter of fact, if the appropriation is not restored hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of public property in standing timber, and many lives, will be exposed to a greater hazard of loss through fire. The record for 1910 shows that seventy-nine firefighters and twenty-five settlers were burned to death in national forest fires, and twelve million dollars' worth of timber was destroyed. The standing timber alone in national forests is now worth half a billion dollars and is rapidly increasing in value.

For the reasonable insurance of this vast possession against destruction by fire, trails must be made and telephone lines installed, so that the forest service's firefighting force can be assembled quickly. Without the trails and telephones, the patrol service is like a city fire department whose units are separated by impassable streets and without means of quick communication. For six years Congress has been appropriating money for trails and telephones; but this year the House cut the appropriation in half, at the same time reducing by eighty per cent the emergency fund for fighting forest fires. This is like the economy of letting your insurance lapse in order to save the premium, or of letting the defective chimney stand to save the cost of repair. It is economy which invites a loss many times greater than the sum saved. We hope the Senate will do its duty and restore the appropriation.

For Steel-Trust Heirs

YOU possess, let us suppose, a tidy fortune invested in stocks and bonds of the Steel Trust. You expect the fortune to descend to your children and your children's children, so their paths in life will be made smooth and every opportunity for success and happiness will be open to them. This surely is a pleasing supposition; but turn from it to various reports that have been made in late years upon conditions of living among steelworkers at Pittsburgh, Bethlehem, Lackawanna, South Chicago and elsewhere. In all probability your descendants and the descendants of the steelworkers will be living together in the same country, under the same Government; and, as the descendants of the workers will outnumber by some millions the descendants of the stockholders, they will have much more to do with shaping the social and political conditions of the country at that future time. Wouldn't it be more profitable for your grandchildren to receive a somewhat smaller inheritance of money and to have their neighbors, the descendants of the workers, brought up under conditions somewhat better calculated to make first-rate citizens of them?

Some such idea as this, no doubt, has led a number of steel stockholders, headed by Charles M. Cabot, of Boston, to heckle the trust from the inside for better working conditions. The inhuman twelve-hour-seven-day working week which long characterized certain departments of the steel industry is already passing. Nearly two years ago the associated manufacturers appointed a committee whose plan to give every workman one day of rest a week is now being put into operation—because the manufacturers are associated and can act in unison; otherwise, under unrestricted competition, no mill would have dared take the initiative, lest its competitors gain an advantage. The twelve-hour day remains, however—one of many survivors of industrial barbarism. To abolish that in favor of a more enlightened schedule will be a first-rate stroke for the future well-being of inheritors of steel stock.

Complications at Panama

WE MAY be pardoned for recalling that the Federal Government began investigating the Beef Trust about twenty-five years ago; that nearly ten years ago, after a protracted trial, the Government procured a permanent injunction against the trust; that over eighteen months ago ten distinguished citizens of Chicago were indicted for operating the trust aforesaid; that their trial began in December and lasted nearly four months, during which the Government put some fifty witnesses on the stand and introduced nearly fifteen hundred documents in evidence, making a record that contained about five million words which, in the opinion of its own lawyers, conclusively proved its case; that a jury of plain farmers and mechanics acquitted all the defendants with reasonable promptness and without serious disagreement.

We may be pardoned for recalling this because the Federal Government has now undertaken to prosecute the shipowners of the world under the anti-trust law, and the House Committee on Interstate Commerce has proposed that no ship owned by a concern which is party to an agreement in restraint of trade shall pass through the Panama Canal.

If after about a quarter of a century of investigation among its own subjects—on its own soil—our Government cannot prove to the satisfaction of twelve plain citizens that there is a Beef Trust, how long will it take to get action under the Sherman Law on the shipowners of England, Germany and France whose agreements, whatever they may be, are not objected to by their own governments?

We foresee interesting times at Panama, with the commercial navies of the world patiently riding at anchor in the Caribbean and the Pacific while Uncle Sam endeavors to determine whether any of them is sufficiently free from the trust to pass through! It may cause some inconvenience to commerce, but nobody with a proper sense of humor will begrudge that.

Getting Into Jail

WHETHER or not you happen to be in jail depends more or less on where you happen to live. This appears clearly from a census bulletin on prison population. Jail sentences come easier in some sections than in others. They come easiest of all, however, not in the South, where a considerable portion of the population is held under a paternal surveillance, but in the Far West—the typical land of personal liberty.

Thus, in proportion to population, there are twenty-four times as many jail commitments in Arizona as in North Carolina; three times as many in Nevada as in South Carolina; more than twice as many in Montana as in Georgia; nearly five times as many in Oregon as in Mississippi.

The census figures are interesting mainly because they show how relatively little being in jail means. Comparing states in the same section, there were nearly three times as many jail commitments in Massachusetts, in proportion to population, as in New Hampshire; nearly four times as many in Iowa as in North Dakota; more than ten times as many in Florida as in North Carolina. Undoubtedly Nebraska is as safe a place to live in as Kansas, but it has over twice as many jail commitments relatively to population.

At the beginning of 1910 one person out of every eight hundred in the United States was locked up. The number committed to penal institutions during the year was four hundred and seventy-nine thousand; but the number "discharged, dying or transferred" was four hundred and seventy-five thousand—a great procession marching into jail and out again, the persons in the procession being determined in good part by the circumstances of their habitat or complexion rather than by the gravity of their offenses against society.

In some localities it is deemed profitable to lock up people and lease their labor; in others it is judged easier to dispose of minor misdemeanants by fine than by imprisonment. The mere circumstance that a gentleman has been in jail should not prejudice his social standing until the facts in the case are known and weighed.

The Rare Southern Republican

A NUMBER of states in the South will send at least two delegations to the Republican national convention. Consequently, with only trifling additional expense and trouble, the Republican party of the South might be assembled en masse in Chicago next June—to get a personal view of the pie wagon and to receive at the hands of the party leaders that distinguished consideration to which its tremendous strategic importance entitles it. In the momentous matter of choosing a candidate and a platform, as everybody knows, a Louisiana Republican counts for as much as a whole village population of Iowa Republicans. It doesn't seem fitting that a person of this relatively enormous weight should be a thousand miles away—probably engaged in very humdrum labor—when the party is holding its quadrennial national convention! He ought to be at hand, where his preferences could be consulted. We urge the point now, because four years hence, in all probability, presidential candidates will be chosen by the voters of the party and a Southern Republican will count for no more than a Northern one.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Callaghan Trust

YOU may know the Mexican equivalent for "Drill, ye terriers—drill!" I do not; but I sabe the Mexican equivalent for terriers, and I have in my mind's eye a man who has an intimate acquaintance with both the terriers and the correct and enlivening vernacular for addressing to them this classic command.

Reference is made to Bryan Callaghan, mayor of San Antonio, linguist and lingerer in the mayor's chair of that municipality for some eighteen or twenty years—than whom, I make bold to say, this country has produced no more versatile logogarch. To be sure, Bryan Callaghan governs by deeds as well as by words; but he is there with the words, for he speaks French, Spanish, German, English and his own private brand, or Callaghanese. And when he exhorts, "Get to the polls now and no monkeyin'—and vote right or you'll lose your job!" he can put about any linguistic twist on it the necessities of his hearers—and obeyers—may demand.

It is with the peons, though, that Bryan Callaghan has his greatest power. The Mexicans in San Antonio think they will rest on the bosom of Amigo Callaghan when they die; and Bryan hasn't disabused their minds at all at all in the past twenty-five or thirty years that he has been using these amenable instruments of suffrage to keep him in the city hall and to keep others out of the same imposing edifice. He has elected himself mayor nine times—not nine consecutive times, but nine times scattered over the past twenty-five years. And in one dismal interim, when something went wrong in his calculations, he took over the county judgeship—just to show he was in good working order. It stands to reason that a man who can elect himself mayor nine times and grab off a county judgeship betweenwhiles, just to keep the wolf from the door, is hefty in local affairs—hefty is the exact term to apply to Bryan Callaghan.

It was about six years ago that Callaghan decided he had been ex-mayor long enough and took over the place again. When he came back almost every one who came back with him was a Callaghan man. There was a scattering aldermanic vote against him, but that didn't count; and Callaghan set about fixing things so he might remain in the city hall as long as it seemed desirable so to remain. He had discovered there was positively no nourishment in being a former mayor; and there had risen a certain opposition to him in what he called the "silk-stocking wards"—not because the residents in those wards wore silk stockings necessarily, but because they almost universally wore socks of some kind or other.

Politics is a business with many persons. It is all of that with Callaghan. Hence business methods, said Callaghan, may be applied to politics with success. Looking about, Callaghan noted with satisfaction that the chief business demonstration of the day is the trust or combination, and he therefore decided to organize the Callaghan Political Trust; with him decision is action. The principal object of a trust is to limit competition, and the most efficacious manner of limiting competition is by garnering competitors. Thus Callaghan sized up the situation as simple. He would take over all competitors who would be taken over—and he would roll over all competitors who wouldn't. As the United States Supreme Court has recently well said, trust tactics consist of "driving competitors to the wall or compelling them to become parties to the combination." Callaghan worked at the trust game both ways.

Keeping a Mexican Constituency in Line

HE STARTED with the school trustees, whose position was easiest to assail because the school trustees were not on the payroll. It took two campaigns to get the school trustees within the Callaghan zone of influence. Then he reached out for the courthouse. There were opportunities in that vicinity. There isn't much local drawing of party lines in Texas; but it was long ago discovered—especially in San Antonio—that little affiliations can be made between officeholders and aspirants that will help amazingly in the great and grand work of aiding the people to express their will at the polls. Hence it had been usual to have three or four officials—or six or seven—amalgamate, in order that the greatest good to the greatest number—of themselves—might be done. There were various voting pools of this character.

Callaghan studied these combinations carefully. Then he intimated to their members that he was in a position to coöperate with any given group of candidates in a manner to eliminate competition, and would so coöperate in consideration of future allegiance. Some acquiesced immediately

PHOTO BY BRACH, SAN ANTONIO

The Big Man of San Antonio

and gracefully to this doctrine. Others protested that this was un-American, arbitrary and in contravention of free institutions. To these protests Callaghan replied that, though his proposition might be all they said it was, still, at the same time, it was a proceeding eminently Callaghanian—and it would stand!

They fought. Callaghan won more times than he lost; and he brought his combination to a high state of efficiency. Being a politician, with a dash of Irish and a dash of Spanish in him, Callaghan takes care of his friends and stamps on his enemies. He provided for all who were friendly in the struggle and he landed as hard as he could on all others. As it is, he has San Antonio largely in his grasp at present.

About a year or so ago, the anti-Callaghan people advocated the commission form of government as a method for putting the mayor out of business. A Commission League was formed and it had a lot of support. Indeed, an ante-election canvass showed that more voters than ever had voted with the Callaghan Trust were in favor of the reform. Callaghan worked desperately. Few residents of San Antonio knew how much their city had grown until Callaghan showed them on election day. All voting records were broken and Callaghan won by a hundred and sixty votes—a result that a long election contest did not change.

They went after him again in the next mayoralty fight. He had to win then or go out of business forever. The result was a split. The trustbusters elected half the aldermen; but, as the mayor has the deciding vote in case of a tie, Callaghan still is the local law. They are persistent, however, and he must fight for his control. His trust is still in good working order, though, and so is Callaghan.

He allows no person to misunderstand his position. He is the mayor! Likewise he is the boss! Many San Antonians think he is a very detrimental feature of the scenery of that fine city, and many others consider him more of an asset than the Alamo. Without drawing any conclusions, it may be said of Callaghan that he has the courage of his conversation and of his convictions. He never dodges. He stands out in front in the position he takes and he fights it out on the lines he has laid down.

His constituents are largely Mexican or of Mexican descent. There is a considerable number of Germans and men of German descent, and there are the native Texans. Callaghan knows them all—he knew their fathers before them; and he keeps up his acquaintance. The Mexicans are for him almost unanimously. He is a big, two-fisted person, is Callaghan; and, though he is hated by the insurgent element of the city, he is as well beloved by his followers. Many of his official acts have been criticised, but he isn't a grafter. He has played politics for power, not for personal money. He has power, too, for when the prohibition issue was up Callaghan's followers gave the antis their largest county majority.

His father was an Irishman. His mother was Spanish. He is a native Texan, but he was educated in France and studied law at the University of Virginia. Twenty-five years or so have passed since he was first elected mayor. Apparently his sole ambition has been to be the big man in San Antonio. He has pretty nearly achieved that ambition too; and he has had to fight for every medal he has pinned on himself.

Like every fighter in politics, his friends think him the best and his enemies think him the worst. Far be it from me to strike a general average—but Bryan Callaghan certainly does mix it when it is mixing-time!

No Age Limit

TWO men, one aged eighty and one aged ninety, who are inmates of an institution near Washington, had a quarrel that developed into a fist fight. The eighty-year-old pugilist won. Later he was boasting of his prowess. "He said I couldn't lick him!" exclaimed the successful fighter. "Gol darn his skin, I could have licked him if he had been a hundred years old!"

Prepared for the Worst

WHEN Sam Jackson, now the publisher of the Oregon Journal, at Portland, was editor of the East Oregonian, of Pendleton, he went down to Portland one day and met a cousin from Virginia named Norman. He invited Norman to go up to Pendleton with him for a visit. Norman consented. So Sam wired to Mrs. Jackson:

"Coming on the early morning train—Norman with me." They got to Pendleton about three A. M. and went up to the Jackson house. The house was lighted. Jackson was surprised to find Mrs. Jackson waiting for him and was further surprised to observe a rather stern expression on her face.

She met him at the door:

"Where's the woman?" she asked acidly.

"What woman?" spluttered Jackson.

"This woman you refer to in this message," said Mrs. Jackson, handing her astonished husband the telegram he had sent.

It read: "Coming in the morning—woman with me!"

Fishing De Luxe

CAPTAIN GEORGE WALKER, an amateur yachtsman of Savannah, says he used to have a darky hand on his Georgia plantation who loved ease and fishing. When he wasn't fishing he was loafing.

One night there was a rain almost heavy enough to be called a cloudburst and the next morning all the low places on the plantation were flooded two feet deep. Passing the negro's cabin, Captain Walker found him seated in an easy chair at the kitchen door, fishing in a small puddle of muddy water that had been formed there.

"Henry, you old fool," said Captain Walker, "what are you doing there?"

"Boss," said Henry, "Ise jest fishin' a little."

"Well, don't you know there are no fish there?" demanded Captain Walker.

"Yas, suh," said Henry; "I knows dat. But dis here place is so handy!"

A Candid Candidate

THE late Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders, of Montana, who was once a United States senator from that commonwealth, mixed a good deal in politics, and one time when he ran for the governorship was defeated by a prominent Democrat.

On election night the Democrats of Helena held a jollification meeting, and Sanders went over to see what was going on. He stood in the edge of the crowd, but was soon recognized and called upon for a speech.

"Friends and fellow citizens," he began, "when I was nominated for the high office of governor by the Republicans my opponents and Democratic friends told me they could beat me with a yellow dog."

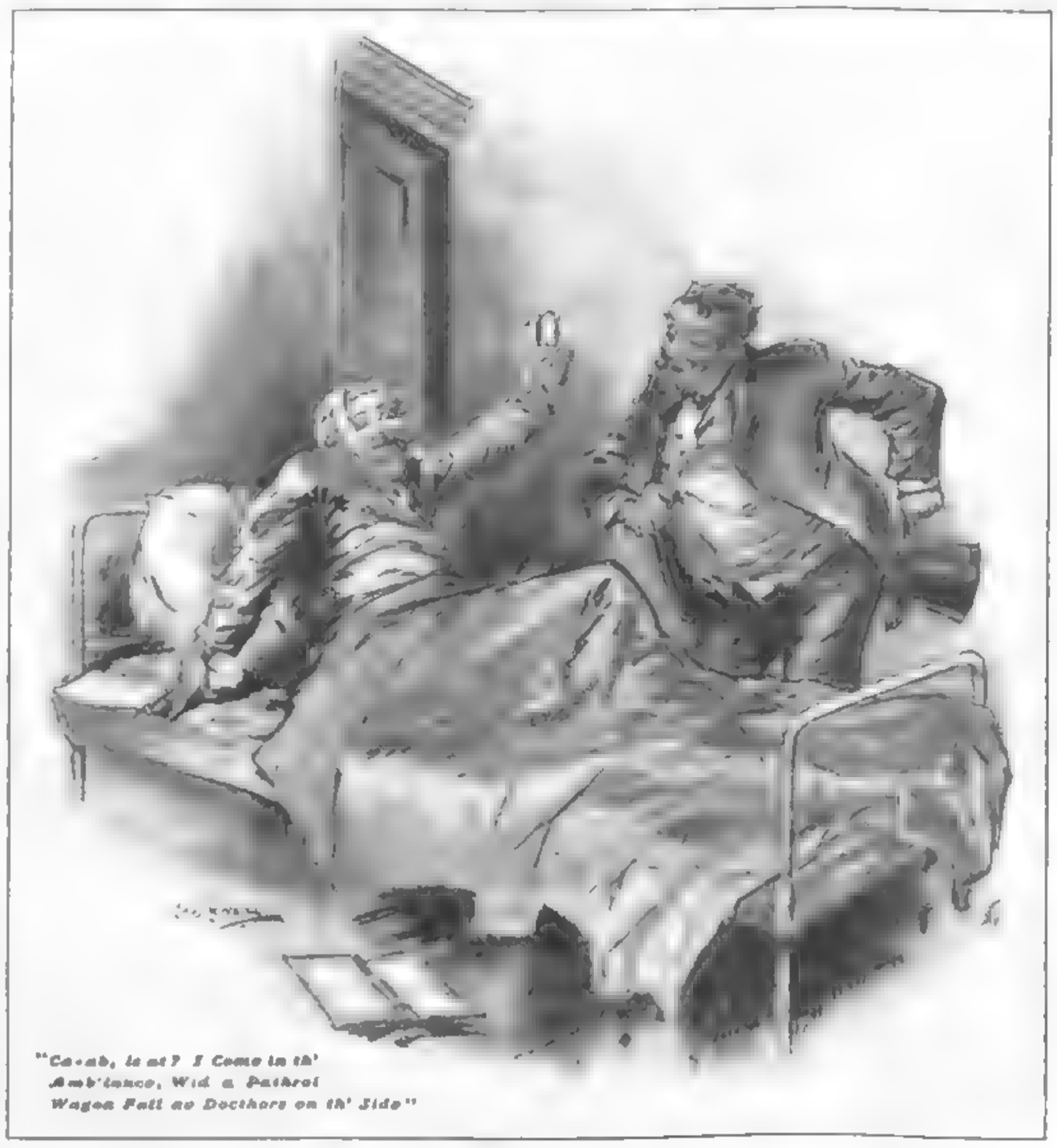
There were loud cheers.

"And," shouted Sanders, "they did!"

My Son Harold—Man of Might!

By CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN R. NEILL



"Ca-ab, is at? I Come in th' Amb'lance, Wid a Patrol Wagon Full av Docthors on th' Side"

THE pastor of Saint Agnes' Church conducted the Wednesday evening service with a palpably black eye. As he had returned from his honeymoon but two days previously it may be readily surmised that speculation largely took the place of prayer that night.

That it might lag not too far behind the best metropolitan usage Saint Agnes' congregation imported a parson from England. This placed it at once in the very front rank of theological fashion and consequently it shed a very attractive eight-candlepower halo about the city of Newton itself.

The Reverend Harold Dalrymple arrived in town in due course, with a tin bathtub, some Bond Street clothes, a healthy Oxford accent and the amateur welterweight championship of Great Britain. He possessed so many good looks that the local Apollos began reading the beauty hints in the Sunday papers and purchasing the most gorgeous raiment their incomes would allow. The Reverend was formally invested with the pastorship, and the feminine attendance rose one hundred per cent within two weeks. Within a month he was using the back door of the official residence more than the front—for he was a modest young man.

In a fortnight more he had joined the Y. M. C. A. and was showing the local instructor a few things about foot-work. He also began to use a right shift that brought a man on from New York to look him over. It will easily be seen that Harold was a talented young man.

Aloysius O'Malley was chief of police of the city of Newton. Incidentally, curious as it may seem, he was Irish. In his day he had been known as the best two-handed scrapper in three counties, and he possessed a fund of good humor and a talent for fighting. He had a daughter just out of college, and for two years he had been carrying on a disputation with Father Peter McManus as to whether the saloons should be open or closed on Sunday—the good father setting his face firmly against trafficking in liquors on the Sabbath. This resulted in Aloysius switching his spiritual allegiance to the church over which Harold presided. It may be seen here that the juxtaposition of events as set forth is conducive to interest. Harold met Marguerite O'Malley and immediately began to spend long minutes about the set of his clerical neckwear. Within ninety days they had become acquainted, interested and engaged; the local male beauty contest came to an end as abruptly as a train enters a tunnel; the attendance at the church fell off seventy-five per cent within a week of the announcement of the engagement, and Harold began to use his own front door again.

Harold presented his parent-to-be with a copy of Natural Law in the Spiritual World and one volume of Kipling, which latter volume he introduced as by "a chap with a punch."

"I'm not much on litherachoor, la-ad," protested Mr. O'Malley; "but if ye say 'tis man talk I'll take wan whirl out av him." He took Mr. Kipling's work in his hand doubtfully. "They tell me he's a scandalous Sassenach—well, I forgot that time, Maggie; but I don't hold it agin him or Harold here wan minute."

Aloysius read slowly, and Marguerite and Harold made their preparations rapidly. By the day of the wedding the chief had progressed two-thirds of the way through his book. He saw them off on the train, thoughtfully hurled an old rubber boot after the last car and went off to the City Hall, where he walked into the office of the mayor.

"Ye'll do me a favor, Tim Foley, if ye'll put Tommy Murphy in me job wan month from this date," he said.

The mayor was so startled that he inadvertently gave his consent to address a women's club on pure politics that afternoon.

"Do ye resign?" he inquired when he could get his scattered faculties together.

"I do!" emphatically declared Aloysius. "I have money an' nade time. Let me friend Tommy collect th' graft a while. 'Twill do th' la-ad good. In wan month, Tim."

He was leaving when the mayor recovered sufficiently to ask a question.

"How was th' weddin'?"

"'Twas a gra-and affair."

"Whin do they rayturn?"

"In a month. Tim Foley, did ye iver hear av a felly by th' name av Roodyard Kiplin'?"

The mayor knitted his brows and considered his blotter thoughtfully.

"Um! Ye don't mane thot dago that's thryin' t' be leader up in th' Fifteenth Disthrict now?" he inquired.

Mr. O'Malley raised his eyebrows and his hand in shocked astonishment.

"Man! Man! I'm ashamed av yer ignorance! D'ye know nothin' at all av th' belles-letthers? Why, th' felly is a writer—a teller av tales! Ye should read him an' improve that bowl av mush ye call a mind. There's wan shtory now, Th' Shaddah av His Hand, that'd—but read it yersilf. I'll be gettin' along now. I'll sind Tommy over to ye. Ta-ta!"

Mr. O'Malley's resignation was a three days' source of gossip. The administration newspapers insisted his retirement was a public calamity and called him "the best chief of police Newton ever had." The opposition sheets chanted psalms of praise over the retirement of "one more grafter!" Aloysius merely grinned.

The Dalrymples returned on Monday. Mr. O'Malley handed over his command and his gold shield on Tuesday morning and called on his young people that night. On Wednesday evening Harold conducted the service with the black eye aforementioned. Here we have a simple study in cause and effect.

"Ha-ar-rold, me la-ad," observed Mr. O'Malley, lingering over his vowels, as he sat with his son-in-law in the parsonage library on the eventful Tuesday night, "they do be sa-ayin' that ye're a hot ca-ard wid yer hands. I've heerd ye can go a bit now."

The Reverend Harold Dalrymple laid down Cruden's Concordance and glanced up with a smile.

"I do like to box," he admitted; "in fact I'm really awfully fond of it."

Mr. O'Malley waved his ham-like hand in the air with a gesture of final dismissal as one who would say: "Take him back to the cells!"

"To th' divvil wid yer boxin' an' domino playin'!" he exclaimed. "Is there a good fight in ye, I dunno?"

The young parson seemed as startled at the question as if some one had asked him whether he had ever been engaged in blowing up a safe.

"I don't fight, sir—not since I've been in orders, at least," he replied gently.

Aloysius pointed a gnarled forefinger at his son-in-law, much as if it had been a nightstick indicating the way to a waiting patrol wagon.

"Listen to me now," he said. "Fer tin years I've been goin' stale. I cud get no man to give me a fight. I bought wan av thim pulley-pullers, but 'twas like playin' ping-pong in a blind asylum. Th' la-ads on th' foorce wud not fight wid me because av knowin' I cud thrim 'em. I'm an old man av forty-two—don't laugh, Harold—an' I'm gone back so fa-ar that I can lift but wan ind av a sthreet ca-ar. Harold, me son, 'tis yer solemn obligashun to give yer old man a fight. Will ye come down in th' basemint?"

Mr. Dalrymple estimated his recently acquired parent with care. He seemed normal. There was a difference of some sixty pounds and a couple of inches in the arms in the ex-chief's favor.

"Are you joking, governor?" Harold asked mildly.

"Not wan joke."

"But it's absurd. What if my parishioners should hear of it?"

"They'd think th' more av ye. 'Twud be no small thing to whip Aloysius O'Malley, let me tell ye."

Harold shook his head vigorously and stood up.

"I 's impossible," he declared with apparent finality, but with a gleam of yearning in his eye. The former chief stood up and took his new relative by the arm.

"Ye'll come downshtairs an' take yer coat off or I'll b'gob, I'll go back an' make up wid Father McManus!"

The young clergyman seemed struggling with a grin.

"Can you lick Father McManus?" he inquired, and Mr. O'Malley waved his hand.

"'Twud be like pinchin' a banana pedler," he declared. "No, by th' powers, I'll not do ut! I'll jine th' Methodists. They've got a husky la-ad there. If he won't give me a fight I'll have a thry at th' Baptists. An' down at th' Presbyterian Church I see a fine young man ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Harold. "It looks as if it were my duty to stand between you and a career of churchly devastation. Though I deprecate this sort of thing awfully, you know, I cannot allow you to run amuck in this way, governor. I'm afraid I'm going to be quite rough with you. Come!"

"Big talk!" scoffed Aloysius; and he looked as cheerful as a squirrel in a nut factory. Harold stopped at the foot of the stairs and called to Marguerite, who was making a list of the wedding presents that could be switched or sold.

"Will you order a cab to be here in fifteen minutes, darling?" he called. "Thank you."

Mr. O'Malley regarded him suspiciously.

"Fer what is th' ca-ab?" he demanded.

"For you," replied Harold sweetly.

"Fudge wid ye!" laughed Aloysius. "Th' day ye sind me away in a ca-ab I'm licked."

When the Reverend Harold Dalrymple climbed off the prostrate form of his father-in-law he was breathing hard. It had been an exceedingly fast and exhilarating bickering. As he helped the former chief to his feet that individual grinned painfully.

"Sind away th' ca-ab, ye boaster! I cud do a futrace round Hades!" he said; which figure of speech he immediately belied by limping, groaning, up the basement stairs and tripping over the cat at the top.

Some time after Aloysius had departed Mrs. Dalrymple called down the stairs to her husband.

"I don't think you should beat carpets in the basement, Harold," she reproved. "I'll get a man in to do such heavy work. Was papa helping you?"

"Yes, sweetheart," replied Harold, trying to smile at the thought while holding a wet handkerchief to his eye; "but I believe I did most of the work."

Three days later Mr. O'Malley was able to leave his house, albeit a trifle stiffly. He went down among his many friends to boast of the acquisition to his family.

"Sassenach he is; but th' la-ad can fight no less," he declared. "He has a lift hand that'd do credit to anny wan ye name. He's there wid a hammer-lock an' a cross-buttock that jars ye finely. I niver got to him but wancet—on th' eye."

Two days after this Aloysius appeared in the parsonage again. This time the results were not so serious in Harold's case. He merely accepted a protuberance the size of a robin's egg upon his temple. Later he mentioned something about a library door. The churchwardens looked doubtful, but they made no comment. Though he made a difficult passage Mr. O'Malley managed to leave the house without using the cab. It was five days before he could report progress downtown.

"He's comin' on, I don't mind tellin' ye. He blocked ivery epithet I passed him an' handed out a ch'ce collection av sintintious remarks av his own."

In ten days, or a trifle less, his father-in-law slipped into the parsonage and dragged Harold away from a special meeting of the Ladies' Aid. It was the cook who supported him groaning and tottering out the back way and down the alley, while the cab was sent away again. He remained at home ten days before he was fit to be seen upon the street. The members of the Ladies' Aid regarded Mr. Dalrymple's cut knuckles and ruffled air with some slight suspicion. Harold really was improving. His footwork was better from every angle and his eye was getting in training for speed and accuracy. The regrettable fact is that Harold also was beginning to enjoy himself. Mrs. Dalrymple pouted.

"I don't see why father never stays to see me," she complained. "I've only seen him once since we came back—and he's been here several times. What are you making down in the basement, dear? I hear such sounds of hammering!"

"I've been boxing an old stiff—I mean some old stuff," he explained hastily, and pulled a lock of hair down over a slight abrasion on his ear.

"Well, b'ys," reported O'Malley nearly two weeks after the last encounter, "he nearly kilt me this time; but I'm gettin' gra-and exercise! If ye have a riot anywheres in th' city me an' Harold will disperse it. Leave yer cops in their beds. B'gob, he'll make me take th' ca-ab yit, I'm thinkin'."

Two full weeks elapsed before Mr. O'Malley put in an appearance at the Dalrymple homestead again. Mrs. Dalrymple was entertaining some friends at tea and the sounds from below mounted aloft to the drawing room.

"You are having some repairs made, my dear?" asked the wife of one of the churchwardens. "I don't think I heard of any changes."

"Oh, no," explained Marguerite. "It's just Mr. Dalrymple. He and papa are going over some old stuff. They will have it finished soon, I think."

Before the little gathering in the drawing room broke up there was the sound of a large bell outside, and a little later Harold was heard mounting the stairs. Young Mrs. Dalrymple hurried to the drawing-room.

"Has papa gone, dear?" she asked. "I did so want him to have a cup of tea."

"Yes, darling," answered Harold brightly. "He seemed to be in quite a hurry. He spoke of going away for a time to rest. Quite worn out, you know."

"I'm so sorry," cooed the young woman, and went back to her guests.

The mayor of Newton tiptoed softly into the private room in the city hospital and amazedly regarded the mass of splints and bandages that enveloped the massive figure on the bed.

"O'Malley! Is ut yerself?" he demanded.

"What's lift av me, praise th' saints!" admitted the former chief of police.

"But what th'—where was th' wreck? I heard nawthin' av ut."

"Hush yer talk!" groaned Aloysius. "There was no wreck."

"Thin what's th' matter wid ye?"

"T'ree busted ribs, wan broken collar-bone, a compound fracture av th' tibia, an' some minor cashualties. 'Twas a gra-and day! I inj'yed mesilf nugely."

"Who did ut? Show me th' man!"

"Git out wid ye!" responded Aloysius scornfully. "He'd chuck ye over th' City Hall. 'Twas Harold done ut. He's a grea-at man! Ye cudn't hur-rt him wid a fire-ax."

Mayor Foley regarded his old friend with commiseration mingled with amusement.

"Whisht!" he said in a low tone. "Did ye come in th' ca-ab?"

The cross-barred visage of the former chief twisted as far as the bandages would permit and creakingly its owner rose to a sitting posture.

"Ca-ab!" observed Mr. O'Malley with great scorn and pointing a well-swathed hand at his friend. "Ca-ab, is ut? I'd have ye know me son Ha-arold is no piker. I come in th' amb'lance, wid a pathrol wagon full av docthors on th' side." He lay back painfully. "Foley, shud ye iver need shpiritool care, I ricommind me son Ha-arold. He has thim all faded!"

Lumber Problems

RECENTLY the National Hardwood Lumber Association brought to Mr. Sackett, the Government wood expert, the following problem. It was a question of log-weight standardization.

"Many of our members in the South," said the representative of the association, "are obliged to ship their logs from a point of origin to a destination point having no weighing facilities. In these cases each railroad has adopted a tariff showing the weight for each kind of wood, on which the published freight rate will be charged; but one road figures so many pounds for a board-foot of oak, another one pound more, and still another a few more pounds. Of course the member whose mill is located on the railroad that sets the standard at the greatest number of pounds knows that, with the same freight rate, his competitor located on the road which says the smallest number of pounds to the board-foot has a big and an unfair advantage over him. We should like to have you go down into that country, weigh up fifty cars of each kind of wood that is extensively used and determine the average weight that ought to be adopted by all the roads. Then we shall go after the roads and get them to adopt it, so that all our members will be on a fair and equal footing in this matter and the spirit of the law—one freight rate for all—will be put into effect."

This request was acted upon and the investigation is now under way.

No more important problems come before this office than those concerned with prolonging the supply of woods considered invaluable in manufacture. Last year the National Hickory Association made an appeal of this kind. Because no other wood of this or any other country combines the strength, resiliency and toughness of hickory, the importance of this request was at once recognized. Men were sent to the main sources of hickory supply, to the mills in the woods where the trees are cut into the first rough forms, and to the factories where those forms are reduced to smaller pieces and fitted for the various woodworking industries. These forms were followed to the factories where they are put through the final processes of fitting them for use in the shape of wagon, carriage and automobile parts. At the outset of this investigation, it was found that a very high percentage of the standing hickory timber was being destroyed by borers or powder-post worms that eat their way into hickory even after it is dry. It is believed that a means of stopping these ravages has been developed. If this proves to be the case the investigation has more than justified itself along the line of the inquiry that started it—prolonging the supply of hickory in the United States.

They all "get away" with it.

THE whole family is sure to want a second helping of this irresistible soup every time you have it on the table. And they'll want it often too.

You save time and good nature by ordering by the dozen when you buy

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MOCK TURTLE
SOUP

And there's good reason for everybody's enthusiasm over it.

The rich beef stock is blended with a puree of fresh whole tomatoes; flavored with celery, fine herbs and Spanish sherry of our own importation. And it contains the delicate meat of the tenderest and whitest calves' heads.

We pay 20 to 30 per cent above the top of the market for these choice specimens. And the same quality runs all through.

Why not test it *today*?

"O feast so [illegible]
Cried Ca[illegible]
"The world is [illegible]"

21 kinds
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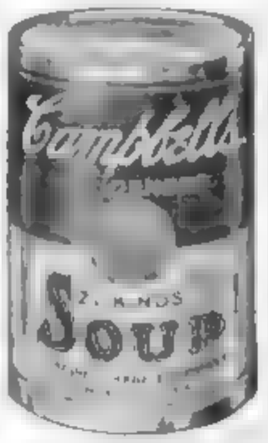

Look for the red-and-white label

THERE are many sports and games—of all sorts—but only *one* has the distinction of being the Great American Game.

There are just as many kinds of clothes made for Young Men or called Young Men's—but only *one* that is recognized as the Great American Make. That one is

FITFORM CLOTHES
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They have every good feature of all other makes,—plus a score of strong points found in no other make. Only clothes made with the standing collar and square shoulder effect. The peer of all clothes in style and value.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK

The Senator's Secretary

PICTURE to yourself a Democratic statesman, member of the House of Representatives, walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, and approaching the fruit, peanut and gum establishment of Mr. J. Policarpis, which occupies a pushcart on a convenient corner.

The statesman, thinking to regale himself with some of the fruit of the tropics, stops, selects three ripe and luscious bananas and tenders a dime in payment.

"Twelve cent," says the merchant.

"But why?" asks the statesman, holding the bananas in one hand and tendering the dime again with the other. "Last time I bought bananas of you they were three for ten. Has bananas riz?"

Whereupon Mr. J. Policarpis informs the statesman that, owing to a combination between himself and Mr. L. Kolipoulis, who controls the pushcart privileges on the next adjacent corner, it has been decided that bananas shall hereafter be two for ten in that vicinity instead of three for ten.

"Not on your life!" shouts the justly indignant statesman. "I won't stand for it! Bananas has been three for a dime ever since I was a boy. I'll see about this!"

Not long afterward this Democratic statesman may be found in his room in the House office building, drafting a series of ringing resolutions that demand a rigid congressional investigation of the Banana Trust, the combination in restraint of bananas, the iniquitous method of gouging the public by an artificial increase in prices, and everything else that occurs to him anent bananas and his failure to get three for ten. These resolutions he introduces in the House by the simple expedient of dropping them into the capacious basket maintained for that purpose, and they are referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, or the Committee on Disposition of Waste Paper, or some other important subdivision of the House, for consideration and report.

And so it goes. The Democratic House is investigation crazy. There are fifteen or twenty investigations running now, and it is possible to get an investigation resolution introduced on any subject whatsoever, from the variation in the amount of rainfall to the exact way a hen should lay an egg. They are investigating the Money Trust, or are about to; and not so long ago an inspired statesman introduced a resolution demanding an investigation of the Baseball Trust, a soulless combination of tyrants, it was stated, that enslaves sturdy Americans and forces them to play ball for four or five thousand dollars a year.

Great Cry, Little Wool

We learn, from sources that seem well advised, that the Stanley Steel-Trust Investigating Committee has now about completed its labors, which have covered a period of nearly a year, and is prepared to submit its report, embodied—not to say embalmed—in a neat little brochure of some forty-five hundred printed pages, together with various representations and recommendations as to what is to be done in the circumstances—not what will be done, you understand, but what is to be done. As time passes on other investigating committees will present their reports in similar pamphlets printed at Government expense, and that will be about all.

It seemed certain—to them—when the Democrats secured control of the House and gave the Democrats the long end of this section of the Government, that all it was necessary to do was to insert the probe almost anywhere and horrid iniquities would be discovered. The Republicans had been in power for sixteen years, and it was a sure thing that enough maladministration could be uncovered—not to say graft and grafting—to insure the Democrats sixteen years of control for themselves. There was absolutely nothing to it but to go to work and uncover, to lift the lid, to show up the rottenness, to turn on the light, to throw open the books. Inasmuch as the first session of this Congress was largely devoted to the tariff, not much uncovering was done; but when the House got to work last fall there was a frenzy of investigation. Nor was the Senate immune. They had some keen investigators over there also.

So they jumped in. Among other things they started investigations of the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Money Trust, banking, street railways in the District of Columbia, labor and labor troubles. The moribund committees on expenditures in the various executive departments—nine in number—came to life and began to investigate each of the departments. Witnesses were summoned from all parts of the country, interminable hearings were held, and the net result up to date is the expenditure of a sum estimated at one million three hundred thousand dollars, with very few of the investigations ready to close or able to furnish any excuse that will justify their work.

This has been the history of investigations for years. There always is a lot of loose talk by the minority about the rottenness of the majority, but when the minority becomes the majority it rarely happens that there is justification discovered for this loose talk, except political justification, which isn't needed. As a whole, about the only results of the investigations, whether Republican or Democratic, have been the employment of a good many extra stenographers and the working of the Government Printing Office at its full capacity. The Government Printing Office is proudly referred to as the greatest printing establishment in the world. It has to be, otherwise the testimony taken at investigations couldn't be put into book form. There have been enough volumes of testimony and findings of investigation committees put into book form by this Government in the past thirty years to bridge the Atlantic, and the net results in legislation haven't been enough to dam a creek.

When the Outs Get In

The trouble with the investigation business is that it is the habit of the politicians in this country—probably it always has been the habit—to impute wrong and corrupt motives to the men who are in the majority. From the viewpoint of many—yes, most—of the so-called statesmen of the present day the mere fact that a party is in power makes it inevitable that the representatives in office of that party shall be corrupt in their dealings with the people. So charges are made not based on evidence, but based on politics, and when the minority gets into power itself it begins to investigate, hoping to substantiate the charges it made when in the minority.

Loose talk in political speeches is one thing, and the discovery of corruption by an investigation committee is entirely another. It is easy enough to indict a party or an administration in a stump speech or on the floor of the House or the Senate, but it is reasonably hard to substantiate charges, even under the slipshod rules of evidence that prevail in investigations, by calling witnesses and grilling them. The fact is that, whether the Republicans are in power or the Democrats, in the administration of this Government the majority of the men in office render honest and efficient service and are honorable and capable men. There are cases, of course, just as in any great business, where individuals go wrong, and in the business of conducting a government political considerations often prevail to the exclusion of strict business methods. None the less, the wildly howled charges that the Government is rotten, howled by a Republican because a Democrat is in power or by a Democrat because a Republican is in power, belong to that era of this country when every political opponent was considered and called a horsethief. They are not true and they cannot be proved.

The Government of the United States is a pretty stable affair, and it is in the main honestly and efficiently conducted. The very size and complexity of it make it not unusual for abuses to creep in, but in the main the Government is exactly as good as the people who make it—and in many instances a great deal better. The assumption of virtue by a partisan who claims his party is the only pure party and his motives the only pure motives—which is the basis of most of the charges of corruptness and inefficiency made against whatsoever party may be in power by those on the outside—is the biggest humbug of our national life. In a number of specific instances there may be wrongdoing, but as a whole this Government is an honest and able government. Its chief difficulties and its chief

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shortcomings are not because of corruptness either of men in office or of motives, but because of precedent and antiquated methods of doing its business.

Now this isn't the fault of the men who are in office. It is entirely the fault of the men in Congress who yowl so loudly about inefficiency and corruptness. The only function of Congress is to make the laws. The Government must be administered by the laws made by Congress. The men who do the administrating have no recourse. If antiquated methods are in vogue, as they are, it is the fault of Congress, not of the men who are executing the laws. The very great proportion of the men who are in executive positions are honest and most of them are capable. They are doing the best they can. But the Congress that claims they are not efficient and at times not honest gives them obsolete tools to work with, makes every law with an eye to political expediency and with no regard for actual needs. The truth of it is that the majority party in Congress isn't legislating and does not legislate for the people as a whole—and never has. The bulk of the legislation of Congress is based, first, on the exigencies of the particular political situation of the hour and, second, on the individual political needs of the individual members of the House and the Senate.

When Pot Calls Kettle Black

The Democrats, after sixteen years of minority, found themselves in the majority in the House of Representatives. They had been making stump speeches for all that sixteen years about the corruptness of the Republican party, which had steadily been in power, and they thought their clamor was based on fact instead of being based on politics, as it was. They made haste to uncover all these abuses they had been viewing with alarm. They investigated everything. The net results are disappointing so far, and will continue to be disappointing to the end. The reason is clear. There is no general dishonesty or corruptness or wrong intent in the mass in either party. Had the Democrats been in power for sixteen years and had the Republicans come into power as the Democrats did, the Republicans would have begun the same sort of an investigating crusade, based on loose Republican talk directed at the Democrats who controlled the Government, and the results would have been as disappointing to the Republicans as they now are to the Democrats.

The Republicans who have been holding office have been decent and honest and efficient in the main, so far as the system would let them be efficient, and so would an equal number of Democrats have been decent and honest and efficient up to the limits of the system.

The reform that is necessary isn't particularly necessary in the administrative departments of this Government, although plenty of methods could be discarded and plenty of procedures renovated and rejuvenated with consequent good to everybody concerned. The first and vital reform must come in Congress itself. These men make the laws. They provide the tools with which the administrators and executives must work. They allow many of the executive departments to go on working under laws that were useful a century ago, but are obsolete now. They legislate entirely from the exigencies of politics, and either with a view to perpetuating themselves in power, or with the opposite view of getting the other side out and getting into power themselves. The chief end and aim of the congressional politics in this country is not the greatest good to the greatest number. It is the political maintenance of the party and the personal political fortunes of the individual members of that party. The political party and the political individual come first, and the people come trailing away behind, a bad second. This, perhaps, is necessary under our political system of government, but even if it is necessary it surely isn't necessary that the people should be continually humbugged about the sins and wrongdoings and inefficiency of the other fellows, in order that the humbuggers may themselves have a chance to sin and do wrong and be inefficient in their own way. What this country needs at present is fewer pharisaical politicians and more patriots, but the chances of getting these last are too remote to be considered. It seems to be the closed season for patriots.

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We would build them better
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ERMINE AND MOTLEY

(Continued from Page 7)

specified parade chariot, tableau car or band wagon were speedily completed. Stanton made oath to divers allegations and departed, assiduously combing himself and gloating openly over the anticipated discomfiture of his late partner. The sheriff lingered behind only a minute or two longer while Judge Priest in the privacy of a back room impressed upon him certain instructions. Then he, too, departed, moving at his top walking gait westward out Jefferson Street. There was this that could be said for Sheriff Giles Birdsong—he was not gifted in conversation nor was he of a quick order of intellect, but he knew his duty and he obeyed orders literally when conveyed to him by a superior official. On previous occasions he had obeyed them so literally—where the warrant had said dead or alive, for example—that he brought in, feet first, a prisoner or so who manifested a spirited reluctance against being brought in any other way. And the instructions he now had were highly explicit on a certain head.

Close on Sheriff Birdsong's hurrying heels the judge himself issued forth from the sheriff's office. Hailing a slowly ambling public vehicle driven by a languid darky, he deposited his person therein and was driven away. Observing this from his place in front of the drug store, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby was moved to remark generally to the company: "You can't tell me I wasn't right a while ago about Judge Billy Priest. Look at him yonder now, puttin' out for home in a hack, without waitin' for the parade. There certainly is something wrong with the judge and you can't tell me there ain't."

If the judge didn't wait nearly everybody else did—waited with what patience and impatience they might through a period that was punctuated by a dozen false alarms, each marked with much craning of elderly necks and with abortive rushes by younger enthusiasts to the middle of the street. After a while, though, from away up at the head of Jefferson Street there came down, borne along on the summer air, a faint anticipatory blare of brazen horns, heard at first only in broken snatches. Then, in a minute or two, the blaring resolved itself into a connected effort at melody, with drums throbbing away in it. Farmers grabbed at the bits of restive horses, that had their ears set sharply in one direction, and began uttering soothing and admonitory "whoas." The stores erupted clerks and customers together. The awning poles on both sides of the street assumed the appearance of burdened grape trellises, bearing ripe black and white clusters of small boys. At last she was coming!

She was, for a fact. She came on until the thin runlet of ostensible music became a fanfaring, crashing cataract of pleasing and exhilarating sound, until through the dancing dust could be made out the arching, upcurved front of a splendid red-and-gold chariot. In front of it, like wallowing waves before the prow of a Viking ship, were the weaving broad backs of many white horses, and stretching behind it was a sinuous, colorful mass crowned with dancing, distant banner-things, and suggesting in glintings of gold and splashings of color an oncoming argosy of glitter and gorgeousness.

She was coming all right! But was she? A sort of disappointed, surprised gasp passed along the crowded sidewalks, and boys began sliding down the awning poles and running like mad up the street. For instead of continuing straight on down Jefferson, as all circus parades had always done, the head of this one was seen now, after a momentary halt as of indecision, to turn short off and head into Clay. But why Clay Street—that was the question? Clay Street didn't have ten houses on it, all told, and it ran up a steep hill and ended in an abandoned orchard just beyond the old Priest place. Indeed the only way to get out of Clay Street, once you got into it, was by a distant lane that cut through to the paralleling street on the right. What would any circus parade in possession of its sane senses be doing going up Clay Street?

But that indeed was exactly what this circus parade was doing—with the added phenomena of Sheriff Giles Birdsong sitting

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The real genuine flavor can be found only in Kellogg's.
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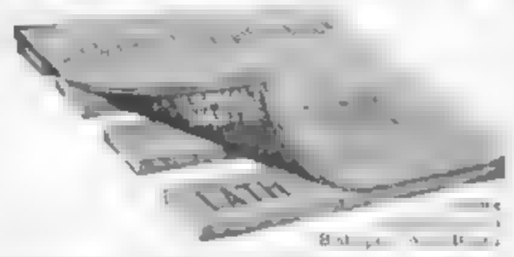

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vigilantly erect on the front seat of the band wagon, and a band-wagon driver taking orders for once from somebody besides his rightful boss—taking them protestingly and profanely, but nevertheless taking them.

Yes, sir, that's what she was doing. The band wagon, behind the oblique arc of its ten-horse team, was swinging into Clay Street, and the rest of the procession was following its leader and disappearing, wormlike, into a tunnel of overarching maples and silver-leaf poplars.

And so it moved, slowly and deliberately, after the fashion of circus parades, past some sparsely scattered cottages that were mainly closed and empty, seeing that their customary dwellers were even now downtown, until the head of it came to a particularly shabby little brown house that was not closed and was not empty. For from a window looked out a worn little woman and a little sick boy, he as pale as the pillow against which he was propped, and from here they saw it all—she through tears and he with eyes that burned with a dumb joy unutterable—from here these two beheld the unbelievable marvel of it. It was almost as though the whole unspeakable grandeur of it had been devised for those eyes alone—first the great grand frigate of a band wagon pitching and rolling as if in heavy seas, with *artistes* of a world-wide repute discoursing sweet strains from its decks, and drawn not by four or six, but by ten snow-white Arabian stallions with red pompons nodding above their proud heads—that is to say, they were snow-white except perhaps for a slight grayish dappling. And on behind this, trailing away and away, were knights and ladies on mettled, gayly caparisoned steeds, and golden pageant dens filled with ferocious rare beasts of the jungle, hungrily surveying the surging crowds—only, of course, there weren't any crowds—and sun-bright tableau cars, with crystal mirrors cunningly inset in the scrolled carved work, so that the dancing surfaces caught the sunlight and threw it back into eyes already joyously dazzled; and sundry closed cages with beautiful historical paintings on their sides, suggesting by their very secrecy the presence of marvelous prisoned creatures; and yet another golden chariot with the Queen of Sheba and her whole glittering court traveling in imperial pomp atop of it.

That wasn't all—by no means was it all. There succeeded an open den containing the man-eating Bengal tigers, striped and lank, with the intrepid spangled shoulders of the trainer showing as he sat with his back against the bars, holding his terrible charges in dominion by the power of the human eye, so that for the time being they dared not eat anybody. And there followed a whole drove of trick ponies drawing the happy family in its wheeled home, and behind that in turn more cages, closed, and a fife and drum corps of old regimentals in blue and buff, playing Yankee Doodle with martial spirit, and next the Asiatic camel to be known by his one hump, and the genuine Bactrian dromedary to be known by his two, slouching by as though they didn't care whether school kept or not, flirting their under lips up and down and showing profiles like Old Testament characters. And then came more knights and ladies and more horses and more heroes of history and romance, and a veritable herd of vast and ponderous pachyderm performers, or elephants—for while one pachyderm, however vast and pachydermic, might not make a herd, perhaps, or even two, yet surely three would, and here were no less than three, holding one another's tails with their trunks, which was a droll conceit thought up by these intelligent creatures on the spur of the moment, no doubt, with the sole idea of giving added pleasure to a little sick boy.

That wasn't all either. There was more of this unapproachable pageant yet winding by—including such wonders as the glass-walled apartment of the lady snake-charmer, with the lady snake-charmer sitting right there in imminent peril of her life amidst her loathsome, coiling and venomous pets; and also there was Judge Priest's Jeff, hardly to be recognized in a red-and-yellow livery as he led the far-famed sacred ox of India; and then the funny old clown in his little blue wagon, shouting out "Whoa, January" to his mule and dodging back as January kicked up right in his face, and last of all—a crowning glory to all these other glories—the steam calliope, whistling

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HAVE you a comrade-pipe, sweetened by age and long, faithful service? So! Then pack up with Velvet and give the old pipe a treat.

Velvet reconciles you to this world of worry. The smooth, even satisfaction that comes from this smoke is due to the two year aging process. In this time the tobacco attains a mildness and mellowness *impossible* by any other method. Bite and burn disappear and leave only the rich, savory goodness and sweetness for which that old pipe was intended. Today is the day for you to meet Velvet. Your dealer's is the place.

Full size two-ounce Tins—10 cents. One-ounce Bags—5 cents.

SPAULDING & MERRICK

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and blasting and shrilling and steaming, fit to split itself wide open!

You and I, reader, looking on at this with gaze unglamoured by the eternal, fleeting spirit of youth, might have noted in the carping light of higher criticism that the oriental trappings had been but poor shoddy stuffs to begin with, and were now all torn and dingy and shedding their tarnished spangles; might have noted that the man-eating tigers seemed strangely bored with life, and that the venomous serpents draped upon the form of the lady snake-charmer were languid, not to say torpid, to a degree of extremeness that gave the lady snake-charmer the appearance rather of a female neckwear and suspender pedler, carrying her wares hung over her shoulders. We might have observed further had we been so minded—as probably we should—that the Queen of Sheba bore somewhat a weather-beaten look and held a quite common-appearing cotton umbrella with a bone handle over her regal head; that the East-Indian mahout of the elephant herd needed a shave, and that there were mud-stained overalls and brogan shoes showing plainly beneath the flowing robes of the Arabian camel-driver. We might even have guessed that the biggest tableau car was no more than a ticket wagon in thin disguise, and that the yapping which proceeded from the largest closed cage indicated the presence merely of a troupe of uneasy performing poodles.

But to the transported vision of the little sick boy in the little brown house there were no flaws in it anywhere—it was all too splendid for words, and so he spoke no words at all as it wound on by. The lurching shoulders of the elephants had gone over the hill beyond and on down, the sacred ox of India had passed ambling from sight, the glass establishment of the snake-charmer was passing, and January and the clown wagon and the steam calliope were right in front of the Hammersmith house, when something happened on ahead, and for a half minute or so there was a slowing-up and a closing-up and a halting of everything.

Although, of course, the rear guard didn't know it for the time being, the halt was occasioned by the fact that when the band wagon reached the far end of Clay Street, with the orchard trees looming dead ahead, the sheriff, riding on the front seat of the band wagon, gave an order. The band-wagon driver instantly took up the slack of the reins that flowed through his fingers in layers, so that they stopped right in front of Judge Priest's house, where Judge Priest stood leaning on his gate. The sheriff made a sort of saluting motion of his fingers against the brim of his black slouch hat.

"Accordin' to orders, Your Honor," he stated from his lofty perch.

At this there spoke up another man, the third and furthermost upon the wide seat of the band wagon, and this third man was no less a personage than Daniel P. Silver himself, and he was as near to bursting with bottled rage as any man could well be and still remain whole, and he was as hoarse as a frog from futile swearing.

"What in thunder does this mean ——" he began, and then stopped short, being daunted by the face which Sheriff Giles Birdsong turned upon him.

"Look here, mister," counseled the sheriff, "you air now in the presence of the presidin' judge of the second judicial district of Kintucky, settin' in chambers, or what amounts to the same thing, and you air liable to git yourself into contempt of court any minute."

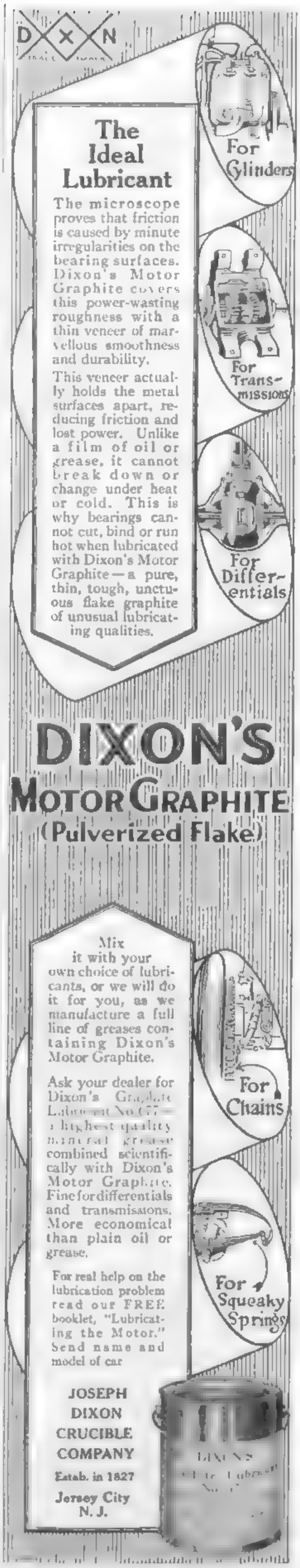
Baffled, Silver started to swear again, but in a lower key.

"You better shut up your mouth," said the sheriff with a shifting forward of his body to free his limbs for action. "And listen to what His Honor has to say. You act like you was actually anxious to git yourself lamed up."

"Sheriff," said the judge, "obeyin' your orders you have, I observe, attached certain properties—to wit, a band wagon and team of hosses—and still obeyin' orders, have produced said articles before me for my inspection. You will continue in personal possession of same until said attachment is adjudicated, not allowin' any person whatsoever to remove them from your custody. Do I make myself sufficiently plain?"

"Yes, suh, Your Honor," said the sheriff. "You do."

"In the meanwhile, pendin' the termination of the litigation, if the recent possessor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The Ideal Lubricant
The microscope proves that friction is caused by minute irregularities on the bearing surfaces. Dixon's Motor Graphite covers this power-wasting roughness with a thin veneer of marvellous smoothness and durability.
This veneer actually holds the metal surfaces apart, reducing friction and lost power. Unlike a film of oil or grease, it cannot break down or change under heat or cold. This is why bearings cannot cut, bind or run hot when lubricated with Dixon's Motor Graphite—a pure, thin, tough, unctuous flake graphite of unusual lubricating qualities.
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Mix it with your own choice of lubricants, or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.
Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease combined scientifically with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.
For real help on the lubrication problem read our FREE booklet, "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Estab. in 1827
Jersey City N. J.
For Chains
For Squeaky Springs

Wean Your Baby Now Before the Summer Heat

It is dangerous to wean a baby in summer and it is even more dangerous to half starve him if the mother's milk is insufficient. The safest and surest way is to wean your baby now, in the spring, so that when the summer heat comes, both you and the baby will be ready to meet it.

It is so easy and so safe to wean the baby with the help of Nestlé's Food. Give the baby one feeding a day of Nestlé's instead of its mother's milk, then in a week's time make it two feedings, then three—till by the time the heat arrives the baby will be getting along famously on Nestlé's.

You know that more children die of summer diarrhea than of all other diseases put together, and those that live have to fight so hard against the deadly heat. Yet the littlest baby can face the heat if its food is right.

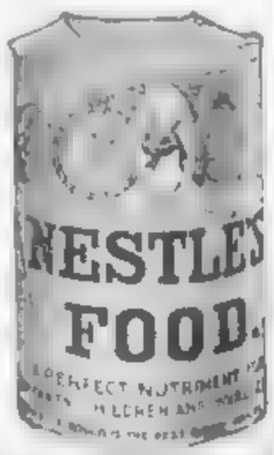
Cows' milk alone simply won't do at all. Always indigestible, because of the tough curd—in the summer it is full of germs, that may at any time bring on diarrhea.

Nestlé's Food

is digestible by the tiniest and weakest stomach. It is not affected by hot weather or thunder storms. Winter and summer for forty years it has been the one reliable food for babies.

Nestlé's Food has cows' milk as a basis, with certain essential elements added until it is the nearest thing there is to mother's milk. The best milk from our own sanitary dairies is purified and modified in our laboratories to make Nestlé's, which comes to you in a powder. You add hot water, boil, and it is all ready for the baby—making the summer safe for the little one and easy for you.

Now is the time to send for a large free package of Nestlé's, so that you will have time to find out how wonderful it is and to wean the baby before summer. With the package of Food you will receive our Book on the care of babies, written by eminent specialists. Even if you are an experienced mother, you will learn many new things from this Book.



HENRI NESTLÉ
103 Chambers Street
New York

of this property desires to use it for exhibition or paradin' purposes, you will permit him to do so, always within proper bounds," went on the judge. "I would suggest that you could cut through that lane yonder in order to reach the business section of our city, if such should be the desire of the recent possessor."

The heavy wheels of the band wagon began turning; the parade started moving on again. But in that precious half-minute's halt something else had happened, only this happened in front of the little brown house halfway down Clay Street. The clown's gaze was roving this way and that, as if looking for the crowd that should have been there and that was only just beginning to appear, breathless and panting, and his eyes fell upon a wasted, wizened little face looking straight out at him from a nest of bedclothes in a window not thirty feet away; and—be it remembered among that clown's good deeds in the hereafter—he stood up and bowed, and stretched his painted, powdered face in a wide and gorgeous grin, just as another and a greater Grimaldi once did for just such another audience of a grieving mother and a dying child. Then he yelled "Whoa, January," three separate times, and each time he poked January in his long-suffering flanks and each time January kicked up his small quick hoofs right alongside the clown's floury ears.

The steam calliope man had an inspiration too. He was a person of no great refinement, the calliope man, and he worked a shell game for his main source of income and lived rough and lived hard, so it may not have been an inspiration after all, but merely the happy accident of chance. But whether it was or it wasn't, he suddenly and without seeming reason switched from the tune he was playing and made his calliope sound out the first bars of the music which somebody once set to the sweetest childhood verses that Eugene Field ever wrote—the verses that begin:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

The parade resumed its march then and went on, tailing away through the dappled sunshine under the trees, and up over the hill and down the other side of it, but the clown looked back as he scalped the crest and waved one arm, in a baggy calico sleeve, with a sort of friendly goodby motion to somebody behind him; and as for the steam calliope man, he kept on playing the Little Boy Blue verses until he disappeared.

As a matter of fact, he was still playing them when he passed a wide-porched old white house almost at the end of the empty street, where a stout old man in a white linen suit leaned across a gate and regarded the steam calliope man with a satisfied, almost a proprietorial air.

It's Dry

A man who won't lie about anything else,
Who sticks to the truth in most all that he tells,
Will lie about climate—and lie, lie and lie!
Nor any one yet has explained to me why.
He says: "Oh, it goes to a hundred degrees
Sometimes in the summer; but such days as these
You really don't notice the heat, if you please—
For it's dry!"

It must be a habit—inherited vice—
That leads the home people to cling to these lies.
Or else it seems traitorous if they declare
The climate's not always idyllic and fair.
"The days may be hot, but the air does not hold
The heat; and as soon as the shadows unfold
At dusk, why, the nights will be cool, even cold!—
For it's dry!"

It seems to be granted, no matter what height
Or depth of degree it may be, day or night,
It's not to be noted how low or how high
The mercury goes, just so long as it's dry.
And so they assure you a hundred and ten
In the shade, or a forty below now and then,
Is nothing at all; you will crave it again—
If it's dry!

And I'm sure that the devil—if devil there be—
Will say to me sometime if he captures me:
"Oh, yes; it gets warm in our summers, you see—
But it's dry!" —*J. W. Foley.*

Black Cat Hosiery

has stood the test for twenty-seven years—yet it has never "rested" on the reputation of a past year—each year it has set anew the high mark of maximum hose-merit—each year it has earned a better name for excellence—that's why it has gained the confidence of the American Family—that's why it is demanded, purchased and worn by buyers of judgment and sensible economy.

Over 8,000 dealers are now making an exclusive window display of Black Cat—"America's Handsomest Hosiery"—so that members of the American Family will know that their Favorite Hosiery is on Sale by their Favorite Dealer.

That the most critical buyers of hosiery in America have been supplied and completely satisfied with Black Cat, each year, for twenty-seven years is fact-proof of its merit—that over 8,000 dealers are now giving it individual show-window space is evidence of popular demand.

See the Black Cat at your dealer's—convince yourself as to its merits! Feel its luxurious softness—see its shapeliness—its knit "glove-fitting" for STYLE—of softest yarns for COMFORT—colored by the highest salaried dyer in America for BEAUTY—made with extended reinforcement in heel and toe for WEAR.

Look for the "Sign of the Black Cat"

and there you'll be sure to get satisfaction—you'll get hosiery that is the product of the highest skill—of the latest improved machinery—of twenty-seven years' successful manufacturing experience. You'll get the most durable and desirable hose made—Black Cat—famed as

"America's Handsomest Hosiery"

For Men		Women		Children	
Silk	50c	Silk	50c, $1, $1.50	Silk-Lisle	35c
Silk-Lisle	25c	Silk-Lisle	50c	Cotton	25c, 15c
		Cotton	25c		

Dealer's Suggestion

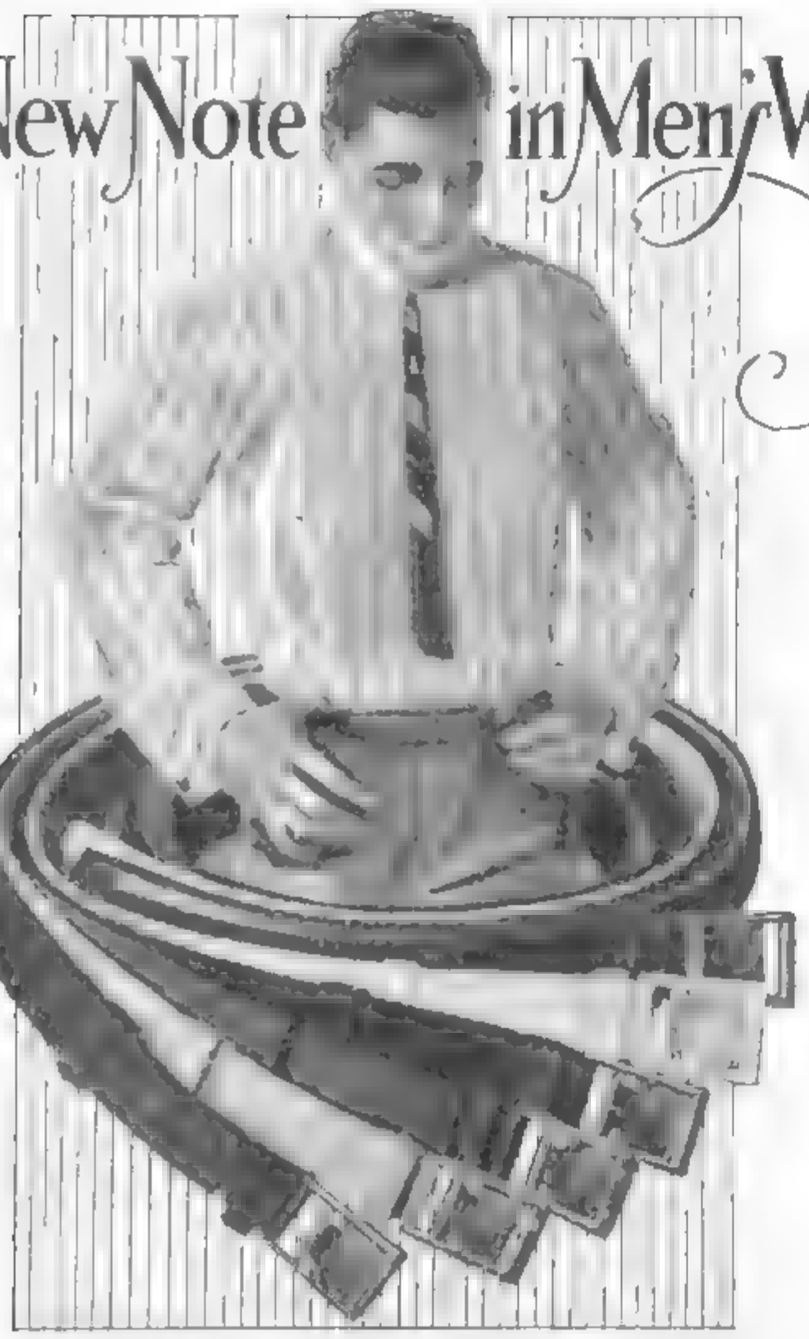
Leading dealers in towns where we are not represented, write now for our *Helping-to-Sell* plan.

Our Style Book, beautifully illustrated in colors, will be sent Free if you will write us, giving name of your dealer.

Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company
Kenosha, Wis.

BLACK CAT HOSIERY
The Foot Glove

The New Note in Men's Wear



ONCE in a "blue moon" fashion introduces a new note in men's wear.

This season well-dressed men will wear a fabric belt—in colors to harmonize with the fashionable suitings.

The Snugtex Fabric Belt enables you to add this new and attractive feature to your dress, at a moderate cost.

In addition, you can obtain Snugtex Belts having a short strip of elastic fabric (hidden under the flap) which allows the belt to give with the movements of the body. This exclusive feature makes Snugtex the most comfortable of all belts.

SNUGTEX
The Fabric Belt

Materials—Snugtex Belts made of all wool fabrics, with and without the elastic comfort feature, $1.00. Made of special fabric, 50c. All are reinforced inside with a flexible water-proof lining. Snugtex Belts are guaranteed for a year.

Colors—4 browns, 4 grays, 2 blues, black and flannel white.

Where Sold—At most haberdashers. Not sold by mail, but if you have any difficulty finding Snugtex, *write us* and we will see that you are supplied.

At your Men's Furnishing Store.

TRADE SNUGTEX MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Smith Webbing Co., 350 Broadway, New York City

Manufactory – Pawtucket, R. I.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLANS

(Continued from Page 4)

and award compensation. The award is final except that it may be reviewed in two years by adjusters. An adjuster for each judicial district is to be appointed by the United States district courts, the salaries to range from eighteen hundred to three thousand dollars a year, to be fixed by the attorney-general and payable by the Government. In the event of failure of the parties to agree upon a settlement, either party may institute proceedings before the adjuster having jurisdiction. The proceedings are to be simple. The adjuster is promptly to hear and determine the case, serving a copy of his findings upon each of the parties and transmitting the original to the clerk of the court. Unless exceptions are made to the findings they become a judgment of the court and enforceable as other judgments, the adjuster being an arm of the court and under its supervision and control. The Constitution authorizes the appointment of inferior officers of this kind.

"The right of trial by jury is not denied. If settlement cannot be made as I have mentioned, the finding of the adjuster may be excepted to by either party within thirty days and the case tried by the court. Either party may demand jury trial, but the party making the demand must pay a jury fee of five dollars.

"Some of the other features of this bill, that will affect one million seven hundred thousand employees of railroads and every railroad doing an interstate business, I have already told you of. The proposed law, being compulsory, becomes operative without consent of either side. Serious objection is made to this, but law is a rule of conduct and should operate on all alike. The law is likewise exclusive in that it repeals existing liability laws.

"The trend among all industries is to provide financial assistance for injured workmen. It has come to be widely recognized as grossly unjust that the victim of an industrial accident or injury should be allowed to bear the burden and the consequences alone. In many industrial concerns, as I have stated, a system of insurance upon the employees is forced, so that help may be extended to the injured. In others the employer bears part of the burden by contributing to the fund while compelling his employees to do the same."

Relief for Government Employees

"The principle that the employee ought not be compelled to bear the whole burden for accident was applied by the Federal Government in the law granting to 'certain employees the right to receive from it compensation for injuries sustained in the course of their employment.' Although this act is of limited application and provides but limited relief, its benefits have been so many and real that it is difficult to be moderate in its praise. The enforcement is in the hands of Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It has been enforced, too, with such absolute fairness and regard for right, that at the last annual convention of the Maryland and District of Columbia branches of the American Federation of Labor, held at Cumberland last September, Secretary Nagel was highly praised for his 'just, humane and conscientious administration of the law.'

"This compensation act applies only to injuries received by artisans or laborers employed in the manufacturing establishments, arsenals or navy yards of the United States, or in river and harbor or fortification work, or in hazardous employment in the Reclamation Service and under the Isthmian Canal Commission. Any workman injured in the course of his employment is entitled to receive for one year thereafter, unless sooner able to resume work, the same pay that he would have received had he continued to be employed, unless the injury was due to his own negligence or misconduct. If the injury should result in death during the year, the compensation allowed is payable to the widow or children or dependent parent. The Secretary of Commerce and Labor is made the sole judge as to when a claim is established, and his decision is final. The United States is forbidden by the act to exempt itself from liability by any contract, agreement, rule or regulation.

"This act not only substitutes the enlightened modern view for the obsolete doctrines of the common law respecting responsibility for certain wrongs, but it waives the right of the Government to refuse its consent to be sued and dispenses with the necessity of an appeal to Congress in individual cases. It is a highly beneficial statute. It permits of the establishment of a simple and direct mode of procedure, whereby technicalities and delays are avoided and the relief provided can be speedily given. The prompt payment of compensation at a time when the breadwinner is stricken and money is most needed, without forcing the claimant to pursue an elaborate, expensive and dilatory process of proof, is one of the striking benefits of the act. Being in its nature a remedial statute, it is rightly susceptible of a liberal interpretation, as contrasted with a strict interpretation, to bring home the benefits intended. Such has been the interpretation regularly applied by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, without, of course, disregarding any of the limitations of the statute or extending it beyond its terms."

What the Act Has Accomplished

"An idea of the benefits derived under the act may be obtained from a consideration of a few figures. The act has been in operation since August 1, 1908. Between that date and December 1, 1911, compensation was paid in 5564 cases of injury, in 165 of which the injury resulted in death. On account of these fatal injuries $112,879.02 has been paid to surviving dependents. On account of the non-fatal injuries $704,814.60 has been paid to the injured persons themselves. The figures given do not refer to claims arising on the Isthmian Canal since March 3, 1911, when the Isthmian Canal Commission was authorized to handle such claims directly. These payments have been made, not out of any special appropriation, but from the ordinary current appropriations for salaries. Until the injured man's incapacity ceased, or until the year had run, the salary has simply been paid as if he continued at his work. Owing to the limited scope of the act there have been, naturally, many more accidents reported than claims filed, and there have been also a number of claims filed that could not be allowed, either because they were not within the act or were not properly established. Thus in the first year the number of injuries reported was 4862 and the number of fatalities 233, while the number of claims submitted was but 1805, of which 1689 were allowed. During the second year 6984 accidents were reported and 226 fatalities; 2624 claims were submitted and 2499 were allowed.

"These latter figures are chiefly important as indicating the need of extending the benefits of the act by supplementary legislation. Such legislation has been recommended by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and measures designed to enlarge the scope of the act are now pending in Congress.

"With these efforts I am in hearty sympathy. The law should be liberalized by extending its application to other Government employees and by increasing the benefits. The general Government ought to be willing to treat its own faithful servants injured in its service with as much generosity as it compels the private employer to treat his employees.

"Congress took its first step in this direction as far back as 1882, by providing for the payment of two years' pay to the families of surfmen killed on duty in the life-saving service, and salary for two years to men if incapacitated that long from work. In 1903 a similar law was passed applying to railway mail clerks.

"In my message to Congress of January 7, 1910, dealing with matters connected with the Interstate Commerce Law, I took opportunity to recommend to Congress that the Interstate Commerce Commission be given power, after hearing, to determine upon the uniform construction of those appliances—such as sill-steps, ladders, roof hand-holds, running boards and hand-brakes on freight cars engaged in interstate commerce—used by the trainmen in the operation of trains, the defects and lack of uniformity in which are apt to produce accidents and injuries to railway trainmen. I also pointed out that the right to bring

It's in the home, Madam, they have the most uses—

Perhaps, when ScotTissue Towels are mentioned, you immediately associate them with lavatories in offices, schools, hotels, factories and other public places. *That* isn't their only field of usefulness.

ScotTissue Towels
"Use Like a Blotter"

are at their best *in your home*. Being made of new wood pulp—no old rags—in a sanitary factory, they are pure-white, very absorbent and *clean*. That's their first claim to your recognition.

For your complexion, they are excellent. No rubbing and chafing as with a fabric towel. Simply press them to your face like a blotter and they leave the skin dry and delightfully soft.

They are fine for removing face creams, too. The men also appreciate them after a shave, when the skin is naturally tender and it's agony to use a fabric towel.

In your Kitchen, where the food is prepared and clean hands are most important, you need a clean towel for every one at every wash, and "ScotTissue" Towels are used but once and thrown away.

For draining the grease from doughnuts, fish and potatoes, "ScotTissue" Towels are better than *any* cloth, being very absorbent and free from lint.

Try them for polishing and drying your cut glass. Note how it sparkles. This is because of the absorbent qualities of ScotTissue. No dampness is left to collect dust.

They are equally effective in cleaning windows. There is no lint to adhere to the damp pane and the work can be done quicker and better with ScotTissue.

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c
(West of the Mississippi and in Canada, 50c)
Fixtures, 25c to $1.00

Go to any department store, grocery or drug store and get your first roll today. Use the dainty Scott Fixture. Mrs. Marian's Menu Booklet sent free on request. Address name for the Towels.

SCOTT PAPER CO.
664 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

Makers of "Sani-tissue" Toilet Paper, "Sani-towels" Sanitary Towels, "Scott" Toilet Papers, "Sani-tex" Sanitary Napkins, hygienic paper specialties.

suit under the Employers' Liability Act of 1908, which gave to employees of common carriers by railroad a right to damages for injuries or death incurred during such employment, should be made easier of enforcement by providing for service of process upon station agents of the railroad companies, instead of requiring service at the home office of the corporation. These recommendations were favorably acted upon by Congress. The Employers' Liability Act was amended in accordance with my recommendations, and an act was also passed -approved April 14, 1910—giving the Interstate Commerce Commission comprehensive jurisdiction over the equipment of cars employed in interstate commerce, and requiring all such cars to be furnished with secure sill-steps, efficient hand-brakes, ladders, running boards, hand-holds and grab-irons.

"The original Employers' Liability Act of 1906, giving rights of action to employees of interstate railroads, had been held by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional, because it went beyond the scope of the power of Congress over the subject.

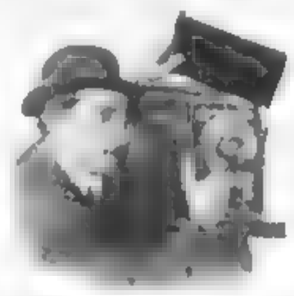
"An amended act was passed in 1908 for the purpose of meeting the objections found by the Supreme Court to the original act.

"In January, 1909, my predecessor had recommended to Congress the passage of a bill establishing a Bureau of Mines, for the purpose of reducing the loss of life in mines and the waste of mineral resources, as well as to investigate methods for prolonging the duration of our mineral supplies. The bill was not passed during his administration. At the regular session of the Sixty-first Congress I took up the matter with the leaders in both houses of Congress and urged the passage of the bill, and on May 16, 1911, the act was passed, establishing in the Department of the Interior a Bureau of Mines, charged with the duty of making diligent investigation of the methods of mining, especially in relation to the safety of miners and the appliances best adapted to prevent accidents, the possible improvement of conditions under which mining operations are carried on, the treatment of ores and other mineral substances, the use of explosives and electricity, the prevention of accidents, and other inquiries and technologic investigations pertinent to such industries. This act took effect July 1, 1910."

The Safety Appliance Acts

"During the past year the Supreme Court has given to the Safety Appliance Acts a construction, contended for on behalf of the Government by the Department of Justice, which makes them applicable to all locomotives and equipment used on a railroad that is a highway of interstate commerce, whether they are used in actually moving interstate or intrastate traffic, the court recognizing the fact that upon railroads which are highways of both interstate and intrastate commerce both classes of traffic are frequently commingled, and that several trains on the same railroad are not independent in point of movement and safety, but are interdependent, so that absence of appropriate safety appliances from any part of any train is a menace not only to that train but to others.

"During the last fiscal year the Department of Justice enforced these acts in one hundred and seventy cases and recovered and actually collected penalties amounting to nearly thirty-nine thousand dollars. In connection with the general subject of protection of the employees of interstate railroads, an act of Congress was passed, and approved by me on May 6, 1910, making it the duty of the proper officers of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce by railroad to make monthly reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission of all injuries to persons or property arising from the operation of such railroad under such rules and regulations as should be prescribed by the commission, and punishing a failure to furnish such report, investing the Interstate Commerce Commission with authority to investigate all such accidents and, for that purpose, to subpœna witnesses and require the production of books and papers. The obligations to make these reports has been found to be most useful in stimulating the carriers to greater care in the operation of their properties, and has brought sharply to the attention of the management as well as of the commission causes that have made possible such actions and have tended to prevent their recurrence."



The Michaels-Stern Camera Man

THE nearer we can come in this advertisement to showing Michaels-Stern Clothes as they appear when worn, the greater our opportunity of inducing you to ask a Michaels-Stern dealer to show you the actual garments.

So, we have photographed a *stock* suit, worn by a *real* man. The dealer who sells Michaels-Stern garments can show you clothes as perfect-fitting as the suit illustrated,—while we, the manufacturers, guarantee the style, the quality and the service of every Michaels-Stern garment.

Write for the portfolio of photogravure illustrations

Michaels, Stern & Company
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
Rochester, N. Y.

Genuine "Porosknit" has this

Genuine "Porosknit" is Imitated But Not Duplicated

THERE are many imitations of "Porosknit," but the *genuine alone* has the actual label as shown here and the unconditional Chalmers Guarantee with every garment. *Insist* on underwear having this label on each garment, for in that way only can you be sure of really getting "Porosknit"—of such *quality* that it can be guaranteed with no time-limit or conditions.

"Porosknit" is made in all styles—for man, for boy. It is cleanly and hygienic. It keeps your body cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration, being made of soft, absorbent yarn and open in texture. This gives your pores the chance to breathe the air they need.

The softness of the yarn saves your skin from irritation. The careful drafting of proportions in every size means non-slipping, non-binding *fit*.

In "Porosknit" Union Suits there's the maximum of comfort. Only one thickness at the waist, no bulging flaps, no puckered fronts, no ill-mated buttons—easy to button and unbutton—*stay* buttoned while on.

Try a suit of elastic, light, cool, comfortable, healthful "Porosknit."

For Men 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment **25c For Boys**

Men's Union Suits, $1.00—Any Style—Boys' Union Suits, 50c

Do you want to see and read a mighty handsome, interesting Underwear booklet? Write for our Book of Styles.

Genuine "Porosknit" is Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

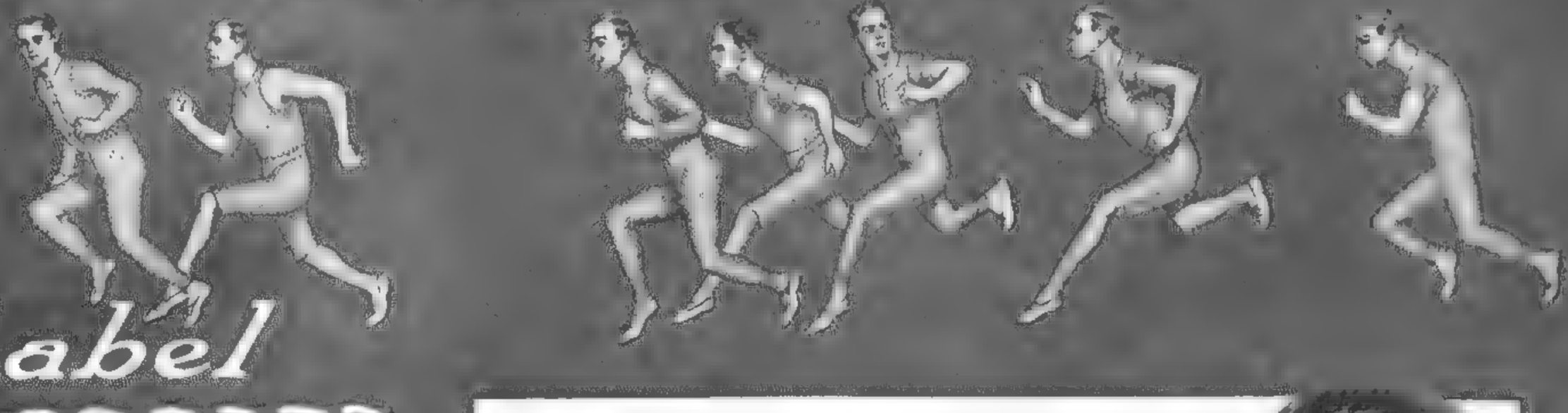
and Guaran

Read This Guarantee

Chalmers Gu
If, in your opinion, this garment
Be Sure It Has This Label
fails to give you its cost value in underwe
to us and we will replace it or refund y
This guarantee applies to every genu
stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect"
Chalmers Knitting Company, A

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, **No. 1 Washing**

"Poros-knit" Underwear



Look for the Label

ADE MARK "Poros-knit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

is guaranteed

Read This Guarantee

We *Could* Save $100,000 This Year on Yarn!

WE *could* use another combed yarn—good quality too—and in one year pocket at least $100,000.00. Neither dealers nor purchasers would be able to see a bit of difference in the appearance of our product, but it would show up in the "wear."

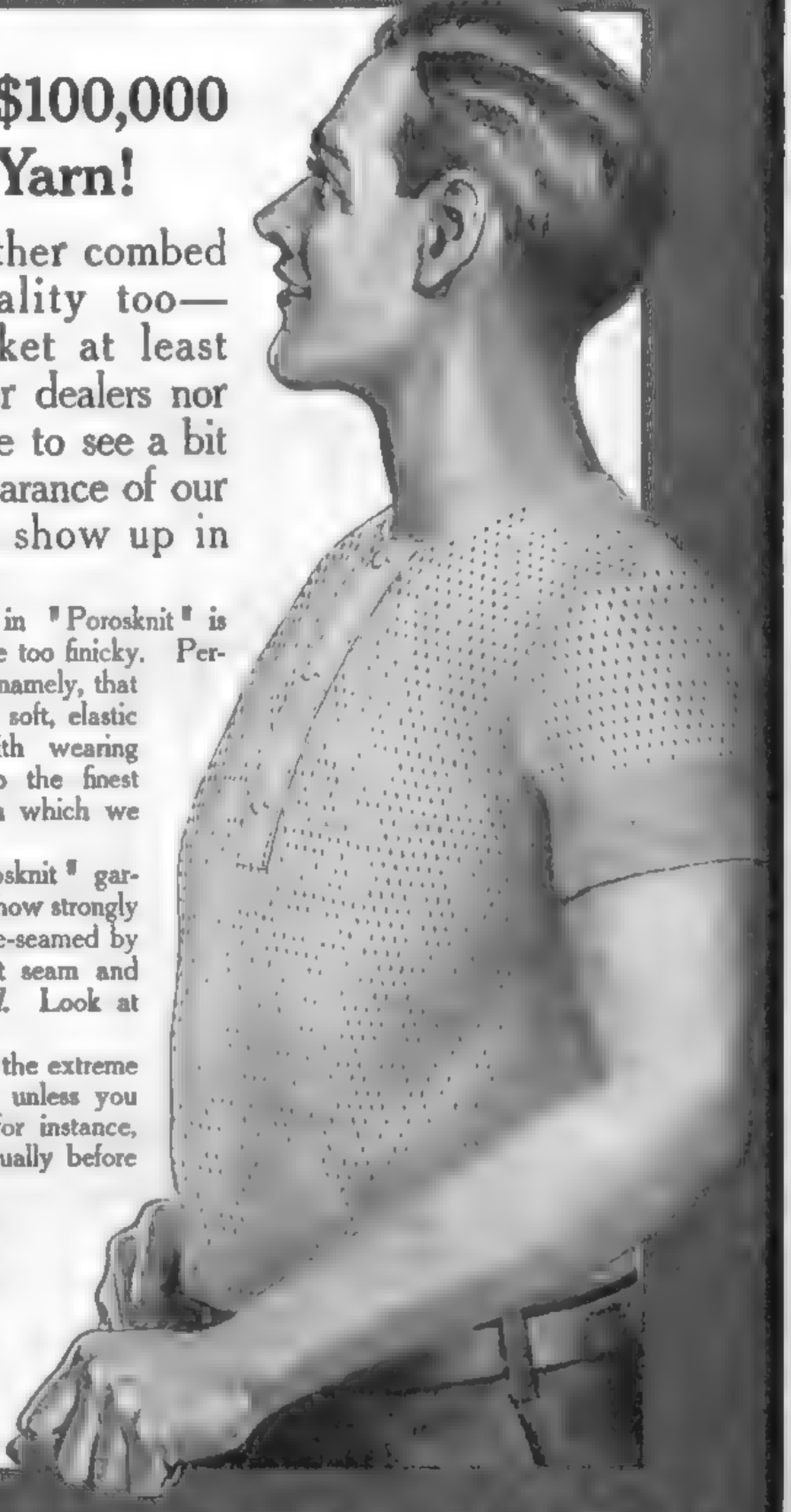
We've been told that the yarn in "Porosknit" is *better* than it need be—that we are too finicky. Perhaps so! But we have a reason—namely, that the purchaser will appreciate a cool, soft, elastic Summer underwear combined with wearing value guaranteed. So we stick to the finest quality long-fibre, combed yarn, on which we have made our reputation.

Just examine any genuine "Porosknit" garment. Turn it inside out and notice how strongly the seams are re-inforced and double-seamed by cover seaming. Note that the seat seam and front opening in drawers are *taped*. Look at the *large* double seat.

These things you can see. But the extreme care in the making you can't see, unless you come to Amsterdam—such care, for instance, that every garment is ironed individually before packing.

The result—the great comfort and durability of "Porosknit"—you *can* learn by wearing this satisfying underwear.

Remember the Unconditional Guarantee, which extreme care in manufacture makes possible



Poros-knit Poros-knit Poros-knit

uarantee

, labeled as below,

It Means Genuine "Porosknit"

ar satisfaction, return it direct our money, including postage. ine "Porosknit" garment not es the "Porosknit" Label. nsterdam, New York

gton Street, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

"John! You Must Get Weed Chains for Our Car Today"

Nine-tenths of all automobile accidents are caused by skidding. Hardly a day goes by but the newspapers chronicle some startling mishap entailing broken limbs, smashed cars and tremendous expense.

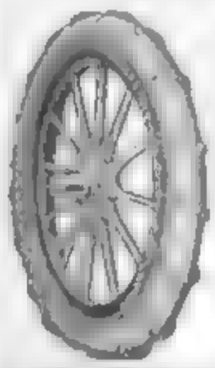
Careless drivers and foolish "joy riders" are not the only ones who [illegible] —the man who [illegible] and thinks *he* [illegible] every possible precaution, he *cannot prevent slipping and skidding* unless his car is equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

A well known editor of a large automobile paper thus expresses his views

"The fact remains that no other device will do just what *Weed Chains* will do. The Weed [illegible] one of the most remarkable in the history of the Motor Car industry. When first put upon the market [illegible] skeptic said it would ruin tires and that something better would be [illegible] the fact is that it *constantly creeps and does not ruin tires* any more than [illegible] use of tire—without the chains—wears it

Another fact is that Taxi cab companies, who do everything that money can do to minimize accident, universally use *Weed Chains* because *no other device at any price is equally effective.*"



When Used on the Front Wheels, Too

Weed Chains give comfortable, easy steering; no cramped fingers, no cramped arms, no sore muscles—out of car tracks, ruts, snowdrifts and "heavy going"—*just like steering on smooth roads.*

For your own safety, for the safety of the public, stop at your dealer's today and fully equip your car with *Weed Chains*

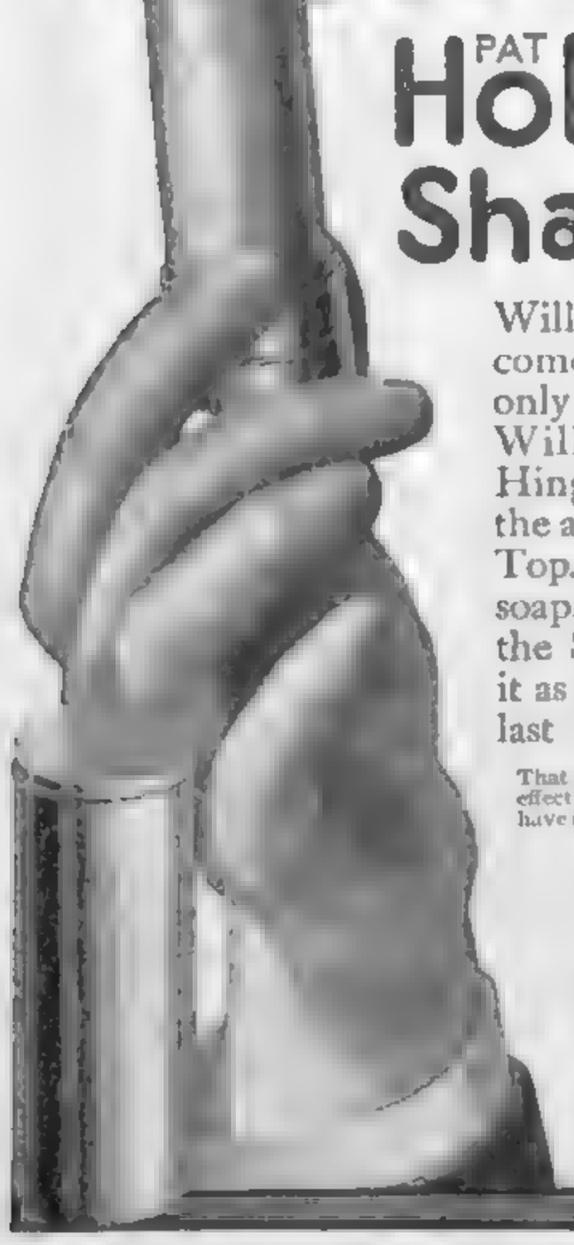
Recommended and sold by all reputable dealers

Not to be had from dealers

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., New York

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick comes pretty near perfection. It not only has the quality that has made Williams' Shaving Stick in the Hinged-cover Box so popular, but the added convenience of the Holder Top. Your fingers do not touch the soap. By the nickeled cap in which the Stick is fastened, you can hold it as firmly when used down to the last fraction of an inch, as at first.

That peculiar creaminess of lather, the softening, soothing effect upon the face, found only in Williams' Shaving Soaps, have made them always the first choice of discriminating men

Three forms of the same good quality:

Williams'

Shaving Stick Hinged-cover nickeled box

Holder Top Shaving Stick

Shaving Powder Hinged-cover nickeled box

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

PSYCHE OF OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Henry Edward Warner

OUR boarding house, I reckon, is distinctive in some respects; but in general it is characteristic of other boarding houses.

We have a tenor who sings Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets, and a barytone who warbles Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep almost twice before anything happens to his low E flat. We have a lady manicurist who polishes her nails at the table because she believes in advertising; and we have a star boarder who was sweet on the landlady's daughter because he didn't like to play Five Hundred—and there was nothing else to do. Every Thursday evening we have a sort of dance and musicale, at which volunteer talent makes us glad we're not living in any more than one boarding house.

Our landlady is not tall and angular and nearsighted, in which we differ from some boarding houses. She is fat and good-natured; but there are some things she can't stand. For instance, she jacked up that sporting-goods clerk the other night like this:

"Which I don't wish to be unreasonable, Mr. Spoopendyke—but, me bein' a widder and havin' nobody to protect me, I wish to remark that if you got a funnel you wouldn't have to scratch the door all up with your key at two o'clock in the morning, which it is Christian behavior to come home before you get run over by the milkman. And, if you please, I can use the eight dollars which you owe me for two weeks' board; and if it isn't convenient there is other boarding houses on more fashionable streets that charges five and six dollars a week—which my rates is too low as it is—and I need my money in advance."

There are certain traits in our landlady that are noble and positive. For one thing, her house is perfectly respectable, and she knows it. There is an actress lady in our midst who comes in at the end of the second ensemble and says: "The king approaches!" She used to do a thinking part; but a dramatic critic got mashed on her and saw the manager, and made them put in a speech that would bring her out where the spotlight could hit her. Well, this actress lady was sitting in the parlor with a hosiery drummer who had been kind to her, when in walked the landlady and turned on the lights.

"Which I wish to remark," she said, with an accent like a refrigerator, "that electric lights, bein' only ten cents a killin'watt hour, and me savin' one-third on my lamps, which they only cost me sixty cents and was bought in a good year when I had extra company from the Christian Endeavor Convention delegates, which paid two dollars a day, with two meals, I can well afford to burn lights in the parlor, and they don't cost so much as a chaperony!"

She always said her say by indirection and got away with it. Only once did I ever hear her say anything directly to the point. It was when a Chicago drummer, who had been propelled from a near-by commercial hotel by the porter, came round for a week's board; and after she had sized him up she held out her hand and said:

"You've got pretty teeth and a mild disposition; but we ain't cashin' good looks an' sellin' argument manners this week. It'll be six dollars now—to save takin' any bricks out of your suitcase later on."

He didn't stop, because she had hurt his feelings.

Monday being washday, the most prosperous of us usually go down to Maria's, on Twenty-third Street, and inhale spaghetti, which is filling and not luxurious in the bill. We missed one day, the whole bunch being a bit short on mazuma; and when she saw the seven of us in our usual seats she put her hands on her hips, looked at Mr. Stevens and said:

"Would you mind sayin' grace, Mr. Stevens? You'd better thank the Lord for what you are about to receive now, because after you get it you mightn't be in th' mood."

I will say this for our landlady—she has a pleasant way of delivering ultimatums. There was the case of Jimmy Burke, who sat two chairs from me and ate his ice cream with a fork, on account of which he was considered a dude by the landlady. He took a tip on Long Island real estate; and after he had settled things with the sheriff the landlady called him into the sitting room for a family chat.

"It's this way, Mrs. Snigglefritz," Jimmy said: "You see, I thought I had a good thing; and ——"

"When you took a second look at me you changed your mind—eh?" said the landlady, glaring at him with one-hundred-candle-power indignation. "Well, I don't want to be unkind, which it is my business to run my house for the comfort of my guests; but, me bein' a lone widder and havin' nobody to protect me, I know a gentleman that'll lend you ten dollars on your watch; but as I see you've got your watch-chain hitched to a bunch of keys now, Mr. Burke, you'll do me the kindness to go out the front door—and, as your room door is locked, you'll have trouble getting to your trunk!"

Saying which, she arose and smilingly bowed him to the door, which she slammed pleasantly as he left, mildly expressing a hope that he would slip on the ice at the next corner and break his neck, which she could easily understand felt keenly the disgrace of being underpinning to so empty a head—to say nothing of the palm-leaf ears thereunto appended!

All things considered, however—and it is only fair to consider all things when discussing the most discouraging aspects of life—our boarding house was fairly decent and happily situated; and within its four walls there was cosmopolitanism and there was art. We had no less than three young ladies at one time who could paint a violet on a china plate so faithfully that it could be identified in three guesses by any one not a botanist—provided the third guess was right. We also had, among our ladies, one named Psyche Smith, her family having been long on poetic instinct, though, as we were given to understand, a little short on cash. Psyche was turned out at the tender age of eighteen, to quarrel with the cash-girls of a big department store where she sold remnants and notions, and to develop a parlor disposition as sweet as honeysuckle in the bee season.

Psyche was long and lean, for which reason she admitted that she had been referred to as swelt, by which she meant svelte; and swelt Psyche was buzzed about by a bee of the name of Barclay—Thomas Burns Barclay, of Andrews, Sneed & Perkmiller, attorneys-at-law. The name of Thomas Burns Barclay appeared in small letters on the law-firm's window and door, under the names of the firm, thus:

MR. ANDREWS
MR. SNEED
MR. PERKMILLER

mr. barclay

It was seeing Mr. Barclay's name on the door that first raised the question in Psyche's mind as to whether it wouldn't be just as well to act sociably with the star boarder, who had the second-floor front at five dollars and fifty cents a week, whereas his nearest competitor promised to pay only five dollars a week—and had to pay it; though Thomas Burns frequently let his account run a month, because of a mysterious psychological influence on the landlady's mind of his connection with the majesty of the law. Also, there was the landlady's daughter, Honoria.

Psyche Smith was coming from the hairdresser's on the same floor of the big building when who should pop out of the office of Andrews, Sneed & Perkmiller but Thomas Burns Barclay himself, with a pen behind his ear and a discernible smudge of ink on his professional nose. Psyche Smith stepped in his path and let him bump her as preliminary to a frightened scream, which brought Mr. Barclay up short, red to the ears and stammering:

"Oh, I beg your—I apolo it's awkward of me—I—why, Miss Smith!"

"Oh, goodness gracious!" merrily giggled Miss Smith, showing her teeth, which had just been emery-papered at the dental college, and poking a loose curl to attract

No trouble to prepare

A woman can get too much Exercise!

And Housework is monotonous Exercise at that!

It is said that the preparation of meals takes up fully one-half of the Housewife's busy day.

That time could be shortened and she could have more leisure for enjoyment if

Post Toasties

were used more frequently.

We do the cooking for you, Madam!

In a factory that is spotlessly clean and remember too, that in the making "Toasties" are not touched by human hand.

These delicious bits of crisped Indian Corn are all ready to serve from the package instantly.

And your family will like them, too—

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada
Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

attention to her newly adjusted hirsute properties. "Gracious Heavens, I didn't expect to run into you this way, Mr. Barclay!"

Mr. Barclay showed his teeth too—one of which had a gold crown and was his particular pride.

"I'm glad you did, literally," he said, looking confidently into her large blue eyes, at which she dropped her eyelids, taking care to get the light on her long lashes. "You—er—you probably didn't know this—er—these were my offices?" he inquired, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the lettered door. "My partners' names—my name below there—rather neat and modest—eh? Some day ——"

Miss Smith sighed.

"Some day you will be a great judge!" she exclaimed, "and then you won't notice your old friends!"

"Well, of course," said Mr. Barclay, balancing the pen on his ear and sticking the free thumb in the armhole of his vest—"of course a man never can tell"—with conscious attention to "man" and a smack of the lips—"a man never can tell where his duties to the public may lead him, Miss Psyche. May I call you Miss Psyche?"

Miss Smith glanced down, delightfully embarrassed.

"Why—er—of course, Mr. ——"

"My friends call me Tom," suggested the junior barrister.

"Mr. Thomas B.," said Miss Smith, not to be too eager about it.

Just at that moment a boy rushed out of the law offices, looked up and down the corridor as if in doubt, then spied Mr. Barclay. Without preliminaries he grabbed him by the arm.

"Say," he whispered, hoarsely confidential, "de chief is raisin' hell about dat cross-file in common pleas you was goin' after! He says ——"

Mr. Barclay flushed and paled; then, with sudden determination, clapped one hand over the boy's mouth, turned him about and sent him where he came from with a well-directed football motion of his right patent leather.

"Wait here a moment, please, Miss Psyche," he said anxiously, seeming to half regret his haste in kicking. "I've some important papers to get down the hall and then I'm going to lunch. Will you join me?"

"I'd be delighted!" said Miss Psyche with her mind on a real steak. "I'll wait over here by the elevator."

Five minutes later Mr. Barclay, dressed for the street, his nose fiery red where he had rubbed at the ink-smudge, emerged again from the office with his name small on the door, grasped Miss Smith firmly by the left elbow at the imminent risk of stabbing his hand, and hurried her into the elevator.

"Awfully fresh office boy you've got!" said Miss Smith when she recovered her breath from the swift start and stop of the lift.

"Yes," said Mr. Barclay, adroitly steering her away from a charging motor car as they crossed the street. "I think I shall have to discharge him. He is getting to be a nuisance."

. . . . . .

In our boarding house you didn't have to use a sledgehammer to drive apparent things into our noddles. When, after a conference with the landlady, Mr. Barclay, the star boarder, was moved over to Miss Smith's table he privately explained to us that it was because he could no longer stand the audible gastronomic performances of the sporting-goods clerk, who was also in the habit of blowing his soup and pouring his coffee into the saucer; but that didn't explain the fact that he invariably swapped plates with Miss Smith, by which process she got the piece of chicken breast intended for the star boarder, while he got her wing or drumstick. Also, tongues began to wag when we heard him say:

"Two?"

"Thank you," she would reply, as he dropped the sugar lumps into her coffee. This occurred so regularly that we began to watch it. Then a week later we noticed that Barclay had learned to handle his fork with his left hand and keep his right under the table; and that, by some coincidence, whenever his right was under the table Miss Smith's left was also missing from the customary activities of hands at a boarding-house meal. One day the music teacher who sat at the corner, on Miss Smith's right, suddenly exclaimed:

"Ouch! Who stepped on my foot?"

Whereupon Mr. Barclay blushed a deep crimson and ate ravenously for a whole

DISTINGUISHED Americans put the seal of approval on the jimmy pipe. Prince Albert makes it possible for *every* man to enjoy the best of all smokes—the pipe.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, poet and publicist,—the famous "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Like many other notable American poets, writers, physicians, artists and lawyers, he knew the joys of a pipe smoke

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

gives you and *every* other man *all* the delights a pipe affords. No matter how much you have been tongue-stung, or how much the rankness of other tobaccos jar your pipe enthusiasm, you sure will enjoy every puff of Prince Albert!

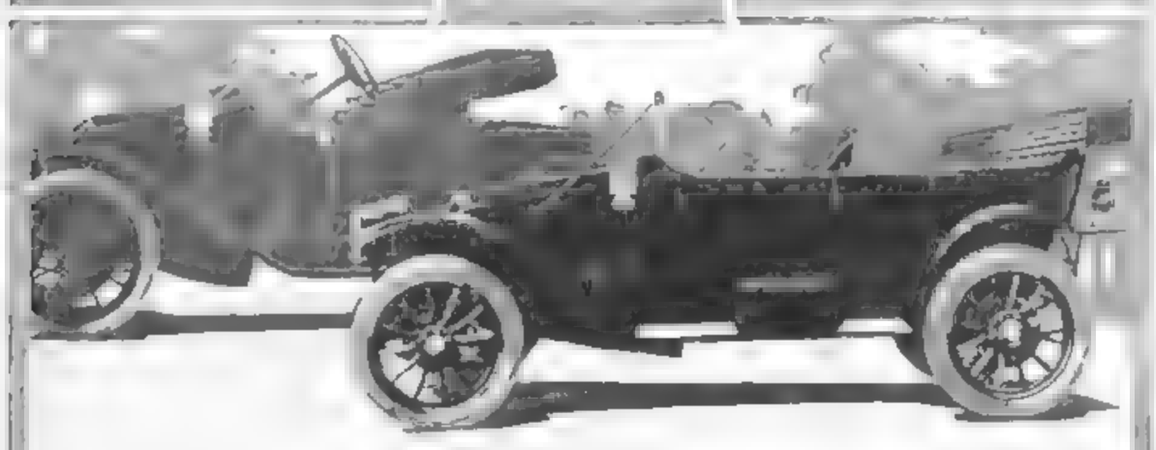
Fragrant, fresh, sweet; long and close burning, with the sting removed by a patented process, "P. A." is a revelation! *You smoke it!* Know for yourself—first hand!

Gentlemen, our word for it, you *can* smoke a pipe, and *you will enjoy* a pipe if you'll just get out that old jimmy and fire-up a brimful load of Prince Albert.

Sold everywhere in tidy red 10c tins; 5c cloth bags and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Franklin



Franklin Model D

A Six Cylinder
Thirty Eight Horse Power Car

The "big brother" of the "Little Six" Franklin.

A light weight, large five passenger car—noted for its riding comfort and speed.

Four full-elliptic springs and a laminated wood frame keep the jars and jolts from the passengers. Speed is comfortably made over all roads.

Large tires and light weight insure maximum tire service. Delays and wasteful expense are avoided. Tires, instead of blowing out, last their natural life.

The air-cooled motor saves complication and weight. Utmost simplicity and dependability are secured.

Thirty five hundred dollars at the factory
Write for catalogue of all models

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y

Paint Insurance

If the paint on your own house is not cracked, peeled or blistered, there are enough examples of faulty paint in your neighborhood to show that "What paint?" and "What painter?" are important questions to the property owner.

Paint satisfaction is **insured** by having a house painted continuously with Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil by an experienced painter—then such a condition as is shown in this photograph can never develop.

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead with the Spread"

is the strictly pure white lead of our forefathers, only **finer**—which makes it cover better and go farther—and such a clear, pure **white** that it has established a new standard of whiteness for white paint and given new beauty to delicate tints, new brilliancy to colors.

Pure Carter White Lead and linseed oil paint never cracks or peels, but wears gradually, as paint should, and after years of service is ready for repainting without burning or scraping.

Ask your painter or paint dealer to show you "The Paint Beautiful" portfolio of color schemes—eighteen of the latest ideas in house painting.

"Pure Paint," an authoritative text-book on house-painting, with six color plates from the portfolio, sent free to property owners. Write for it

Carter White Lead Company
12050 So. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha

minute; by which token we knew he had overreached and pressed the wrong foot.

That was the situation on the Thursday night following the discovery that Mrs. Snigglefritz—which is an awful name, but the one her husband was born with—had developed an open coolness toward the star boarder; while Miss Honoria Snigglefritz, the landlady's daughter, had appeared at breakfast with tearstains marking tiny tracks in her face powder, and had sat for five minutes reproachfully studying the galloping-horse pin in Mr. Barclay's cravat—and she could only eat one egg, whereas she always ate two, and a strip of bacon and four biscuits.

"What's the matter with Miss Honoria?" Perkins had asked Mrs. Snigglefritz; to which Mrs. Snigglefritz had replied:

"I have always been taught, Mr. Perkins, that them that attends to their own business has as much chance of going to Heaven as a Christian angel, but I never heard of any angels in Heaven that poked their noses into other people's business; and would you be so kind hereafter as to not give orders to the servants? I have regular service at my table and I know my duty; but, bein' a lone widder and having no one to protect me, which I will say otherwise I have no complaint, Mr. Perkins!"

"Why, Mrs. Snigglefritz," said the abashed Perkins, "I only asked if Miss Honoria was sick; and, as for giving orders to the servants, I didn't do any such thing! I asked Mary to fetch me some warm coffee or hot if she had it; and ——"

Mrs. Snigglefritz turned on her heel and walked away. And it was on the Thursday night after all this that Miss Snigglefritz herself sat at the piano, sighing as she accompanied the tenor in his inevitable Every Morn I Bring Thee, knowing full well that presently she would have to play Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep for the barytone—to say nothing at all of A Warrior Bold for Mr. Dalrymple, who was a basso profundo and sang in the Episcopal choir, sometimes going on for a solo number at the social gatherings of the Heptasophs, who had adopted resolutions about him.

Over in the corner, on the divan, sat Mr. Barclay and Miss Smith—Thomas Burns and Psyche, the positive and negative between whom the current of boarding-house gossip had begun to shoot great, blue sparks. They listened distantly to the singing. Every now and then Miss Smith would slip down into the place where the springs were broken, bump up against Mr. Barclay, and recover herself with a titter, relapsing then into a condition of soul by no means to be described but to be left to the imagination of young summer.

The tenor had finished; the barytone had assured every one that calm and peaceful would be his sleep, rocked in the cradle; and Mr. Dalrymple was half through the terrific declaration of the warrior bold, who in days of old sang merrily his lay and insisted that he had lived for love and intended to expire on the same platform, with no deviation whatever—when Mr. Barclay sighed.

"It's beautiful sentiment—isn't it?" asked Miss Smith, looking out of the tail of her eye at the landlady, who had turned down two lights with a single swift motion of the wrist.

"Yes," said Mr. Barclay; "but he sings that"

"Don't you sing?" she asked.

"Oh, a little—sometimes," he replied; "but ——"

"Isn't that fine!" she exclaimed in a rhapsody, slipping into the sunken springs and out again with a jump. "You never told me before that you could sing! Won't you sing something?"

Mr. Barclay hesitated just a moment. Then he decided on the flip of an imaginary coin that came down heads.

"If you wish it," he said.

And that's how it happened that, so soon as the warrior bold had made his position clear in relation to the divine passion, Miss Smith called loudly for a song by Mr. Barclay, clapped her hands, and spread such a contagion that we all applauded; and I myself—Heaven forgive me!—led Mr. Barclay to the piano. Miss Snigglefritz' lily-white hands, only a little roughened from dishwashing, rested on the keys. She half turned on the piano stool and looked up at Mr. Barclay tremblingly.

"What will you sing?" she asked, not daring to look into his eyes, but fixing the second button of his vest, which happened to be loose and therefore conspicuous.

"Do you play Oh, Promise Me?" he asked.

"Of course she can!" exclaimed Miss Smith enthusiastically.

"Certainly!" echoed Mr. Perkins.

"Of course!" Mr. Spoopendyke almost shouted.

"Undoubtedly!" the sporting-goods clerk volunteered.

In the circumstances, there was nothing for Miss Snigglefritz to do but try it.

"I'll have to fake it," she said; "I haven't the music."

"I love a faked accompaniment," Mr. Barclay reassured her—"there is so much more originality in it."

And so Miss Snigglefritz struck a preliminary chord, too high; and struck another, too low; and struck another, by accident getting a minor; and finally, when they had it all right, Mr. Barclay cleared his throat and filled his lungs. Mrs. Snigglefritz, beaming hopefully on the beautiful picture they made at the piano, frowned and motioned Miss Smith to stand back and give the singer room—and they were off.

I shall never forget that song. Miss Snigglefritz played as though her little soul were bursting its bonds. Mr. Barclay sang as he had never sung before—perhaps as no living person had ever dared to sing! When he slipped off a note it passed unobserved, because he put his heart into the sentiment. When he implored the lady in the case to sit beside him, while in her eyes he saw visions of their paradise, Mrs. Snigglefritz nearly sniffled and Miss Honoria blinked her own eyes hard and rapidly.

"Of love unspeakable that is to be!" sang Mr. Barclay—"Oh, promise me! Oh, promise me!"

Miss Honoria looked up at him, prepared to promise love unspeakable; prepared to show him in her eyes the vision of their paradise; prepared ——

Ye gods!

As he wailed out the last stirring words the singer was gazing earnestly, passionately, soulfully over the head of his accompanist and beyond. His own eyes were lit with a joy of passionate declaration; his lips quivered and his cheeks were flushed. Miss Honoria didn't have to follow his gaze. She knew. She was perfectly well aware that at the other end of that appealing line of vision sat a girl named Psyche, in whose eyes Mr. Barclay was seeing wonderful things!

She didn't hear the applause, though it thundered. She smashed the keys of the piano with a discordant bang, got up and whipped out of the room. We all sat there, stopped applauding and gasped. Mrs. Snigglefritz came out of her corner, swept to the door with a majestic stride, turned on us and delivered one word:

"Cattle!"

Perkins made as if to protest, but the sporting-goods clerk pushed him back into his seat. Spoopendyke, as the landlady walked heavily up the stairs after her weeping daughter, got up and stretched himself.

"Well," he said, "I'm going to bed, folks. It's been a decidedly delightful evening!"

"Yes, it has," said the sporting-goods clerk—"like fun! Whose turn is it to kick on the coffee tomorrow morning?"

Nobody answered however. A sudden coolness had sprung up. They filed out and left the parlor empty—that is, empty but for two. Over on the divan sat Mr. Barclay and Miss Smith. As I turned out all but one of the lamps on the chandelier, Miss Smith accidentally slipped down into the hole of the sunken springs against Mr. Barclay—and when I left she was still there. Barclay was holding her firmly—to prevent her slipping any farther and hurting herself.

. . . . . .

A fly in the custard helps us to appreciate the custard when we get it without the fly.

That's going a long way round to say that there is no real happiness in bliss unalloyed. It takes a little alloy to make the bliss proper carat. Barclay was due for his alloy.

I was lying awake and heard them coming upstairs at two o'clock in the morning. Usually, if any one sat up that late or came home that late, our landlady would be right at the head of the stairs with some appropriate conversation; but just this once there was no interference, though other ears than mine may have heard the sound of—but let that pass; it is none of your business!

Styleplus Clothes $17

The Same Price the World Over are the last milestone in the progress of good clothes development in America.

Back of them stands the life work of America's first clothing manufacturer, Mr. Henry Sonneborn.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are born of 63 years of keeping everlastingly at one thing—the achieving of perfection in clothing manufacture. The result is the most scientifically managed clothing factory in the world.

We have developed economies of handling and economies of time, the saving of cents here and fractions of a cent there that total a wonderful quality for a remarkable price. We are giving the men of America their full share of every advantage we have laboriously discovered.

Styleplus Clothes stand for the perfection and experience gained in cutting, fitting, stitching and finishing over 50 million suits and overcoats—the 63 years' product of America's and the World's largest clothing factory.

Styleplus Clothes $17, stand for

Style + Quality
Style + Materials
Style + Workmanship
Style + Service
Style + Fit
Style + Finish
Style + Guarantee

We guarantee every Styleplus garment to be made of thoroughly-shrunk all-wool or all-wool-and-silk materials.

Should any Styleplus garment fail to give reasonable wear, the Styleplus dealer from whom it was purchased is authorized by us to replace same with a new and satisfactory Styleplus suit.

Styleplus Service—for your convenience.

Whenever a purchaser of a Styleplus suit finds a button gone or loose, or a tear, or in need of repairing, he can walk into the nearest Styleplus store, no matter where located, and this repairing (other than pressing) will be done free of charge.

Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. Look for the Styleplus guarantee in the pocket.

If there is no Styleplus agent in your town, write for Style folder and samples of Styleplus fabrics.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

"It's rather chilly this morning!" said Perkins, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

"Eighty degrees by the thermometer, suh," said Mary, the waitress.

"Very chilly!" remarked Spoopendyke, breaking an egg thoughtfully.

"Warm as toast," said Mrs. Snigglefritz, cutting his butter in half and putting a portion of it on the next plate.

It must have been in the psychology of the atmosphere—if atmosphere has a psychology. Somehow or other we all felt cold and distant and uncomfortable. The coffee was cold; but nobody kicked. There was only one egg round; but we said nothing about the condition.

Miss Psyche Smith came in first. She had been delayed on the stairs and her hair was mussed. The landlady turned her back on Miss Smith and went to the kitchen. Presently Mr. Barclay came in, looking as if he had just hurried through his toilet and exhibiting too much surprise at finding Miss Smith so early in her seat. I noticed that Mr. Barclay's right hand and Miss Smith's left hand were constantly wandering from their proper duties and going under the table that morning. There was no conversation. If any one tried to speak a piece of bread stuck in his throat. It was no time for mirth or laughter on that cold, gray dawn.

As Miss Smith left the dining room the landlady followed her. At the parlor door the landlady touched her on the arm and called her aside. I had slipped out and saw them go into the parlor. Whether it was just the proper thing to do I shall not discuss, but I stepped behind the portière and listened.

"Miss Smith," said Mrs. Snigglefritz, "you are aware that I am paying forty-eight cents a dozen for eggs and forty cents for butter, and it's a hard thing to make both ends meet?"

Miss Smith said nothing—seemed to know that something was coming and was willing to let it come uncoaxed.

"Well," continued the landlady, "which you know I am a lone widder with nobody to protect me, and it's little enough to be beat by drummers and vaudeville persons, and that actress woman that went away without leaving any clothes in her trunk, which it was paper and worth forty cents; but I got to say that hereafter your board will be ten dollars a week!"

"Ten dollars!" gasped Miss Smith. "Why, Mrs. Snigglefritz, I am only paying four dollars and fifty cents and your highest price is five dollars and fifty cents—to Mr. Barclay; and ——"

"Which we will not, if you please and with your good leave, my dear young lady, discuss Mr. Barclay, who is able to take care of himself—not being a widder and have to board people for half of what they eat; and, if I do say it, I set a good table. And you are a heavy hand with the butter. However, Miss Smith—which I want you to understand I mean it—your board hereafter is ten dollars a week, and you don't owe me a cent this day, which you know I always got your board in advance, women being unreliable; and so ——"

Miss Smith threw up one hand to stop her.

"You wish me to leave?" she asked coolly.

"I wish you to leave off impertinence; and if you can't pay I can't help it," said the landlady.

"Very well," said Miss Smith, and ran up the steps to her room. When she came down she had a small grip in her hand.

Mr. Barclay just happened to be in the hall at the time. He took her grip.

"What are you going to do with this?" he asked.

"I'm leaving!" she said.

"What's the trouble?"

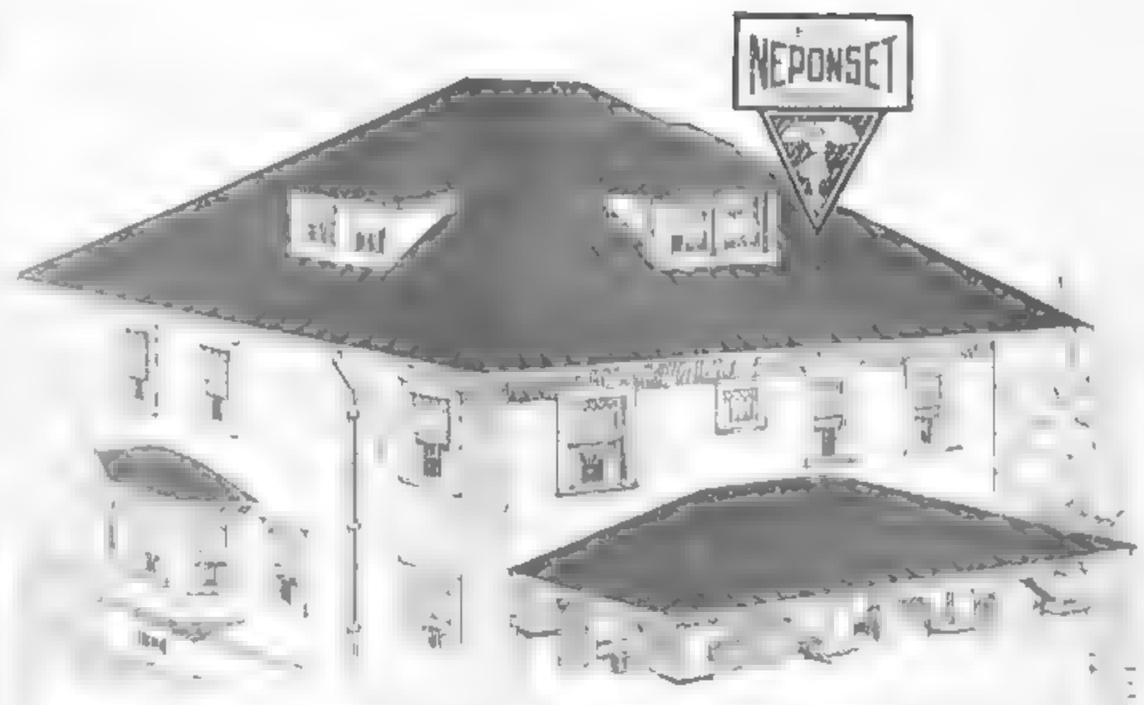
"Nothing. Mrs. Snigglefritz wants me out."

I always was a great one to get into situations. Mr. Barclay would have accosted the first man there, I suppose; but he happened to take me.

"Say," he said, grabbing my coat lapel, "I want you to go down to Brigham's department store and tell them Miss Smith isn't coming back to work—will you? . . . And then come right round to my office."

"Where after that?" I asked, having some curiosity.

"To the Little Church Round the Corner!" he said—and I'm hanged if that Psyche girl didn't actually get her finger caught in his buttonhole!



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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Sportsman's Scrapbook

THERE is a deal of interest and, sometimes, of value to be found in the pages of the scrapbook that some sportsmen keep, which it is within the power of any sportsman to compile if he likes—odds and ends of information picked up from the printed page or from suggestions of friends—or, best of all, learned in personal experience. The difference between a sportsman and a business man is that the latter selfishly guards any secret of advantage to himself; whereas the former is always eager to share it with his friends. This, beyond being the product of a generous impulse, has almost come to be etiquette in the craft. Perfect strangers on the trout stream will exchange flies or offer tobacco, and it would be a poor sportsman in the field who did not help out with a few shells a neighbor who had emptied his pockets of ammunition while the flight was on. Many volumes have been written on how to live out-of-doors, how to camp out, how to cook in camp, and the like. Wrinkles in the art are always acceptable. Perhaps something herein may be of use or interest.

There is no pleasanter trip in the world than that of running a river with a canoe and light camping outfit. It does not seem to make much difference what stream you take, provided it has enough water to float a boat. It may look uninteresting from the railway bridge that crosses it, but seen from a boat, one bend after another opening out into something entirely new, it never fails of interest, even though the country about seems commonplace. The fall is an ideal time for a canoe trip, for the mosquito nuisance is then at an end and the outdoor world is very beautiful. It is not too late for fishing and it is just right for shooting; and, though the air is cool, it is not too cool for comfort at night.

Any sort of boat will do for this sort of trip, but a canoe is best. This beautiful craft is much maligned, and gets its bad reputation as a dangerous conveyance largely from persons who do not know how to handle it. It is really astonishing what loads these apparently fragile boats will carry. If you are very expert in canoes nothing is better than the Peterboro model. It is, however, the boat of the expert: narrow and round-bottomed, with low bow and stem, and no canvas covering of the shell. For running fast water, where the boat must be swung quickly from side to side, this is the best model; and guides and voyageurs prefer it. Perhaps for your own case, if you are an amateur, the Abenaki, or the Oldtown model, in canvas-covered form, will be found more desirable.

The Canoe for Long Cruises

This type of boat generally has a wide, flat floor, with considerable tumble-home in the coaming; so that it has a much wider bearing surface on the water than it at first seems to have. The lake models in this canoe, with high bow and stern and a light skeg or keel, are best for rough water, and will stand a heavier sea than almost any other model—though, of course, the high bow and stern will catch wind. It should not be supposed that this boat is in the least clumsy under paddle in any ordinary river, no matter how rapid; and perhaps it is safer and more comfortable for the average canoe trip than any other form of canoe. It will easily hold a full camp outfit—guns, tackle, camp kit, bed and tent for two men, if it be of the larger size—say, eighteen or twenty feet in length. There is a great feeling of independence when you are in this kind of boat, which, if needs be, you can carry across a portage into other waters.

If you are a solitary cruiser you will not need any tent, but can sleep in your canoe—the better if it be a sailing canoe, with fore and mizzen masts. In that case you can make your bed in the bottom of the boat and rig above you a very convenient tent, with square ends and flat roof. This tent is rigged over two spreaders, one at each end, each a little bit wider than the beam of the canoe. These spreaders are fastened fore and aft to the masts or to poles provided, and the sides of the tent come down round the canoe. You can sleep afloat or bed the canoe in the sand of the beach. For that matter, you can rig the tent ashore if you prefer; and there are very many patterns of light canoe tents that will turn the weather and still not weigh over five or six pounds.

Much writing has been done about camp beds. Work out your own theory—and, having established a fancy, adhere to it stoutly. One mountain hunter of the writer's acquaintance is ready to meet in mortal combat any one who does not agree that an air bed is the one thing for camp. He uses one of these air mattresses, places on top of it an eiderdown sleeping bag—and on top of that several pairs of light blankets. He is thus equipped for almost any kind of weather. Against the eiderdown sleeping bag it is to be said that it can only be used in quite cold weather—if the night is in the least warm it is worse than an oven and there is no way of regulating it. Moreover, to some men the very thought of a cumbersome rubber mattress and a bicycle pump in camp savors too much of civilization. Perhaps mention has been made of the light mattress made of deerhair, a couple of inches or so thick, which, in the belief of some, is better than a "blow-bed." It certainly is a comfort to be high and dry above the wet ground, and also protected against roots.

As to Beds and Tents

The novice in camping reads so much about going light, that perhaps he may err on the side of lightness. He can perhaps get along with a shelter tent or lean-to of light canvas, pitched at an angle over the bed and in front of the campfire. There is no better camp than this, provided the weather will behave itself and that some one will sit up and keep the fire. In bad weather the wind will come in at either of the unprotected ends, and the rain or snow can do the same. Moreover, the fire goes out. If you have to go light, carrying everything on your own back, you can have, with very little extra weight, a little closed-end dog tent which will keep out wind and rain much better. Should you happen to have a lantern in camp it will serve to warm up the tent very quickly. A pailful of hot coals is another makeshift.

Rain in camp is worse than snow. If you do not sleep dry you cannot enjoy either health or comfort. In the Civil War more soldiers died from sleeping on the wet ground than from being injured in battle. If you have no mattress of any kind with you and do not care to bother with a cot—as very likely you will not—you should have under your bed some kind of waterproof cover to keep down the moisture. Better spread this over some hay or boughs. You can have a little tick stuffed with leaves or grass—filled and emptied each time you go into camp. A rubber poncho is not very large and it is rather heavy. A good square of oilcloth is waterproof if you have nothing better; or you can have a very useful poncho made out of two widths of unbleached cotton sheeting—seven by eight feet. You can waterproof this yourself by spreading it out on the ground and soaking it full of linseed oil. Give it two coats. It will take about a week for each coat to dry properly. Perhaps you could get your tent-maker to make this for you at no great expense. You can use this square of sheeting in many ways—to protect your bread or your grub-box or to serve as a raincoat. Saxons do not take to the blanket, but many a plainsman has discovered that the Mexican costume of the *serape* is a good one in rough weather. If you ever have to take a long horseback ride in bitter cold weather spread a blanket in your saddle and get into it. Fold the ends over your legs and tuck them in. Get your feet into plenty of socks, preferably under an Arctic overshoe. Then you can ride. If you like you can put another blanket over your shoulders and belt it as the Indians do.

A handy man has devised a tent that can be used as a boatsail and also as a bed. It is made of six strips of twenty-eight-inch canvas, eight feet long, sewed with an inch lap. Put a stout loop at each corner

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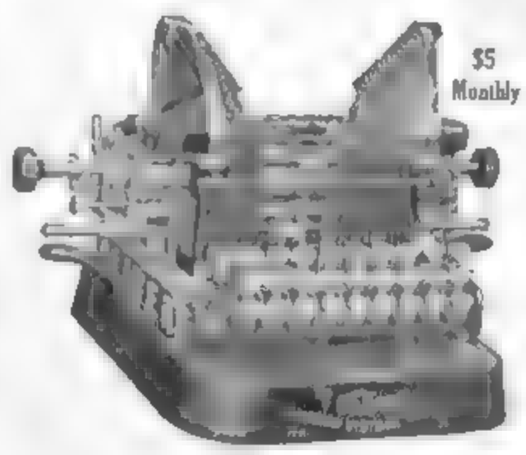

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of this oblong canvas and a loop at the middle of each of the long sides. At the back edge of the canvas sew a loop on each side of the middle loop, distant from it three and a half feet. Peg the rear down at these loops and raise the opposite end up by the middle loop—and you will see that you have the back, sides and front flaps of a tent which comes to a point on top. It can be supported by a pole or by a rope. If you want to use this as a sail fold the two ends together and run your mast through the loops that thus come together. The back of the tent will serve for the top of the sail and the peak rope will do for the sheet of the sail. Again, if you wish to use the canvas as a bed you can fold it in the same way, using two long poles—one on each side—one through the loops and one through the fold of the canvas, spread apart by stout stretchers. There may be fun in experimenting with some such combination—with the home-made poncho of cotton drilling, waterproofed, and other things of your own invention.

You can make waterproof bags of rubber cloth in which to carry your coffee and salt and sugar. Your grub-box—or grub-bag—ought to be waterproof also. The family washboiler makes a very good grub-box if the lid still fits tight, because it keeps things dry and keeps out insects; and you can sink it in cold mud or a spring or a stream and use it for an ice-box. It is not practical, however, except when you have plenty of transportation. The same is true of the Dutch oven, that most admirable cooking utensil that serves so many purposes in camp and goes so far to remove the curse of too much frying in camp cookery. If you cannot carry along such bulky or heavy articles you can get a nifty little camp outfit, all aluminum, which weighs almost nothing at all.

Sometimes all the fun is taken out of camp cooking by hard rains. You can make shift with a small fire under the tent fly; but if you have along a little alcohol lamp, or a small oil stove, you can pull down the fly round the front of the tent, cook inside and be happy. A makeshift meal of this kind adds coziness once in a while to camp life.

Mosquitoes and Bearhides

Insects are sometimes a nuisance to the camper. If you have a good tent you can keep mosquitoes out by dropping round your bed an inside tentskin of cheesecloth, or by draping this across the door of the tent. If mosquitoes have got into a large tent, or into a log camp or shanty, try holding a big lump of gum camphor in a tin can or a skillet over the flame of the lamp or fire. Don't let it burn. You can burn insect powder and drive out mosquitoes, or you can make a smudge of cedar bark in front of your camp. This cedar smudge, however, is very bad for the eyes.

An old-timer, who did not like to sleep cold and did not like to carry too many blankets, hit on the plan of carrying an extra pair of thick woolen drawers and a woolen sweater. He put these on at night instead of an extra blanket and found they worked very well. It is better to undress when turning in for the night in camp, as you will sleep and rest better. Sometimes, in a cold, wet tent, this is something of an ordeal. A lamp or lantern warms the tent quickly—and somehow the sight of a light makes you feel warmer! This old-timer's notion of extra underwear for night use is worth remembering.

Another old-timer once told me that sometimes, finding himself without baking powder in camp, he had used birch ashes as a makeshift and found that they did pretty fairly well. It was this same man, an old trapper, who gave the following advice on how to save a bearhide when the hair is threatening to slip from overheating:

"Stretch the hide flat and rub salt into it with the edge of a board—hard—for an hour or an hour and a half. If there is any hard spot on the hide wet it and salt it in the same way. Leave it out overnight, flesh side up; early in the morning scrape it off well and continue to scrape it for about an hour. Salt it, and at eleven o'clock in the morning scrape it again. If it is hot leave it in the sun with the hair side up. Let it dry. This will save any hide where the hair does not fall out when you lift the hide."

In the very rainy climate of the Alaska seacoast country it would be impossible to bring out bearhides without the use of plenty of salt. In a hunt there, our guides

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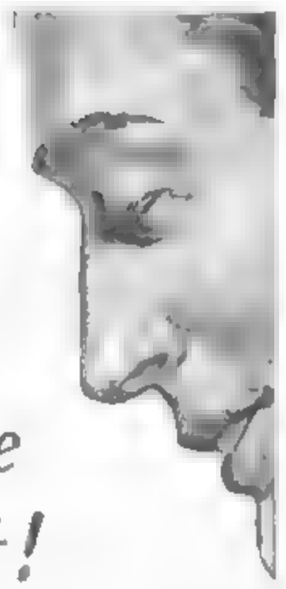

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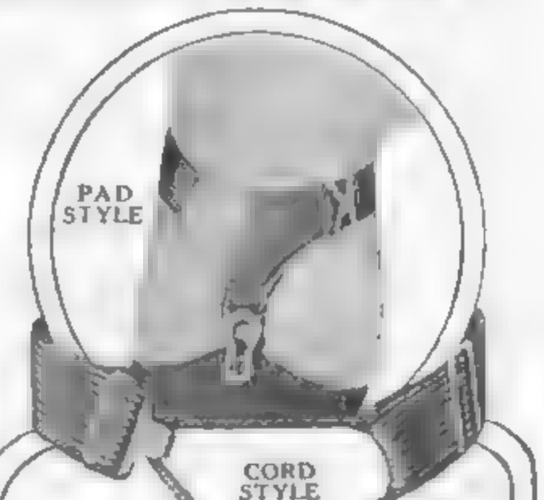

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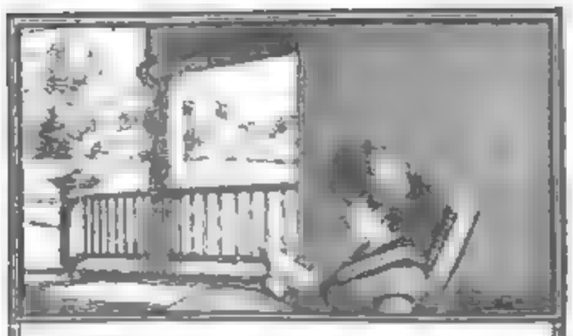
George Frost Co., Makers, Boston

Also makers of the famous *Velvet Grip* Hose Supporter for women and children



Refuge from the Summer Sun

When the heat of the sun becomes unbearable and there is not a trace of air indoors—you can always go out on the porch and be cool and comfortable, if it is equipped with

Vudor Porch Shades

The porch becomes the best room in the house day and night. Always light and breezy. You can look out but others can not look in

Ordinary porches can be equipped for from $3.50 to $10.00—a screwdriver is [illegible] needed to put them up [illegible] seasons. Be sure [illegible] the flimsy imitations which [illegible] one season through

Hough Shade Corporation, 226 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

$6,000 for Your HEAD

$600 for Your BODY

As a member of the headless army you are a piece of mechanism with an earning capacity limited to about $600 a year.

As a ***head*** man you can multiply that income by ten, and more.

You ***can*** join the ***head*** class. Don't argue, don't hesitate, don't compromise with failure by saying, "I can't." Get on the ***positive*** side of yourself and do something worth while.

Mark this coupon and learn how to make your HEAD earn ten times as much as your BODY.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, SCRANTON PA

[illegible] further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing Steam Fitting	Lady Agent
Concrete Construction	Good English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Commercial Illustrating
Stationary Engineer	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Engineer	Advertising Man
Mechanical Draftsman	Stenographer
Architectural Draftsman	Bookkeeper
Electrical Engineer	Salesmanship
Electric Lighting Supt	Poultry Farming

Name

Present Occupation

Street and No.

City State

spread out the skins on the ground as above described, covered them heavily with salt, crushed salt into the ears and nose with the boot heel, rolled the hide up tight and roped it. In the morning the hide was opened, drained and roughly scraped. It was then resalted and again rolled tightly, fur side out, flesh to flesh inside. The guides said this would preserve a hide indefinitely; and it worked in the case of those we brought out. The closer a hide is fleshed the easier it is to keep.

If you have fish in camp in hot weather, and no ice, dig a hole in the coolest swamp you can find, line it with moss and cover up your fish. I have seen fish kept for a week in a sour swamp.

Your guide or your Indian companion may prove a good weather prophet in camp. He will probably tell you to look out for rain if woodpeckers call a good deal; or if sparrows bathe often in water puddles; or if flies are very troublesome. A mist over the stars at night, a very red sunrise or a halo round the moon are all called rain signs.

If the clouds hang low, with darker clouds passing under them, it is apt to rain. Absence of dew in the morning is a sign of coming rain. If wet twigs dry slowly more rain may be expected.

Shrewd observers say that abundance of stars indicates coming rain; whereas, if the stars are not so numerous but very bright, and if the night be followed by a gray sunrise sky, the sun soon dispelling the mist, fair weather is to be predicted. A bright-red sunset sky is a good omen following rain. Low-hanging mists over marsh and river mean fair weather when they clear quickly in the morning. Heavy dew in the evening is a fair-weather sign for the next day. If twigs and stones dry quickly after rain expect clear weather.

Your outdoor weather prophet will expect wind if distant objects seem to loom clearer than usual. A greenish sky or red clouds high up in the late evening means wind. Horses run about when a storm is coming, and crows croak instead of cawing. If you see little whirlwinds raising dust clouds look out for rain.

In Case of Accident

Sometimes accidents happen in camp—broken bones, gunshot wounds, or the like. In such a case keep your head. It is very difficult to kill a man unless you scare him to death. In case of supposed or possible drowning get the water out of the victim—breathe for him, work his arms; don't let his own tongue choke him to death; squeeze the air out of his lungs with your knees—make as good a bellows out of him as you know how.

If you have a broken bone to mend make your man comfortable for travel to a doctor the best way you can; get the ends of the break together as well as you can and splint up the limb with bark or boards padded with moss or a piece of blanket.

Gunshot wounds are bad because of the shock. Don't go shooting with any man who has shown himself at any time careless with a gun! Don't ride horseback or in a boat or in a wagon with any man who carries his gun loaded; and, above all, never sit in a boat where there is a man with a gun behind you! If the worst happens do what you can to remove the fright the victim is sure to feel. You can use a tourniquet to stop bleeding, perhaps, and can always get hot water, which is good for stopping blood flow; and you can clean and bandage the wound. Keep up the heart action with stimulants—a little at a time. Let your man rest all he can, and use your judgment as to whether he ought to go to the doctor or the doctor come to him. Keep the wound clean. There are fewer germs in the woods than in the cities. If there are peroxide of hydrogen or bichloride of mercury in camp use them, of course diluting the latter very largely.

Snakebite in camp has happened, but not often; and of the cases relatively few have proved fatal, though the bites of the rattlesnake, copperhead and moccasin are painful.

Mosquito bites sometimes give malaria as well as pain. Avoid them when possible, and treat them internally with a little quinine if in a malarial country. You can alleviate the pain by using salt and water for an alkali, which is what you need. The same is true for bee-stings and for the poison of the sumach. Kerosene is good for poison ivy, but lye is better. Failing either, try wood ashes.

Your doctor will approve this cigar

And smoke it, too, if he is a smoker. For it means real satisfaction, and no nervous "come-back."

The ***Girard*** gives you the genuine tropic flavor that you get only from *native-grown* Havana tobacco. And at the same time it has the wholesome mellow quality possible only with tobacco *thoroughly matured*.

There is the secret of the

GIRARD Cigar

The "BROKER" Actual Size

Every leaf of the ***Girard*** filler is grown on *Cuban soil.* Every leaf is matured *naturally*, and sweetly. Any tang of superfluous nicotine is taken out by our old-fashioned Cuban process of seasoning; while all the delightful Havana flavor is retained.

This gives you a cigar that is at once *rich yet mild.*

You know what a rare combination that is. And our original improved blending-method insures this unusual quality *always.*

Here is a smoke agreeable to the most sensitive nerves; always satisfying; and *always the same*

Three standard sizes at 10 cents straight

"Brokers" 5¼-inch Perfecto.
"Mariners" 5⅝-inch Panatella.
"Founders" 5-inch Blunt.

In all the regular colors and strictly hand-made. Go to your dealer and get acquainted with this rare cigar today.

We don't do a mail-order business. But in case you can't get the ***Girard*** today, we will send you a box of ten for a dollar (or if you wish send $5 for a box of fifty cigars). Write what shape and color you prefer, and *tell us your dealer's name.* Then we can arrange to have you supplied in the regular way.

Start after this good smoke TODAY

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871
PHILADELPHIA

[illegible]
Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
717 S Seventh Street
Philadelphia

[illegible] for which please send me, charges prepaid, one box of Girard cigars

Shape

Color

My dealer's name is

Address

My name is

Address

No one lubricating oil is best for all cars. This is absolute.

We will make it clear.

But, first, in the light of careless statements on lubrication, we will make plain our right to speak with authority.

UNDER its Gargoyle trademark the Vacuum Oil Company supplies lubricants to—

The floating armament of the world's leading naval powers.

To leading ocean steamship companies throughout the world.

Outside of the American market, to over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

To practically every aeroplane in active use, both private machines and the military aeroplanes of the leading powers.

To leading manufacturing plants at home and in every quarter of the globe.

For over half a century we have made lubricants, not as by-products, nor as temporary profit makers, but as a serious business.

In power-engineering circles, our standing as the authoritative leaders in high-grade lubricants is unquestioned.

TURNING to automobile lubrication:

Carbon deposit, as a factor, is widely misunderstood.

Proper filtration will remove, from lubricating oils, the greater part of the free carbon. But lubricating oils are a hydro-carbon product.

In burning, they must leave some residue.

The amount of carbon deposited in the cylinders depends partly on the carburetion and gasoline combustion, partly on the oil, partly on its fitness for the car.

The majority of cars, in using the oil best suited to them, get the greatest freedom from this annoyance.

But carbon deposit is generally a dangerous guide in choosing the correct lubricating oil for a particular car.

There is only one guide that is sound:

What oil yields the highest horse-power?

You may not care for speed. But, to safeguard your car, you do want its greatest horse-power efficiency.

Wasted horse-power results from restrained action—either from friction or some other injurious deterrent.

As oil saves power, it follows that one oil saves more power than another.

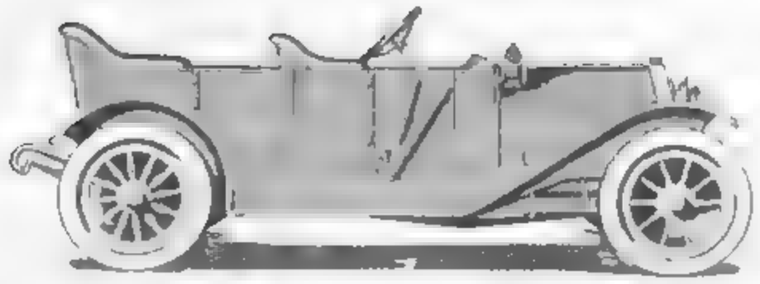
To get the highest horse-power from your car, you must use the lubricating oil best suited to it.

It is of the utmost importance that you use that oil and no other.

No one would think of using the same lubricant for a sewing machine and a battle ship.

The needs of two motor cars often differ quite as widely.

The correct oil for a Fiat, for instance, is absolutely the wrong oil for a Packard.



This list shows the right oil for your car

In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." The meaning of the marks * † ‡ § is shown at the bottom of the page. For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Abbott-Det.			A‡	A‡	A‡
A B C (air)		B*	B*	B*	
A B C (wat.)		A†	A†	A†	
Acorn			A	A	A
Adams Farwell	B*	B*	B†	B*	B*
Alco		§	§	§	§
Allen Kingston		A†	A†		
American	A†	A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Am. Eagle			A‡	A‡	A‡
Am. La France			A	A	A
Amplex		B*	B*	B*	B*
Ann Arbor					B*
Apperson		A‡	§	§	§
Auto		E	E	E	A
Automobile		E	E	§	A
Autocar (1)				A	
Autocar (2)			A‡	A‡	A‡
Autocar (3)					A
Autocar (4)			A‡	A‡	A‡
Autocar (5)	A	A	A	E	
Autocar (6)		A‡	A†	A	A
Autocar (7)		A	A‡	A‡	A‡
Autocar (2)	B*	A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Autocar Com.		A†	A‡	A‡	A‡
Autocar (4)	A†	A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Avery			A†	A†	A
Babcock			A	§	§
Babcock Com					A
Bartlett			E	E	
Bender					A
Benz		A	A	A	A
Berg			A‡	A‡	§
Berg Junior	A†		A	§	§
Best					B*
Bethlehem			A	A	
Bickle			A‡	A‡	
Bison					A‡
Bland					§
Blomstrom			A	A‡	A
Brooks					B
Brush	A	A†	A†	A†	A†
Buick 2	A	A	A	A	A
Buick 4	A‡	A‡	§	A‡	A‡
Burns		B†	B	B*	B*

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Cadillac (1)	A†	B*			
Cadillac (2)	A†	§	§	§	§
Cadillac (3)	B†	B†	B	B*	A‡
Cameron Com					B‡
Carnegie				A‡	A†
Carson			A‡	A‡	
Carter Car	A†	A	A‡	A‡	A†
Cart'car Com	B*	A	A†	A‡	A‡
Case				A	A‡
Cass				A‡	A†
C G V	A†	A‡	A‡		
Chadwick	A	A	B*	A‡	A‡
Chalmers		§	§	A‡	§
Champion				A‡	A
Charron				A	A
Chase	B	B	B	B	B
Cino			A‡	A‡	A
Cino Com'l			A‡	A‡	
Clark			A	A	A
Clark Chicago			A	A‡	A†
Clark Lans'g			A	A	A
Clem. Bayard	E	E	A	A	A
Club Car				A‡	
Colburn			A	A	
Colby				§	§
Cole				§	A‡
Coleman				B	E
Columbia	A†	A†	E	A	A
Columbia Kt.					A
Commer				A	A
Commerce					E
Commercial					§
Continental	A		A	§	§
Corbin (art)	B†	B†	B†		
Corbin (wat.)		A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Corbitt					A†
Correja			A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Cortland (air)					B*
Cortland (wat.)				A‡	L*
C P T				A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A‡
Crane & Breed					§
Crawford	B*	B*	A†	A†	A†
Crox-Kenton			A‡	A‡	§
Crown			B	A	A

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Cunningham				A	A
Curtiss					A
Cutting			A‡	A‡	A‡
Daimler	A†	A†	A†	A†	A
Daimler K'ght				A	A
Dain					A
Darracq	A†	A†	A†	A†	§
Dart					A
Davis				§	§
Deal			A	§	
Decatur				A	A‡
De Dion	B*	B*	B†	B*	B*
Delahaye	A	A	A	A	A
Del-Belley	B*	B*	B*	B*	B*
Dennston				A‡	A
De Tamble			A‡	A‡	A‡
Det. Dearb'n			A†	A†	
Diamond	A†	A	A	A	A
Dispatch					E
D. O. E.					A‡
Dorris	A†	A†	A†	A†	§

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Duryea	D*	B*	B	B	A
Dynamic				A†	A†
Eclipse					A‡
Economy				A	A
Elmore	A	A	§	§	§
E M F			§	§	§
Empire			A‡	A‡	A‡
Enger		B	B	A†	A†
Etmyre			A†	E	
Everitt			A‡	A†	A†
Ewing			§	§	
F A L				§	§
Falcar				A†	A‡
Federal	B*		E	A	§
Fiat	A†	B*	A	B*	A
Firestone Col.			A‡	A‡	A‡
Flanders			E	E	§
Ford	A†	E	A‡	E	E
Fort Wayne				A	§
Franklin	B†	B†	B‡	A‡	A‡
Frank Com'l	B†	B*	B*	A*	A‡

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Frayer-Miller	B†	B†	§	§	
Frontenac	A	A	A‡	§	§
Fuller	A	A†	A†	A‡	
Fuller Com'l				A	
Gaggenau				A	A
Garford	A†	A†	A†	A†	§
Garf'd Com'l				A‡	§
G. J. G.			A‡		§
Gleason			A†	A	
Glide	A†	A	A‡	A‡	A‡
Gramm				A‡	A‡
Gramm-Logan			A‡	A‡	
Grabowsky		A	B*	A	§
Great South	A†	A‡	A‡	A‡	
Gt Western			B	A	§
Grout	A	A	A	A‡	A‡
Halladay	A†	A†	A†	A†	§
Hart Kraft (2)		A	A	A	
Hart Kraft (4)				A‡	§
Harrison					§
Hatfield	B*		§	B‡	A

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Havers				A‡	A‡
Haynes	A†	A	A†	A‡	A‡
Henry			A‡	A	
Herreshoff		A	§	A‡	A‡
Hewitt (2)		A	A	A	
Hewitt (4)	A	A†	A†	A‡	E
Hotchkiss	A†	A†	A	A	A†
Hudson			§	A‡	A‡
Hupmobile		§	§	§	§
Ideal				A	A
Imperial			A†	§	§
Indiana					A
International	B*	B*	B*	B	B*
Interstate		A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Isotta	A†	A	A	A	A
Itala			A	A	A
Jackson (2)	A	A	A		
Jackson (4)	A†	A†	A‡	A‡	A‡
Jeffrey					A‡
Jenkins	A	A†	A†	E	§
Johnson		A†	A†	A‡	

* *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil A in winter* † *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil E in winter* ‡ *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter* § *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic*

The spring-strength of the piston rings must be considered; the fit of the piston ring into its recess; the length of the crank-shaft and connecting-rod bearings; the feed-systems; the length of the vacuum period, while intake and exhaust valves are both closed.

Before anything like correct lubrication can be determined, these, and other important considerations, must be known and studied.

IN planning for a complete range of automobile lubricants, we first analyzed the construction of every domestic car and practically every foreign make.

Altogether we found that they required five distinct grades of lubricating oil. We then produced the oils.

So far as it was practicable, we filtered out the free carbon.

We verified the fitness of these oils by frictional horse-power tests on many cars they were intended for.

All the oils were put through practical demonstrations on their respective cars.

The test-results called for some changes, which we made.

Our ultimate findings are shown in the list at the bottom of this page. You will see scheduled there the correct oil for your car.

Some cars change type from season to season. The list gives the oil required for each season's type.

In selecting from this list you may rely on three things:

First: In quality, the oils establish a world-standard.

Second: The grade indicated for each make and each season was arrived at, not by guess, but by careful study. It was later verified by thorough demonstrations.

Third: *We recommend for your use the oil scheduled opposite your car.*

In engineering circles that would carry more weight than anything we have said above.

Old, badly-worn cars sometimes need a heavier oil than the same cars require when new. If your car is in that state, we shall be glad to recommend the oil for it. In writing, give the make of the car, the date of the model, the approximate mileage to date, and, so far as you can, its general condition.

The quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil necessitates a price that is somewhat higher than that of the usual automobile lubricating oils.

However, their use should result in an actual saving. Properly used, they will go farther than less correct oils.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are supplied to owners through garages, auto-supply stores, and others who handle lubricants.

If the retailer who generally supplies you carries no stock at present, you should have no difficulty in securing through him the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil you require.

The various grades go by the following names:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

They are put up in barrels, half barrels, in 5 and 1 gallon cans. All are marked with our Gargoyle trademark.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, U. S. A.

FOREIGN MARKETERS

Vacuum Oil Company, BOMBAY — Vacuum Oil Company, R. T., BUDAPEST — Vacuum Oil Company, BUENOS AIRES — Vacuum Oil Company, CAIRO — Vacuum Oil Co. of South Africa, Ltd., CAPE TOWN

Vacuum Oil Company, COPENHAGEN — Vacuum Oil Company, S. A. I., GENOA — Deutsche Vacuum Oil Company, HAMBURG — Vacuum Oil Company, HELSINGFORS — Vacuum Oil Company, HONG KONG

Vacuum Oil Company, KOBE — Vacuum Oil Company, LISBON — Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., LONDON — Vacuum Oil Company Prop., Ltd., MELBOURNE

Russian Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., MOSCOW — Vacuum Oil Company, S. A. F., PARIS — Vacuum Oil Company, SHANGHAI — Vacuum Oil Company, A.B., STOCKHOLM

DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Johnson Com				§	A‡
Jon[illegible]		E	B‡	A‡	A‡
K[illegible]			A‡	A†	
K[illegible]rns		A	D*	B*	A
K[illegible]rns Com				A‡	A
K[illegible]s				§	§
Kenmore			B*	B*	A
K[illegible]				A	A†
K[illegible]el Kar		A†	A†	A†	A‡	A‡
K[illegible] Kar Com				§	§
Kline Kar			§	§	§
Knox		B†	B*	B*	B*	B*
Kochler				A‡	§
K[illegible]ner Com					B*
Kra[illegible]			A	A	A
Lambert		A†	A	A‡	A‡	A‡
La[illegible]ert Com		A		A†	A†
Lan[illegible]		B*	B*	B*	B‡	B‡
Lat[illegible]h Juergs			A†	A	A
Leader				A‡	A‡
Lexington				A	A‡	A‡

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Lincoln			B	B		§
Lion				E	E	A‡
Little Four						A‡
Locomobile		A†	§	§	§	§
Lorraine						A†
Lozier		A	A	§	§	§
Luverne		A	A	A†	A†	
McFarland				A†	§	A†
McIntyre (air)			B†		B*	A‡
McIntyre (wat.)				A‡	A‡	
Mack		A	A†	A†	A†	B
Mais					§	§
Marathon			A‡	B	A	A‡
Marion		A	A†	A†	A†	A‡
Marmon		B†	§	A†	A†	§
Mason		A	A	A	A	A
Martin (2)				A	A	
Martin (4)					§	A
Marquette					A†	A†
(For '08, '09, '10 and '11, see Welch & Welch Det.)						

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Matheson	A†	§	§	A	A‡
Maxwell (2)	E	E	E	E	E
Maxwell (4)		E	E	§	§
Meuselbach	B*	B*	B*		
Mercedes	A†	A†	A†	A†	A†
Merc Kght.				A	A
Mercer			A‡	A‡	A‡
Mercury				B	B*
Meteor	A	A†	A†		
Metz		B‡	B‡	B‡	A‡
Michigan			§	A‡	A‡
Middleby		B	B	A†	
Midland		A†	A†	§	§
Minerva Kgt.				A	A
Mitchell	A†	A	§	A‡	A‡
Moeller				E	A
Moline	A	§	A†	A‡	A‡
Monarch	B*	A†	A†		
Monitor			A†	A	A
Moon	A†	A†	A†	§	§
Morgan	A	A	A	A	A

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Mora	A†	A	A‡	A‡	
Morse			A†	A‡	A‡
Napier	A	A	A	A	A
Natco					A†
National	A†	A‡	A	A	A
Norwalk				A	A
Oakland		A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Ohio			A‡	A†	A†
Oldsmobile	A†	A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Oliver				A	A
Opel				A	A
Otto			A‡	A‡	§
Overland	A†	A†	A†	§	§
Packard	E	§	§	§	§
Paige-Detroit			E	A‡	A†
Palmer-Sing'r		A	A†	A	A
Panhard	A†	A†	A†	A†	A‡
Panhard Kgt.				A	A
Parry			A†	A†	A†
Paterson		A‡	A‡	A‡	§
Peerless	§	§	§	§	§

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Penn				§	§
Pennsylvania	A†	A†	A†	A	
Petrel		A†	A†	A‡	A‡
P[illegible]kard			A†	B*	A
P[illegible] Arrow	A†	A‡	§	A‡	A‡
Peerless Com				§	§
P[illegible]t				A†	A†
P[illegible]gh Six		R	E	E	
P[illegible]ers	A†	A†	A†	A‡	A
P[illegible]	A†	A†	§	§	§
P[illegible] Kart			A†	§	§
Premier	A†	A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Princess					A‡
R[illegible]	A†	A†	A†	§	§
Rai[illegible]	A†	A	A	A‡	§
Ran[illegible]		A	A	A	A
Ranier	A†	A	A†	A‡	
Reed	A	A	A	A‡	§
Reeves II				A	A†
R[illegible] H.					§
Regal		A†	A†	A‡	A†
Reliance	A	A‡	A†	§	A‡
Remington					A‡
Renault	A†	A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Reo	A	A	A†	A‡	A‡
Republic				§	§
Rider Lewis	A	A	A†	A†	
Roader				§	§
Rogers				D*	D*
Rolls Royce	A†	A	A	A	A
Roy[illegible]ght	A†	A†	§	§	§
Sa[illegible]mon				A	A
S[illegible]			A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Sandusky					A†
Saxon		A‡	A‡	A‡	A‡
Sayers Scott		B‡	B‡	B‡	A‡	A‡
Schacht '2'			A	A	A	
Schacht (4)					A	§
Schreiber					A†	A†
Scripps				B*	D*	
Selden			A	A	A	
Seldon		A†	A†	A†	A†	§
S[illegible] V[illegible]					B‡	B‡
Sheridan		A†	§	§	§	§
Shrewsbury		A		A†	A	
Smith			A†	A†		A†

Model of	'08	'09	'10	'11	'12
Spaulding						A†
Speedwell			A‡	§	A‡	A‡
Sperers				A†	A†	A†
Stafford					A†	
Standard Six	A			A	E	
Stanley St'm	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	F	A	A	A	A	
Stearns Kght.	A†	A	§	A‡	A‡	
Stegeman					A‡	A
Sterling			§	§	§	
Sternberg	A†	A†	A†	A	§	
Stev.-Duryea	A†	§	§	§	§	
Stoddard	E	§		A‡		
Stod.-Dayton		E	§	A	A	
Stod.-Day. Kt.						A
Studebaker	A†	A†	[illegible]	A‡		
Stutz						§
Stuyvesant					A‡	§
Suburban					A†	A†
Sultan			A†	A†	A†	A†
Thomas		A†	E	E	E	A†
Transit						A†
Union						A†
United States					A	A
Universal						†
Utility					A‡	A‡
Van Dyke				A	A	A
Vanier					B	B
Velie			A†	A†	A‡	A‡
Victor			A	A	A‡	A‡
Walter		A†	A†	A†	§	§
Ward						A
Warren Det				§	A	A
Welch		A†	A†	A†		
Welch Det					A†	
Westcott				A‡	A‡	A‡
White				§	§	§
White Steam		D	D	D	D	D
Whiting				A†	A†	
Wilcox				A†	A‡	E
Willett						E
Winton		A†	E	§	§	§
Zimmerman			B*	B*	B*	A
Zust		A	A	A	A	

* *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil A in winter* † *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil B in winter* ‡ *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter* § *Use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic*

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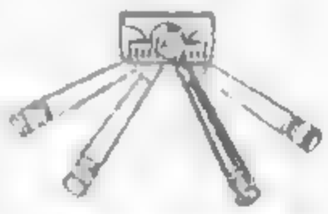
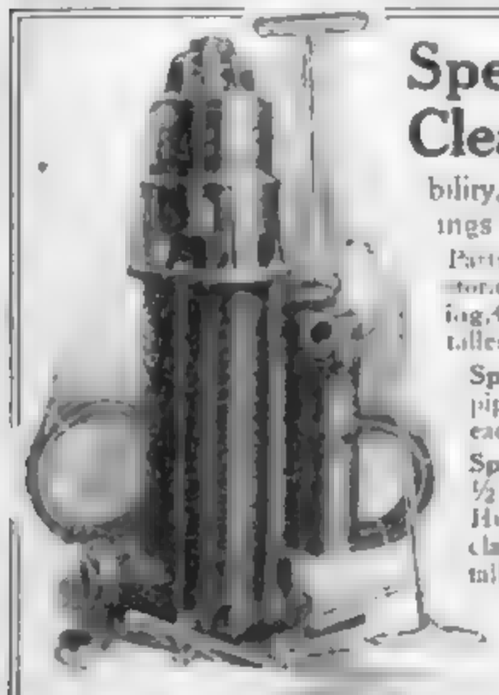


Young Safety Razor Co., 1709 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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because of their proven superiority in efficiency, simplicity and durability, are being installed in most of the largest buildings now being erected.

Particular mention is made of the **Woolworth Building**, 55 stories, 750 ft. high; and the **Bankers' Trust Company Building**, 40 stories, 540 ft. high—in New York City—being the two tallest buildings under process of construction in the world.

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Spencer Turbine machines are made in 12 sizes, from ½ H.P., 1-sweeper, to 40 H.P., 16-sweepers capacity. Hundreds are installed throughout the country in all classes of buildings from the smallest residences to the tallest skyscrapers.

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SPENCER TURBINE CLEANER COMPANY
633 Capitol Avenue, Hartford, Conn.
Branch Offices and Selling Agencies in all Principal Cities.

THE TRAIL OF THE DOG

Continued from Page 16

McMullen put up an expostulatory hand, dropped into the chair by the corner of the desk and began, with desperate earnestness:

"I know how to catch those men, inspector! I don't claim, now, as a general rule, that I could catch a robber when the police couldn't; but in this case I've got an advantage. All my life I've been specially interested in dogs.

"Yes, sir—dogs!" he went on, with a confident nod, as the inspector stared. "Don't you see? Those three men—the big man with the black mustache, the old man with the dog and the young man that stood in line—they'd put up this job together; but how did the dog come to run away at just the right minute? That's the point!" Earnestly bending toward the inspector, he laid his fist on the corner of the desk, repeating: "That's the point! You see, that dog had been trained to do it! I know it, because, as I might say, I know all about dogs. And that dog belongs to one of those men. Find the dog and you've got your robbers! No, sir," he said stubbornly a moment later; "you don't need to laugh. I'd know that dog among a thousand. Give me two or three good men and I'll find him."

A little later he stood again beside the desk, hat in hand, his lips compressed in a straight line.

"Very well, sir," he said, still respectful in spite of the inspector's laughter. "If you won't give me the men I'll find the dog myself. It will take a little longer—that's all." So saying, he stumped out.

He was disappointed, but his resolution was unshaken. Returning to Mrs. Mulloney's, he spent the afternoon carefully mapping out a plan of campaign. Next morning, beginning at the Battery and slowly working north, he inquired of all likely persons whether they had seen a wall-eyed Airedale dog—touching the brim of his derby hat in military salute if it was a policeman he inquired of.

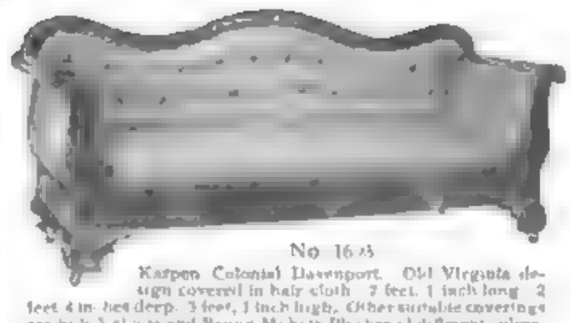
The size and populousness of New York impressed him as never before. Indeed, it took him ten days to get up to the city hall. By that time he was carrying a pocketful of paper slips on which was written the telephone number of a drug store near the boarding house. He gave these slips to policemen and shopkeepers who seemed friendly, respectfully requesting them to telephone the drug store in case they saw a wall-eyed Airedale dog.

He perceived that the task was more difficult than he had expected, partly because hardly anybody knew one dog from another; but the difficulties only strengthened his determination.

At the end of the third week, in addition to working northward from the south end of town during the daytime, he went out evenings, beginning at Forty-second Street and Tenth Avenue and working southward. Thus, one evening on Thirty-ninth Street he saw a plump and swarthy lady alight from a cab and enter a rather shabby dwelling. He remembered the lady because she came to the bank every now and then to see Mr. Hotchkiss. Martin L. McMullen was not given to prying into his neighbors' private affairs, yet he had some natural curiosity, and several other evenings he went out of his way in order to walk past the dwelling the lady had entered.

There was a double attraction, because not far from the other end of Thirty-ninth Street—as he had learned from the newspapers—was the chief establishment of Mr. Barney Kahn, whose banknotes had been stolen at the Tweed Bank. Mr. Kahn, it appeared, was professionally and extensively engaged in gambling and politics. The newspapers sometimes said that, in addition to conducting a flourishing poolroom, he had an arrangement with the police by which he enjoyed control of all the gambling privileges in two or three wards.

July passed and August was passing. It was the latter part of that month and excessively hot. Perspiration trickled down McMullen's ruddy face and his feet had become very sore. Finishing one side of the street at a second-hand shop—where a young clerk in a very high, uncomfortable collar, who had supposed McMullen was going to buy something, crossly told him to go to the devil with his wall-eyed dog—he trudged across the hot cobblestones



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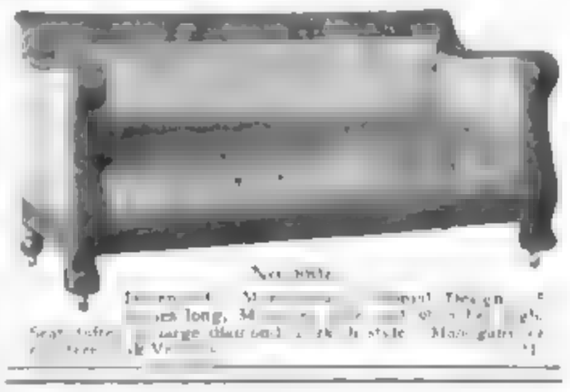

New style. [illegible] Design [illegible] long. [illegible] Seat [illegible] large diamond [illegible] style. Many [illegible] Velours [illegible]

The "Bull" Story on page 65

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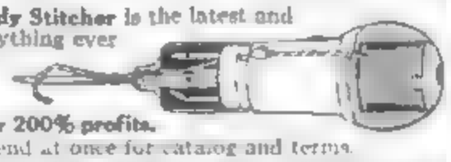

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under the elevated road and found himself in front of a brown-eyed young woman who was waiting for a street car.

He was deeply suspicious of strange women and secretly much afraid of them; but the heat of the day, the length of his quest and the young clerk's insolence made him desperate. He touched the brim of his hat and said quite sullenly:

"Excuse me, ma'am—but have you seen a wall-eyed Airedale dog?"

"A wall-eyed dog that looks as though he slept in a haystack?" the young woman replied with bright friendliness. "Why, I just passed one. There he is, sitting right there!" Turning, she pointed to a doorstep two rods down the cross street

McMullen's stout heart almost stopped beating. Even at that distance he instantly recognized the dog. And he was amazed—because he had intended to turn up the avenue; and if he hadn't questioned the young woman he would never have seen the dog, though it was, relatively speaking, right under his nose.

"Thankee, ma'am!" he gasped, and stumped rapidly down the cross street, the blood pumping in his neck.

The door in front of which the dog sat was surmounted by a sign that said, Family Entrance. As McMullen approached, the

McMullen Stepped Just Beyond the Door

beast eyed him with friendly expectation, then sprang up and turned to the door, wagging his tail. Plainly he wished to enter; and as Martin opened the door he bounded through.

It was dark inside as compared with the hot sunlight in the street; but McMullen saw the dog run across the room, sniff the leg of a man who lounged before a round table with some beer glasses on it and drop to the floor, with his nose on his paws, contented.

The man whose leg the dog sniffed was young, sandy-haired, snubnosed and of muscular appearance, while opposite him sat a nice-looking old gentleman with a pointed gray beard.

Again the detective's heart leaped. Had he not said from the beginning that to find the dog was to find the robbers? He had found the dog and here were the robbers—or two of them. In this emergency his presence of mind did not desert him. One look assured him the men were under his thumb and they had not seen him. Bending his head, he walked rapidly across to the swinging screen door which gave to the barroom and through that to the street.

Twenty minutes later he entered the office of Inspector Johns. Heedless of

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expense, he had come in a taxicab. Two months' constant wear had made ravages in the pepper-and-salt suit, which his thrifty needle had not repaired because, rising soon after dawn and retiring only when his legs were too weary for farther tramping, he had no time to bestow upon himself. Most days, indeed, he carried a piece of Bologna sausage and some crackers in his coat pocket, lunching upon them in any secluded spot he could find. The derby hat was faded a shade lighter and he limped. Yet a deep exultation possessed Martin L. McMullen.

"Well, sir," he said, standing at the corner of the inspector's desk, "I've got the men—the men that stole the deposit in the Tweed Bank," he added, as the officer seemed not to remember.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the inspector. "You don't mean you've been working on that case all this time?"

"Night and day, sir," said the detective, with dignity. "What's more, I've got the men! If you'll just send an officer with me right away," he suggested, a bit nervously—"before they have time to move ——"

For a moment the inspector stared blankly up at the thick-set figure by the desk. Then he demanded:

"How did you find them?"

Briefly and with modest pride—since the officer would have it that way—McMullen described his process. Inspector Johns' eyes grew wider and wider with amazement.

"Great Scott!" he murmured—"Great Scott! Two months' tramping the streets day and night—looking for a dog!"

"And I've found him, sir," McMullen reminded him. "I can lay my hands on two of the men in a minute if you'll just send an officer with me—the young man that stood in line and the old man that led in the dog; but we ought to be moving!"

"I suppose you mean young Butch and old Long Green Fergus," said the inspector, rather more to himself than to the caller. "Probably they're in Fatty Hogan's joint."

The detective then stared dazedly at the inspector and sank mechanically into a chair, with his mouth open.

"Hogan's the name on the sign," he admitted as he recovered breath; "but if you knew ——"

"Why, man alive!" said the inspector compassionately, "everybody knew who did that job six hours after it was done. It was big Bill Satterly and young Butch and old Fergus. Everybody knew that. Don't you see? It was just a kind of family row among the gamblers. Big Bill Satterly claimed that Barney Kahn double-crossed him on a gambling concession and he put up that job in the bank to get even. That's all—just a kind of family row among themselves."

"Why wasn't anybody arrested?" the detective gasped.

"Arrested!" the inspector retorted scornfully. "Of course big Bill knew Barney wouldn't dare to prosecute him. Big Bill knows too much about him. When a man's in that position he ain't keen to have anybody arrested. And you've been tramping——Great Scott! Great Scott!"

Martin L. McMullen stared into his faded derby hat, which he held firmly by the brim in both hands.

"Yes, sir," he said slowly; "I've been tramping, as you say." He paused and added: "I've been spending quite a bit of my own hard-earned money too." Again he paused, then suggested tentatively: "You'd 'a' thought, now, when I wrote to Mr. Hotchkiss—him knowing all about it ——"

"Between you and me," said the inspector humanely, "Hotchkiss is as big a crook as any of 'em. He ain't Barney Kahn's banker for nothing."

"Well, sir," the detective replied with deliberation, "I guess you're right. I'm obliged to you."

He returned to his boarding house and spent the remainder of the day in thought. At one point in his cogitation he took from a bureau drawer the carefully preserved copy of his letter to Mr. Hotchkiss and read it over. He recalled the countless miles he had tramped since that message was penned and the money he had spent. Certainly it seemed that Mr. Hotchkiss had not treated him well.

Next morning he informed Mrs. Mulloney that he had decided to remove to Wisconsin, as his brother had often advised him to do; and during the day he carefully packed his belongings.

That evening he went out directly after eight o'clock, returning at midnight. At breakfast, when Mrs. Mulloney asked what time he would leave, he replied that he could hardly tell, but hoped to get away in a day or two. Next evening again he went out directly after eight, returning at midnight.

The third evening, about nine o'clock, as he stood on the curb in Thirty-ninth Street, he saw a familiar figure mount the steps opposite and enter a shabby house by means of a latchkey. Waiting a few minutes, he crossed the street, climbed the iron steps and rang the bell. A maid suspiciously opened the door three inches.

Touching the brim of his derby hat respectfully, McMullen addressed her:

"I have a message for Mr. Hotchkiss. It's very important. It's from Mr. Lamson, vice-president of the Tweed Bank." As the maid hesitated, he added: "Mr. Lamson told me to deliver it personally, without losing a minute, ma'am."

"I'll tell him," said the maid, rather reluctantly admitting him to the dimly lighted hall. As she disappeared through the door to the right, McMullen stepped just beyond the door, so that a person entering by it would be well within the hall before seeing him.

For three days thereafter Mr. Hotchkiss did not appear at the Tweed Bank. It was said he was indisposed. When he did appear—on the fourth day—large yellowish discolorations surrounded both eyes. Three of his front teeth were missing. His lips were comically swollen and his nose was bandaged. He said he slipped in the bathroom and fell, striking his face on the edge of the tub. Among the accumulated letters on his desk was the following:

HONORABLE ANDREW P. HOTCHKISS,
Tweed Bank, City.

Dear Sir: Referring to my letter of June twenty-sixth, will state I have been trailing a dog and have landed him! Very respectfully yours,
MARTIN L. MCMULLEN.

P. S. I leave this morning for Wisconsin.

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THE most powerful light in America is housed on a promontory near Sandy Hook, two hundred and fifty feet above the beach, where it acts as a safeguard to all ships entering or leaving the harbor of New York. It is called Navesink Light, and is of ninety-five million candle-power—nearly one candle for each inhabitant of the United States! At fifteen or twenty miles its flash is as pointed and brilliant as a star. On a perfectly clear night its shaft of light can be seen one hundred miles at sea. When it was erected it was operated at twice its present candle-power; but ocean pilots objected to its strength, saying that so amazing an electric flash actually blinded them and interfered with their work! Uncle Sam heard the prayer of the pilots and turned down his pet lamp to ninety-five million candle-power.

The amount of oil consumed by the engine that provides the power for the light is only one gallon and seven-eighths an hour. That is the astonishing thing to the unscientific visitor—the comparatively small expense and effort required to maintain so great a light. There are two fair-sized dynamos and two oil engines—one set is always kept in reserve. Of course the tremendous candle-power is developed by means of a great lens, made in France. The lens weighs seven tons and a half, is seven inches thick and rests in mercury. It is revolved with ease.

The keeper is Robert A. Bishop—a thoroughbred Yankee engineer and mechanic, born in New Haven, Connecticut, near which city he and his brothers own a six-hundred-acre farm, which has been in the family since 1639. A steady man is Mr. Bishop. He has three assistant engineers and mechanics, who take turns from sunset to sunrise; but an electric bell is placed at Mr. Bishop's bedside to call him out at the least sign of trouble. He sleeps at night and works in the daytime at the task of keeping the mechanism in perfect order, and he carries the responsibility all the time. The light was put up in 1898, and Bishop has always been the keeper. In his youth he was a locomotive engineer on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad—on fast express trains. He became acquainted with Admiral Schley—and Admiral Schley selected him for his present job.

A New Idea in Comfort!

In One Year

The Patented Klosed-Krotch Union Suit

has revolutionized the union suit business. And no wonder! Absolute comfort to the wearer is assured. Men who have heretofore objected to union suits because of the disadvantages of the old-fashioned open crotch and gaping seat are now wearing with comfort the new

Klosed-Krotch

(Patented)

Union Suit

With the seat opening running down into one leg

Wearers of union suits no longer have to put up with the discomforts of the open crotch, for these suits are made with the crotch closed like a pair of drawers. No open edges running through the crotch to draw or cut, because the seat opening runs down into one leg. The opening down the front of the body is entirely separate from the opening in the seat. The gusset is woven into the garment, assuring absolute comfort at every point. No gaping open; no binding or chafing; no buttons between the legs.

Study the illustrations. Note the convenience of the closing flap. The single button is out of the way—no danger of sitting upon it. This flap never gaps open or rolls into uncomfortable folds even if it is unbuttoned. The patented construction keeps it smooth and snug in every position of the body.

The time to buy your Summer underwear is NOW. The kind to buy is the comfort-giving patented **Klosed-Krotch** Union Suits.

They are knitted from the finest yarn with special cable twist. Sturdy, soft and elastic. Every seam is double-sewed with lock-stitch so it cannot rip open. All weights, wool and cotton, and all sizes, proportioned to fit everybody. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to the originators and patentees for booklet:

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Men's Klosed-Krotch Spring Needle Knit Union Suits

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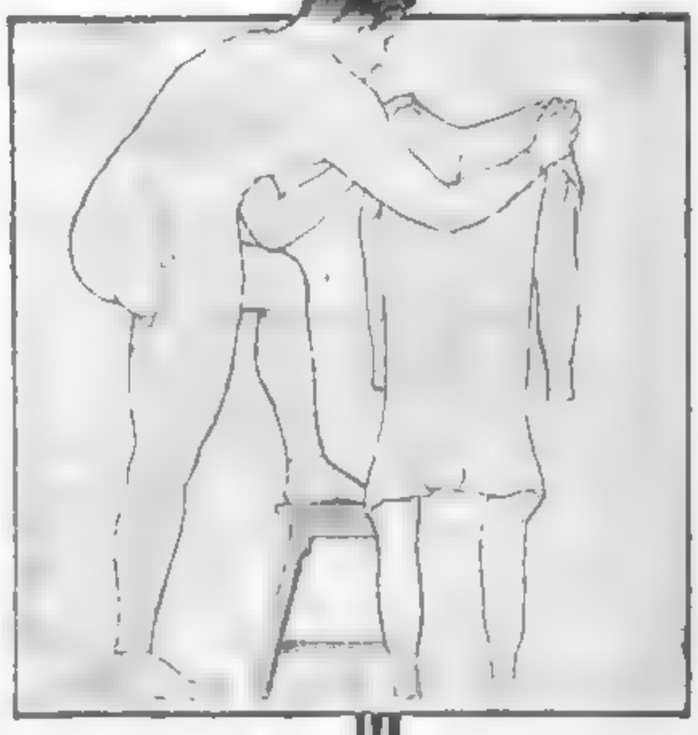
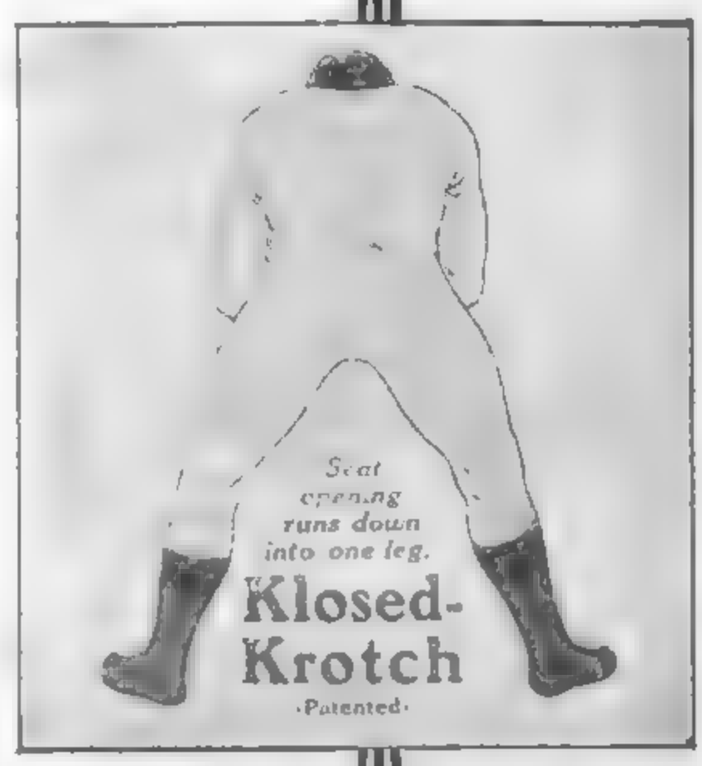
Made in nainsook linen and silk—knee lengths—for the most exacting men's trade. Across the back is a knitted band that prevents the shoulders from binding and gives perfect ease to the garment. The Klosed-Krotch gusset is knitted and elastic, and cannot possibly bind in any position. At the same time it gives adequate support and comfort. Ask your dealer to show you the Goodknit Athletic Union Suit and look for the label.





Cooper Underwear Co., Kenosha, Wis.

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are the works of artists of reputation. Each is perfect of its kind, and many of your kind are included. The only way to get all the enjoyment possible out of your Edison Phonograph is to keep in touch with the Edison Records. Look over this list, check the ones that appeal to you and ask your dealer to let you hear them.

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993 . . . Lucile Mayo
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995 My . . . Stella Mayhew and Chorus
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997 Your Own Dear Kiss . . . Spencer
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Good Night, Mr. Moon . . . Campbell and Gillette
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WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY, Dept. 214, Detroit, Mich.

THE STUFF THAT STARS ARE MADE OF

(Continued from Page 10)

their minds off the series—and to get the proper mental poise for the battles that were to come. Well, my remarks to the crowd did it. Immediately the players threw off their gloom and became a merry bunch. They laughed at the cracks made at them, kidded the crowd with remarks like this: "All right. Be happy while you can. Your joy won't last long."

Never have I seen a squad of ballplayers enjoy themselves more than did my men on their ride to the station. Instead of having lost an important series, you would have thought they had the pennant cinched. We went to St. Louis and won every game, and then kept up our winning streak. And when we returned to Detroit on the next trip we were in the lead, never to be headed! I firmly believe that that little episode I have related was the turning-point in the championship race of 1911.

Though the manager should impress upon his players, first of all, that they ought to win—that they have something "on" their rivals—that they must win—nevertheless they must also understand how fatal it is to take defeat so much to heart as to affect their playing.

Playing Baseball With the Pen

I have read baseball articles in the magazines that made my head swim. They were supposedly written by baseball experts. But they were fiction, not fact—just plain baseball "dope," to use a slang expression. Some of these highly imaginative articles are so scientific that they take baseball out of the realm of sport and into the dry tomes of higher mathematics and physics. To apply these advertised principles, the manager with a common-school education would have to hold a post-graduate degree from a big university, and know as much psychology as the learned lads who can tell what a man thinks without so much as a bowing acquaintance. I've read in this fiction how the throws and the steals are timed to the fraction of a second. It makes good reading—if you like that sort of thing—but it makes the baseball man laugh. Why, just to have a little fun we tried some of the formulas set down and diagrammed in one of these remarkable articles—tried them with a stop-watch. And if the average star plays at the speed laid down as a general rule, the Athletics must be a bunch of human lumber-wagons.

However, scientific baseball isn't as simple as A, B, C. There's something besides hit the ball, stop the ball, throw the ball—"you're out!" In both departments of the game—the offensive and the defensive—careful planning has to be done. You not only must be on the lookout for the unexpected, but you must be prepared to pull off the unexpected on the other fellows. It might be called "out-guessing 'em." We call it "crossing 'em." You must break up your opponents' plays, and unexpected by your rivals you must pull off your own plays. Some idea of what this means can be gained by referring to one play only—the hardest play a team must meet on the defensive. This play occurs when the other side has a runner on first base and a runner on third, with nobody out.

Now consider for a moment the factors in this situation: First, there is the runner on third—is he a fast man or a slow man? Does he take every chance to score or does he try to come home only once in a while? Second, there is the runner on first—is he fast or slow? Third, there is the batter—is he a good hitter or a weak hitter? Fourth, there is your own pitcher—is he twirling airtight ball? Fifth, there is the score of the game when the situation arises—perhaps one run needed for your opponents to tie or a single run for them to win. Sixth, there is the period in the game—if in the seventh, eighth or ninth inning of a close game, the opposing team will naturally take more chances.

We have to plan ahead to cope with this situation—not as a general play, but as a particular play to be made against varying combinations, in which the base-runners and the batter must be specially considered.

The average team, perhaps, would make the defensive play in this situation in the following manner: The catcher signs the pitcher for a wide ball. The runner on first starts for second. The catcher throws for the second bag. The second baseman runs in to a point in front of the second base to intercept the catcher's throw in case the man on third starts for home. But the man on third does not start for home, and the second baseman lets the ball go through to the shortstop, who is covering second. His business is to tag the man stealing second base.

Here arises a complication: The man running from first stops in the path before he reaches second. The other base-runner edges off third, but does not break for the plate. Then the shortstop and the first baseman must run their man down between them, at the same time holding the runner on third. If there is a mix-up in pocketing the base-runner between first and second then of course the man on third scores, and he may try to get home in any case. He makes his dash for the plate when the ball is in the hands of that fielder who does not throw accurately: thus he gets the benefit of a poor throw home. The fault with this plan of defense lies in the necessity of running the man down between first and second, and so giving a possible opportunity for a run to be scored.

The Athletics may break up this play in the following way. Our catcher signals the pitcher for a "waste" ball—that is, a pitched ball which the batter cannot hit. Our first baseman gets this signal, and if the man on first starts toward second McInnis follows him down the path. Collins, who can watch the runner on third, runs in to intercept the throw in case the man starts home. But the man does not start, let us say, so Collins lets the catcher's throw go through to Barry. The man running from first base stops, but McInnis is right on his heels, and Barry makes a quick throw to McInnis, who slaps the ball on the base-runner. The man is out and the base-runner is held on third. That's the way we do it—sometimes.

The Sessions of the Strategy Board

Obviously, this planning cannot be made in spring practice, or at odd times when rain prevents the playing of a game. It must be done continually to be of real value, and also to afford baseball schooling for the young members of the squad. Three years ago I became convinced that it would be a great idea to get the players together often and spend a little time discussing the best way of making plays and mapping out campaigns for the games to come. After considering the matter with a few of our experienced players we decided that we would have a meeting every morning, at which we would talk over freely and frankly the plays that were made the day before, and lay our plans for the afternoon's game. This we have been doing ever since, and there is no doubt in the minds of our players and of myself that we have been greatly benefited by these meetings. You might call them the sessions of the strategy board; but this board is not merely a few "head coaches," but includes every member of the club, substitute as well as regular, and every one is encouraged to speak his mind. Many a player, sometime or other during the season, may make a suggestion that seems ridiculous, but there is no criticism of the player. He isn't laughed down. On the contrary, his suggestion is treated seriously—just as seriously as if he had hit on a play that would greatly benefit the team. All this encourages individual thinking, keeps the players keenly interested in their work, makes for harmony and a mutual understanding, and creates enthusiasm.

That's the general idea in the meetings of our "concern," and the particular idea is to determine on the plan of campaign for the next battle.

We were playing a team last season at a time when we needed one game badly. The pennant race was at its hottest. The team wasn't one of the leaders, but on its staff was a pitcher who had always given us a lot of trouble. That day the session of the strategy board lasted a little longer than usual, and many suggestions were made as to the best way of beating the

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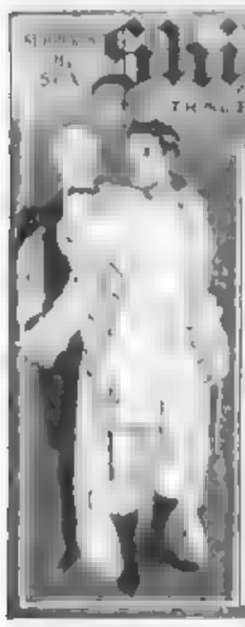

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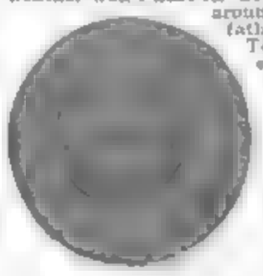

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If yours hasn't, send us 25c and the store's name and we will send a ball [illegible]

Agents wanted in your neighborhood
Write us for particulars.

F. E. Chester & Co., 3 Pine St., Providence, R. I.

team that afternoon with its star pitcher on the slab. At last we agreed upon the style of game that we should play, win or lose—but we intended to win.

As it happened, the opposing pitcher was in grand form. During the first five or six innings we could do nothing with his delivery, and when the eighth inning began we had not scored a run. But neither had the other side. With one out, our second man up made a two-base hit. Our next man played the game according to the plans adopted by the strategy board, but not according to the accepted theory of baseball. The science of the game demanded that he try to hit the ball on the nose—to bunt was not in line with baseball Hoyle; because, if the opposing team fielded perfectly, there would be a runner on third and two out. Then only a perfect hit could score a run. But our plans were not "according to Hoyle." To the surprise of our opponents, the batter laid down a perfect bunt and was off like a flash for first. The pitcher fielded the ball, glanced toward third, saw that he couldn't catch the base-runner and threw to first—heaving over the first baseman's head! Before the ball could be recovered the batter had reached third, and one run was across the plate. The score was now 1 to 0 in our favor.

This one-run lead looked pretty big, especially to the pitcher who had done such wonderful work against us up to this inning. Another run might cinch the game, so the infielders played in, but they were expecting our next batter to try for a hit. Again, according to plans, the batter dumped the ball in front of the plate. Both the pitcher and the catcher went after it; then followed this comedy of errors: Pitcher stops, thinking the catcher will field the ball and not wishing to interfere with him. Catcher sees the man coming in from third, turns and starts to cover the plate. Pitcher starts again for the ball, scoops it up and tosses wildly for the plate. Ball, catcher and base-runner reach the plate at one and the same time—ball eludes catcher—runner safe!

Sheer Luck to the Rescue

The next two men were easily retired. Our opponents scored one run in their half of the inning, but the game ended with the score 2 to 1 in our favor. Now there is no doubt in my mind that, had our plans not been laid in the morning and the style of game to beat the pitcher agreed upon—and carried out—the chances are we should have lost this game. But sometimes the best-laid plans go wrong. One of the battles with the Giants in the world's series affords an illustration.

The score was nothing to nothing, not a man was out and Barry was on second. According to accepted baseball science, chances were a hundred to one that our next batter would bunt, thus putting Barry on third, from which base a fly to the outfield would have scored him. Doyle, the Giants' second baseman, was playing out of position and over toward first in order to cover the bag when the expected bunt was fielded. But Lapp, who was at bat, hit the ball on the nose. It was a line drive, ordinarily good for one, perhaps two, bases, and would have shot between the first and second basemen had they been playing in their positions. Instead, it went straight into Doyle's hands and he snapped the ball to second, retiring Barry before our fleet shortstop could get back to the bag.

Here was a case where we out-guessed our opponents—crossed 'em, as we say—but luck came to their rescue.

Before the manager, jostled and unnoticed by the crowd, elbows his way to the trolley car and goes back to the hotel, just a word about his own troubles. This particular manager failed in Pittsburgh—failed partly because the club-owners, good-intentioned men, successful in their regular business but knowing little about baseball, were continually interfering in the management of the club. This particular manager has met with some success in directing the Athletics largely because Mr. Shibe, the president of the club, has not interfered in the slightest way, but on the contrary has done everything to encourage the manager to build up a winning team. Further, success has come because this particular manager looks upon his job as the business of life, because he has tried to learn his business—and because he loves it.

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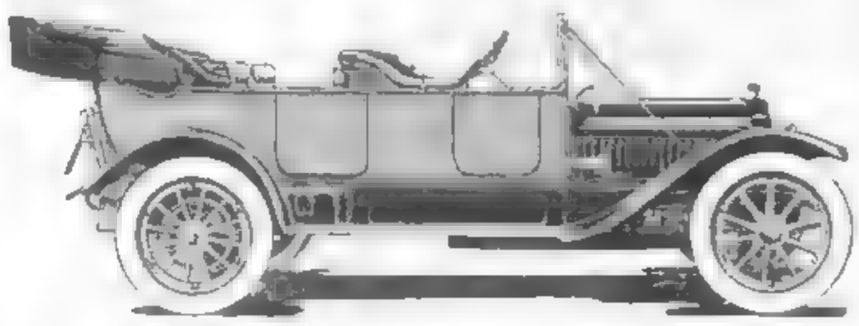

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"There isn't enough money in the world to buy my memories or mother's memories."

Since Music Came

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I'M GROWING YOUNG AGAIN. By day I may be a gray-haired, plodding, past-middle-aged man, a bit slow, a bit heavy, a bit stooped under the weight of business responsibility and worry, but when the evening comes and the lights are lit, then I'm my own man once more. I was growing sodden mentally; so was brother Bill—but Music has changed all that. Mother is not the sort to grow sodden, but she was growing thin and worn; and there was more white in her hair than I cared to see. The white is still there but it seems a beautiful white now, and Music has changed all the rest.

Brother Bill did it—big old Bill, older than I, grayer than I—and even more sodden than I was. Bill had our old piano carted away one day—the old piano that we never opened but still kept because it was hung about with memories. Bill traded the old piano for a new Pianola Piano—paying some cash to boot, of course, and then, one evening, Music came.

I wonder why it is that we three seem so brisk and keen at dinner every night. Is it because we no longer have to string out the little commonplaces through the entire evening and talk each other sick of them?

Now, after dinner, I go to my paper and cigar in the library with a wonderful sense of completeness—a very essence of the Home feeling again. About the time I'm at the last page, here comes old Bill emerging from his own private den, like a bear, hair on end, smoking jacket ash-besmeared, scuffing along in his house slippers. He heads straight for the piano, and at the first note, Mother slips in and I settle down in my chair and then switch off the reading light so that just the soft red light by the piano glows and tints in shaded outline, our old fashioned selves and our old fashioned things about.

I've always intended to watch sharp and see just when the white fades out of Mother's hair, but bless you, I never do. The Music HAS me and I've leaped back miles and miles, and years and years, and it is Spring, and I'm young again. I'm walking, walking on the springy dirt sidewalk on Maple Street and the big maple trees just let the moonlight through enough to dapple the path with silver.

"She is the darling of my heart
And she lives down in our alley."

That's it! How wonderful it sounds again and how wonderful it is to be alive and young! I am young and the fuel of red blood burns high in me. There's a spring in my legs that can vault a five

—"*and now she swings the melody into a deep, soft interlude*"

barred gate and I've a punch in either hand that can drop anyone of my weight in the valley.

* * * * "like the snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest" * *

All the thousand soft noises of the night melt into the whisper of the maple leaves overhead, a cricket chirps almost underfoot, that same old tree toad croaks in the Weeping Willow by Blanchard's Lane. The young frogs send a far faint chorus of treble notes from the mill-pond and way off yonder, a fool hound dog is chasing a fox over the ridge and giving tongue like a bell—fainter—fainter. There's a lift upward and an irresistible gladness in me for I'm going to meet Her, and she'll be waiting on the gravelled path by the Honeysuckle and we'll talk over for the hundredth time the great things we shall do together in the great world.

"Lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom"—

She's sitting at the old square piano and her brown head bends over the keys—the brown hair clusters just over the neck of her soft pink gown. I can just see her fingers float over the keys as I stand on the grass by the low porch and look through the tangle of Honeysuckle vines, through the deep window to the old fashioned parlor where she sits at the great square piano. And now she swings the melody into a deep, soft interlude—one of those old bits by the German masters which has the bigness of the Universe in its conception and its chords. There is the liquid joy of all Mother Nature's own birds in the clear trickling notes of it—there is the solemn anthem of night and its mystery in the softly crashing harmonies of its chords. I had not known that any human fingers could so faultlessly pluck the very essence of melody from any instrument. I stand there spellbound unwilling to miss a note, afraid to enter till the last chord sounds. Ah! there it is! that last splendid blending of tones, hanging clear in the air, a fairy memory after the actual sound has died away. And now I'll step in to where she sits at the piano and—but a change has come since the music ceased. Can it be she at the piano?

—"it's only old Bill"

No, it's only old Bill, Bill who can't play a note, who can't carry a tune, Bill, whose stiff heavy hands could never find the keys. It's only old Bill working some marvelous magic of Music with the Pianola. There he sits, nodding his shaggy head, hunching his big shoulders, his great square fingers moving the levers that bring the expression to the music that in a single instant wipes away all the years.

Of course, she isn't at the piano—it's only old Bill. There she sits in the rocking chair, just as she always sits at night and she has the old album with all the children's pictures in—what marvelous Mother-vision has come to her from old Bill's music?

I'd sell my business tomorrow for eighty thousand, but there isn't enough money in the world to buy my memories or Mother's memories. And I tell you, sir, that ten times what old Bill paid for that blessed instrument, couldn't take it from our home if we couldn't turn around and buy another the next day.

WE WANT YOU to hear the Pianola Piano—just to *hear* it. You may never buy one, but that isn't the point. You'll *talk*, you'll help to swell the great army of people extending clear around this world of ours, who think and speak of this wonderful new *home* piano, whenever and wherever music is mentioned.

It will be no trouble for you to hear one. We have a branch of our own, or a splendid store that represents us in practically *every city on the globe*. And if you don't know where to find one, write us and we will tell you where to go.

We would be glad to have you write us anyway, because we want you to hear the *real Pianola Piano*, not something you may think is like it.

The Aeolian Company *created* these instruments. We have spent more time and more money in perfecting them than all other manufacturers put together. And we have made the Pianola Piano so that every family can have one. We've taken five pianos—the best at their prices that are made—and put the real Pianola in them. This makes five real Pianola Pianos—the Steinway, the Weber, the Steck, the Wheelock and the Stuyvesant.

These instruments offer a very wide range of prices. Beginning at $550 they go up to the superb Steinway Grand Pianola Piano that costs $2000—the instrument *de luxe* of the piano world.

Then for those who want something even less expensive, we make the Technola Piano at $450—a splendid piano and a "player-action" that is better than any other action on the market, save only the Pianola.

Write us surely, if you are in any doubt whatever as to where you can find the real Pianola Piano, or the Technola Piano. You'll never know what these instruments can do—or what *you* can do with them, which is even more important—from hearing others. Practically every great musician alive today—and everyone of them knows the Pianola Piano—would tell you the same thing.

You must not think of us simply as the makers of the Pianola Piano, however. Great as this instrument is, this house has grown to a scope far beyond merely a manufacturing organization.

We make the Pianola, the Pianola Piano, five of the world's leading pianos in their respective grades, the Aeolian Orchestrelle and the magnificent Aeolian Pipe Organ. But more than this we have actually become

The Nation's Clearing House of the Piano Industry

Think of this:—The Pianola Piano is sold in every important city in the civilized world and in every Branch and Agency where it is sold a great host of regular pianos are constantly being taken back *in exchange*. These are *Used Pianos*, but of a new kind. The name is really a misnomer, because in a majority of cases they have *not been used*, or at least, used very little.

That is why they were traded in. Their owners could not play them, and wanted the Pianola Piano, or the Technola Piano, which *everyone* can play.

Here at the headquarters of the Aeolian Company, we keep a record of these pianos, furnished us by our agents or branch managers. From this record we make and publish a monthly bulletin containing hundreds upon hundreds of the names of well-known pianos, in perfect condition and priced far below their regular cost.

If you have a piano that you cannot play, or one which is unsatisfactory and want to replace it with a new piano or a Pianola Piano, we want you to write us and contribute its name to our Clearing House Bulletin. We can save you money on your new purchase, assure you the best quality that money can buy, and enable you to dispose of your old instrument to the best advantage.

Write us *today*. Let us tell you where to find the genuine Pianola Piano—we want you just to *hear* it. If you want the Bulletin of Exchanged Pianos, tell us and we will mail it free. Or if you have an old piano you want to dispose of, let us add its name to our records; it will cost you nothing whatever.

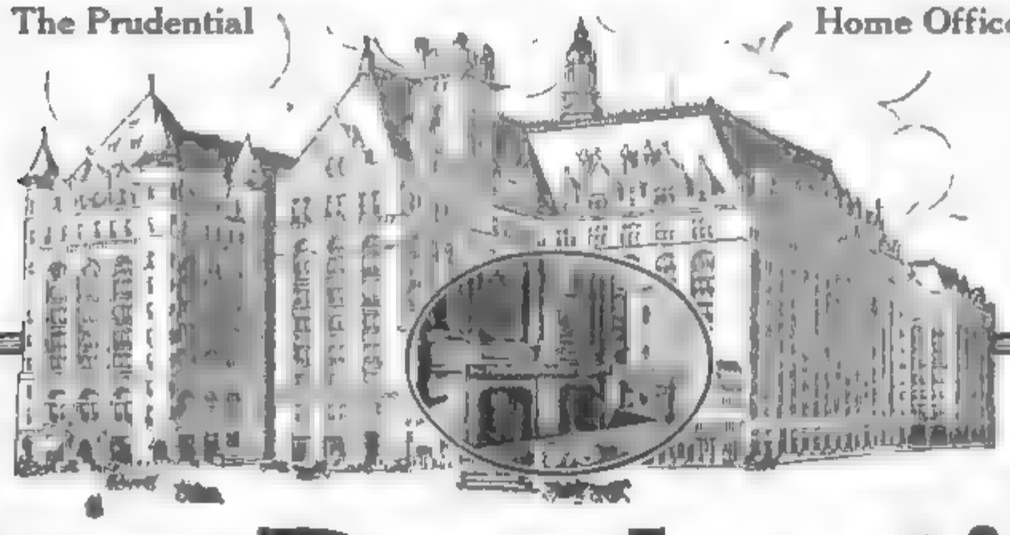
The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

CHICAGO	ST. LOUIS	CINCINNATI	INDIANAPOLIS	DAYTON	FORT WAYNE
408-10 S. Michigan Ave.	1004 Olive St.	25 W. 4th St.	237 N. Pennsylvania St.	131 W. 3rd St.	208 W. Berry St.

362 FIFTH AVE. Near 34th St. **THE AEOLIAN CO.** AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD

1875 The Prudential Home Offices 1912



The Prudential

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

GREATEST YEAR OF STRENGTH AND USEFULNESS
ANNUAL STATEMENT, DEC. 31, 1911

Assets, over	259 Million Dollars	Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1911, over	440 Million Dollars
Liabilities, nearly	241 Million Dollars	Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force, over	167 Million Dollars
Income in 1911, over	81 Million Dollars	Liabilities include Policy Dividends	29½ Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	18 Million Dollars	of which there is payable in 1912	4¾ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1911, over	27 Million Dollars		

Total Paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over 466 Million Dollars

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER - - 10 MILLIONS
PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER - - 2 BILLION DOLLARS

Number of Individual Claims Paid Since Organization . . . . . 1½ Million

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

For $ a Month

Name

Address

Occupation

My Age Is

Beneficiary's Age

Dept. 140

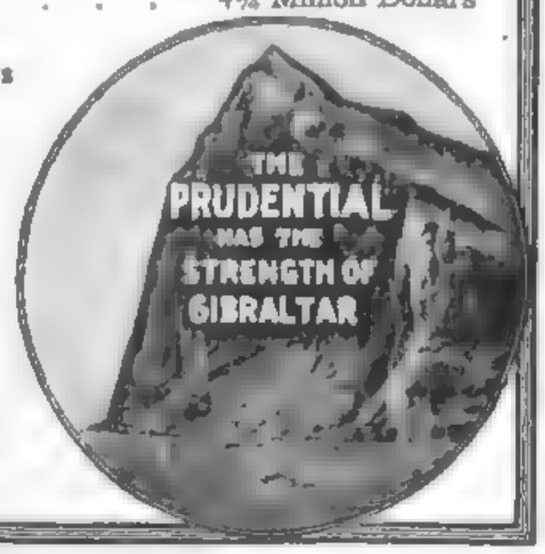
You and Yours Need This Protection

Send for particulars of the Prudential policy, providing a Guaranteed Monthly Income for yourself or wife. A life-long protection for your dear ones, or your own old age.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Forrest F. Dryden, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.



Bachelors' Friend HOSIERY

TRADE MARK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A pair of these stockings weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce. They are the new summer weight Bachelors' Friend—gauzy, elastic as silk. They are the lightest guaranteed hosiery on the market today. Yet so strong we *can* and *do* guarantee that six pairs will wear six months.

See the heel and foot reinforcement. The yarn costs $1.40 a pound. French welt. Toe looped on two-thread looping machine.

Men who want the best wearing, most comfortable cotton stocking on the market are demanding this stocking, behind which are 100 years of manufacturing experience.

We do not sell direct. But if no dealer in your town has them, we will see that you have an introductory lot, if you will send us money order covering the amount. Charges prepaid.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

BALTIC—a notch collar with ample space for cravat Easy to put on or take off. Stays closed in front, yet permits the wearing of a large knot cravat

$1.50 a dozen

WHEN you buy an Arrow Shirt you know in advance that the color is fast, the style right, the garment well made, the fit perfect

$1.50 and $2.00

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 RIVER ST., TROY, N. Y.
SEND FOR BOOKLETS

THE INNER SECRETS OF A SALESMAN'S RISE

(Continued from Page 20)

lies in finding those markets and the ways to reach them, even though the task of doing so should rub off every bit of polish that has been lathered on and soaked in with such painstaking effort.

"In another part of the South I was instrumental in bringing about the establishment of a steamboat line between an isolated Gulf section and a city of some size, so that manufacturing interests might develop—and, of course, the sale of oils along with them.

"It was the broadest sort of salesmanship on which I was now engaged, and the training in this direction gave me a new viewpoint over the whole problem of marketing goods. I learned to plan far ahead—to analyze the future and decide just where to get our wedges in, even though we weren't ready to use the mallet on those wedges. I was now far busier than my old acquaintance, Riggs, ever was, with all his side lines. There was no waste time; every hour not devoted directly to selling oil was devoted to plans for selling it.

"In a way I was a promoter in those days as well as a salesman. I believe the art of promoting markets is a feature of salesmanship largely overlooked. The keen, wideawake salesman is always alert for a 'wedge crack,' as a shrewd old friend of mine used to call it. Even when I was a grocery salesman I was on the watch for such chances. For example, I once said to an enterprising grocery clerk:

"'Jim, there's a great opening for a high-class grocery over at Burgville—fine district, first-class customers and no grocery within a mile. If you want to get into business on the ground floor that's your chance.'

"Jim had some money and was able to raise a little more, and it was easy to induce a Burgville investor to put up a building. Jim went into business and built up a fine trade; and you may be sure I sold him the bulk of his goods. That's what I mean by a 'wedge crack.' It was a place to crowd in a selling wedge and hammer it home very quickly.

"However, I never realized the opportunities in this direction, or the way a big and thoroughly enterprising concern works, until I got out for that oil company. If I'd had the same viewpoint while I was selling groceries perhaps I'd have stayed in that line. I can look back now and see wonderful possibilities that I only half worked. I wasn't so much to blame myself; the sales manager and the members of the X. and Y. firm weren't alert to their chances."

Sowing Seed for Future Business

"These oil people were different. They looked ahead into future years; they foresaw their markets and bent every energy toward developing them. As I went about among the manufacturers I scattered an immense quantity of seed that propagated and grew into business for my house. I was a sort of colonist agent. I knew where all the opportunities lay; where manufacturing chances were beckoning; where the pitfalls were concealed. I was a moving spirit in the establishment of boards of trade and manufacturers' organizations; as a press agent for oil I engineered all sorts of schemes to draw attention from the North. I was a frequent speaker at business men's dinners and meetings; and I found that the art of public speaking—without any attempt at oratory—was a very valuable adjunct to salesmanship. I cannot recommend it too strongly to every salesman, no matter what his line. A clam never yet drove a circus wagon.

"Through these methods I established a very large acquaintance and made a prestige for my firm that was permanent. My advice was constantly sought—and commonly taken. I remained with the oil company for ten years and during that time my territory developed wonderfully. There were many districts where we sold large quantities of goods monthly that had been absolute voids when I took hold. Of course I don't claim credit for all the development, but I do say that I influenced a lot of it and that I always had a bunch of wedges ready—and a variety of beetles. Sometimes I tapped the wedge lightly; sometimes I hit it a crack with a sledge-hammer.

"One day I received a telegram from a large machinery house, asking me to come to New York at once on a very important matter. I was about to leave Atlanta for Texas, but I caught a train the other way instead. In New York I was offered a salesman's position at nine thousand dollars a year. I was receiving at that time seven thousand from the oil company, and I could have stayed at nine thousand; but I saw a bigger opportunity in machinery. Subsequent events proved, too, that my choice was wise. I believe that men as a rule are too timid about making such changes. Many a man wears twenty-five-cent neckties when he might afford two-dollar silk ones if he had the nerve to quit a 'sure thing.' The men who get high salaries are commonly those who have had broad experience and held jobs with different concerns. Yet I wouldn't advise any man to make a change unless he has confidence in himself. The way to cultivate confidence is to do things that count. Then you can look your employer in the eye and let him understand you're not bluffing when you talk about quitting. I never did believe in bluffing. The only time I ever put up a good stiff bluff was on one occasion at poker—and I was called, good and proper!"

The Salesman as Critic

"During those ten years I had learned a lot about machinery and factories, for I had been in touch with them constantly and with machinery salesmen; but I hadn't fully realized the difficulties I should be up against. The competition I now encountered was something pathetic.

"Yet here, too, were the same underlying principles of salesmanship. The goods, of course, were the first consideration. My long experience as a disinterested observer gave me exceptional advantages. I knew what the factory owners really thought of the different makes of machines. During all those years I had watched results and grown familiar with machinery troubles. Most salesmen become more or less warped when they handle one line of goods for a long time. Put an oak plank out in the sun and let it lie there for a year, and see what happens to it. I have seen a square chunk of oak so changed by the action of the elements that it became a mere shapeless lump. I have seen salesmen's judgment deformed in the same way.

"The keen salesman will guard himself against such a fate—which means certain failure. When a man gets where he cannot see wherein his own goods are inferior to his competitor's it is time to retire him to the home for superannuated salesmen, with a gruel diet.

"So now I had an accurate knowledge of the deficiencies in the machinery I was to handle; and the first thing I did was to open up a broadside on the manufacturing end of the business. It might have seemed odd that the house should pay me nine thousand dollars a year to roast the factory. Those factory fellows were pretty sore at me, I can tell you, and we had it hot and heavy for several months. Once or twice the conflict between the selling and manufacturing departments assumed a spectacular aspect and I almost thought my fine job would go glimmering; but when a man is prepared to sacrifice nine thousand a year on his convictions, his sincerity ought to be taken for granted. It ought to be apparent that he is working for the interests of his house.

"I won out. One by one the house corrected the faults upon which I had thrown the limelight; moreover, we immensely strengthened our laboratory and experimental department, gave employment to a double force of research workers and inventors, and took every measure possible to keep our product up to high standards and to make the business progressive.

"I think that my dissection of our product did more to give our sales a new impetus than anything that could have happened. This had not been contemplated when I was hired. The management had supposed that I would start out merely as a man with original selling ideas,

We Wash and Scour Every Kernel of Wheat Used for OCCIDENT Flour

IN the first place we get the choice of the best wheat in the world. Next we clean it as thoroughly as the most modern separators can clean. Then we wash and scour *every kernel* with special machinery, until the smallest trace of dirt and wheat hair is removed.

The Guaranteed

OCCIDENT FLOUR

After the wheat starts upon its "mile of milling and refining" the milling and purifying processes employed are more extensive than in any other mills in the world.

Such exacting standards of cleaning and milling make OCCIDENT Flour cost a little more in the bag. Yet it goes further, makes more loaves to the sack bread that looks better, tastes better, stays moist and sweet longer, and most important -every loaf of bread made from OCCIDENT Flour contains the greatest amount of food value and is *absolutely clean*. This perfect cleanliness, purity and wholesomeness can't be had at the price you pay for ordinary flour.

Ask your grocer to deliver a trial sack. In every sack is our written Money-Back Guarantee. If OCCIDENT fails to please you better than any other flour you have ever used, your money will be refunded without argument.

Every housewife should send for our Free booklet "Better Baking."

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING COMPANY
Minneapolis - U. S. A.

Costs More-Worth It

1912 It's A Yale Year

Always a leader, the Yale today is especially prominent because it has the maximum of real 1912 improvements. Some of these may be had in the Yale only; no other motorcycle can give you all of them.

Study This Long List Of Good Things

More drop forgings than any other motorcycle—the Y-A Shock Absorber that Absorbs the Shock," 2¼ in Studded Tires, Auto Fender Mud Guards, Eclipse Free Engine Clutch, Full High Forks, Eccentric Yoke, Triple Anchored Handle-Bars, Muffler Cut-Out, comfortable saddle position and Mechanical Oiler on Twins.

Your 1912 literature, describing the four new Yale models 4 H. P. to 7 H. P. Twin, is ready—ask for it.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

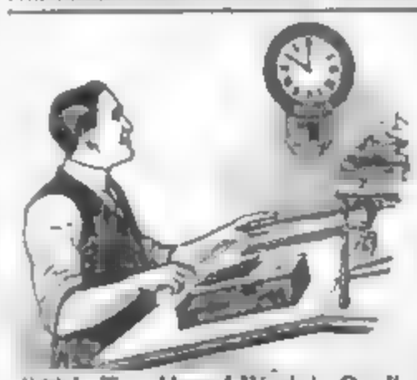
"Handy as a Pocket in a Shirt"

Everybody has to "pry into things" occasionally and when they do they need Bonner's Household Utility Tool to help. It has the combined virtues of a tack hammer, nail puller, crate opener and ice pick; and, besides, does a score of odd jobs that can't be catalogued.

BONNER
HOUSEHOLD UTILITY TOOL

is a sturdy little helper, of fine quality steel and well tempered. Drop forged and nickel-plated. Every well-organized household needs one. [illegible] Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will send tool, prepaid, upon receipt of price. If not as represented, send it back and we will refund your money. Booklet free.

C. E. BONNER MFG. COMPANY, Champaign, Ill.
Also makers of Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench and other "special purpose" Tools.



"Ah!—Two Hours' Work in One"

Comptometer

ADDS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

A Square Deal for the Bookkeeper

What chance have you to become a motive force in the business as long as your brain is chained to the rutting routine of figure work?

Save your time and mental energy for the real problems of office management—initiative effort—something worth while.

Let the Comptometer do the machine work—use your head for something better.

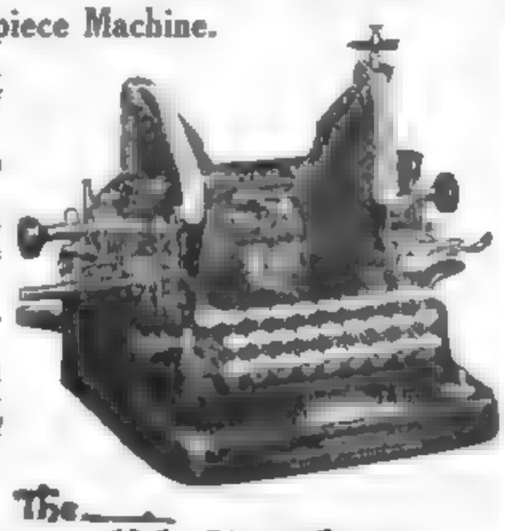
By simply pressing the keys—no other motion—all your additions, multiplications, divisions, subtractions are made with the Comptometer. Handles fractions as easily as whole numbers. Makes figuring of every kind what it should be—a purely mechanical operation.

Write for our booklet "Rapid Mechanical Calculation;" or the machine itself on free trial, prepaid U. S. or Canada.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1709 North Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

The Inner Secrets of Oliver Durability

The Things You Don't See—That Are Hidden Beneath the Enamel and Nickel of This Masterpiece Machine.



The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Typewriter

Millions have marveled at the extreme *durability*—the wonderful *wear-resisting* qualities of The Oliver Typewriter.

Now, for the first time in Oliver history, we take the public fully into our confidence.

In doing so, we reveal "shop secrets" which heretofore have been kept under lock and key in The Oliver Typewriter Works at Woodstock.

And some may say, when they learn the facts, that we are extremists—*fanatics*.

But they are mistaken. We simply surround with a thousand *safeguards*, the greatest writing machine of modern times, because it is *good business* to do so.

Our Special Steels

Our specifications for steels are so extremely exacting that only a few American steel mills can meet them. When these companies succeed in producing an ingot of the particular quality we use, they save it for us. We have a standing order for all they can offer. We carry a larger stock of this special steel than most of the large steel companies.

Our watch spring steel comes from Sweden; our music wire from Germany. There is no finer steel than that which goes into the Oliver.

The Hidden Bronze

No one would ever dream that many of the nickeled parts of The Oliver Typewriter are, in reality, *bronze*. Yet such is the case, and here's the reason:

The drive wheel axles of passenger locomotives withstand the terrific strain of shock and speed because they are imbedded in *bronze bearings*, yet even this bronze would not pass our simplest tests.

Such bronze has great wear-resistance and act[illegible] that for the steel. No typewriter can ever be [illegible] as a locomotive, but the application of the *same principle* of construction, where steel plays on bronze is one of the reasons for Oliver *durability*, only our special bronze is many times finer than that used for railroad service.

From Virgin Ingots

We lay under tribute the mines, near and far, where the finest metals are found, from which to make our special Oliver Bronze.

The tin in the original "pigs" comes from the interior of China.

The ingot copper comes from the Lake Superior mines.

The aluminum comes from England and is 99% pure.

The virgin spelter (zinc) comes from the world-famous Joplin district.

The Hidden Coat of Copper

Underneath the coatings of nickel or enamel that give to The Oliver Typewriter its beautiful, durable finish is *another* coat of *pure copper*. This unseen safeguard against rust explains why the machine holds its luster.

One of the lighthouse stations of the Mexican Government, in the Gulf of Mexico, with salt spray dashing around it, is equipped with Oliver Typewriters. No other typewriter could so long withstand this supreme test of rust-resisting qualities.

The Big Idea

The foregoing facts go far to explain the amazing success of The Oliver Typewriter.

Yet they deal with the *material* side of the question. They afford interesting *sidelights* on our methods of *manufacture*. But the *basic reason* for the supremacy of the machine is in the great central *idea* which has been wrought into enduring metal.

The Oliver U-Shaped Type-Bar, working in DOUBLE BEARINGS, which gives a positive downward stroke, insures utmost accuracy of alignment and absolutely perfect printing.

This revolutionary improvement brings to The Oliver Typewriter a brilliant array of advantages. It simplifies the machine by eliminating *several hundred parts* which other standard typewriters require. It gives greater *speed, versatility, endurance* and *ease of operation*.

Extra Quality Without Cost

We gladly pay a big premium for *quality*, yet the *price* of the machine is only $100.

You can even secure our newest Model Oliver Typewriter equipped with the famous *Printype* at the regular $100 price.

Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan is still in force. Particulars on request.

The multiplied perfections of the machine explain why Oliver agencies are in such great demand.

Send for our beautiful Catalog or ask for an actual demonstration of The Oliver Typewriter at your office or residence.

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 872 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago (180)

letting the factory take care of itself. Other salesmen had been doing this; but I showed the higher officials that the chief selling idea of all must lie in the goods. I have little patience with a salesman who will talk a customer's arm off to prove that black is white. Instead of arguing with the customer, he ought to get after the head of his house and demonstrate that black isn't white. If the head of the house can't see it, then there are other and better jobs awaiting the salesman.

"During my service as an oil salesman I had been impressed with many crude and bungling methods pursued in the majority of factories. Especially I had observed that most manufacturers gave little attention to the problem of grouping machines to the best advantage. This often necessitated the purchase of equipment that would not have been required under a more convenient layout. Now I saw a chance here to work in some original selling ideas.

"The first really big test of my machinery salesmanship came out on Puget Sound. A large factory was planned and I was sent there to get the order for our particular equipment—an easy thing to talk about!

"When I got there six or eight competing salesmen were already lined up—and as many more arrived shortly afterward. Most of us had come across the continent. Only one could get the order; all the other concerns must suffer rout. The whole thing looked like a fantastic proposition beside my little grocery job of former years. My salary of about twenty-five dollars a day went along seven days a week; so did my expense account of ten dollars a day. If I failed my house might be out a thousand dollars."

The Essence of Good Salesmanship

"With all those salesmen, each with his own arguments, it was no wonder that the owners of the new corporation were scarcely able to reach a decision. For my own part, I was pleased over the delay; in fact, I finally secured a promise from the president of the company that no contract would be signed before a given day, several weeks ahead.

"Meanwhile I was secretly busy on a radically different layout for the proposed plant. I did not pretend to be a mechanical engineer or draftsman; but ordinary horse-sense, coupled with a faculty for analyzing an idea, will sometimes accomplish more than mere technical skill minus the creative faculty. I am a firm believer in vivisection for the good of mankind. I let the doctors cut up the dogs and rabbits and monkeys; my own specialty is dissecting the living business.

"When I had worked out my idea I was able to show how the product of that factory could be routed through the various departments without a single backward movement, from the time the raw material entered the receiving room until the finished article was loaded on the cars. This effected a heavy percentage of saving in the handling cost, a considerable reduction in operating space, a greater capacity for output, and so on. Moreover, it reduced the machinery investment quite a bit. Some modifications in my own goods were necessitated, but nothing that presented a serious problem in mechanical engineering.

"This scheme I laid before the officers of the corporation in a private conference granted me while my competing friends tore their hair outside. It clinched the deal and my house got the contract. The details of this affair were never given out to the other salesmen. My general scheme was submitted by the new concern to competent technical authorities, who put it into engineering shape—and the factory was built accordingly.

"Afterward I became sales manager for my firm; but when the company was merged with another I elected to go on the road again at a much larger salary.

"So I want to urge on salesmen—I feel a deep fellowship for a craft so full of snares and illusions—the truth that salesmanship lies in getting under the skin of the customer in some way that really redounds to his benefit. Whether you approach him with the pianissimo stop on, or the tremolo gurgle going, or the forte pedal jammed down hard, makes little difference in the long run. Your success will be proportioned to the number of times you have really benefited him."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Smoke Talk No. 5

Half-brain power—

The man who is steeping himself in strong Havana tobacco during business hours is plugging along under half brain power. Too much of this means lessened efficiency. When you have brain work to do, smoke a mild cigar—part Havana, part domestic, the—

Bob^t Burns

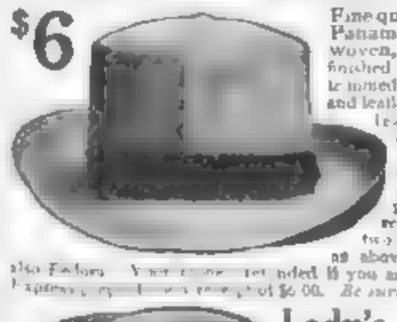
MILD 10c CIGAR

Made by STRAITON & STORM since 1857

Ask your Doctor

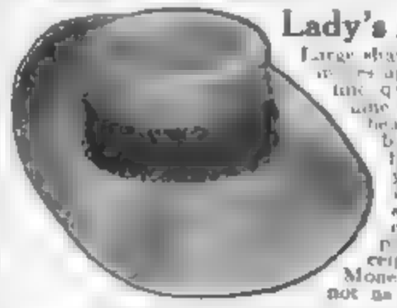
Genuine Panama Hats

$6



Fine quality genuine Panama. Closely woven, beautifully finished and bl[illegible] trimmed with silk band and leather sweat-band, [illegible] Would cost you $[illegible] retail. We [illegible] as above or telescope. Money refunded if you are not pleased. Parcel post prepaid on receipt of $6.00. *Be sure to state size.*

Lady's Panama



Large shape brims 4½ inches [illegible] fine quality genuine Panama [illegible] bleached white [illegible] braid. This hat [illegible] cost you $20.00 in [illegible] retail store. Sent express [illegible] prepaid receipt of $10.00. Money refunded if not as represented.

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
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Be cool and comfortable this summer. Wear

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"ADJUSTA-SLIDE" DRAWER

The *sanitary qualities* of linen.

Two piece garments, each, 50c
Union Suits, all styles $1.00

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"The Underwear that Won't Stick"

You may not understand *now* why the same men buy

Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear

year after year. Nothing in your experience with ordinary underwear can explain it.

But just try one season of Roxford—

the old fashioned balbriggan idea in the *modern styles* for Men and Boys—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book*

Roxford Knitting Co.
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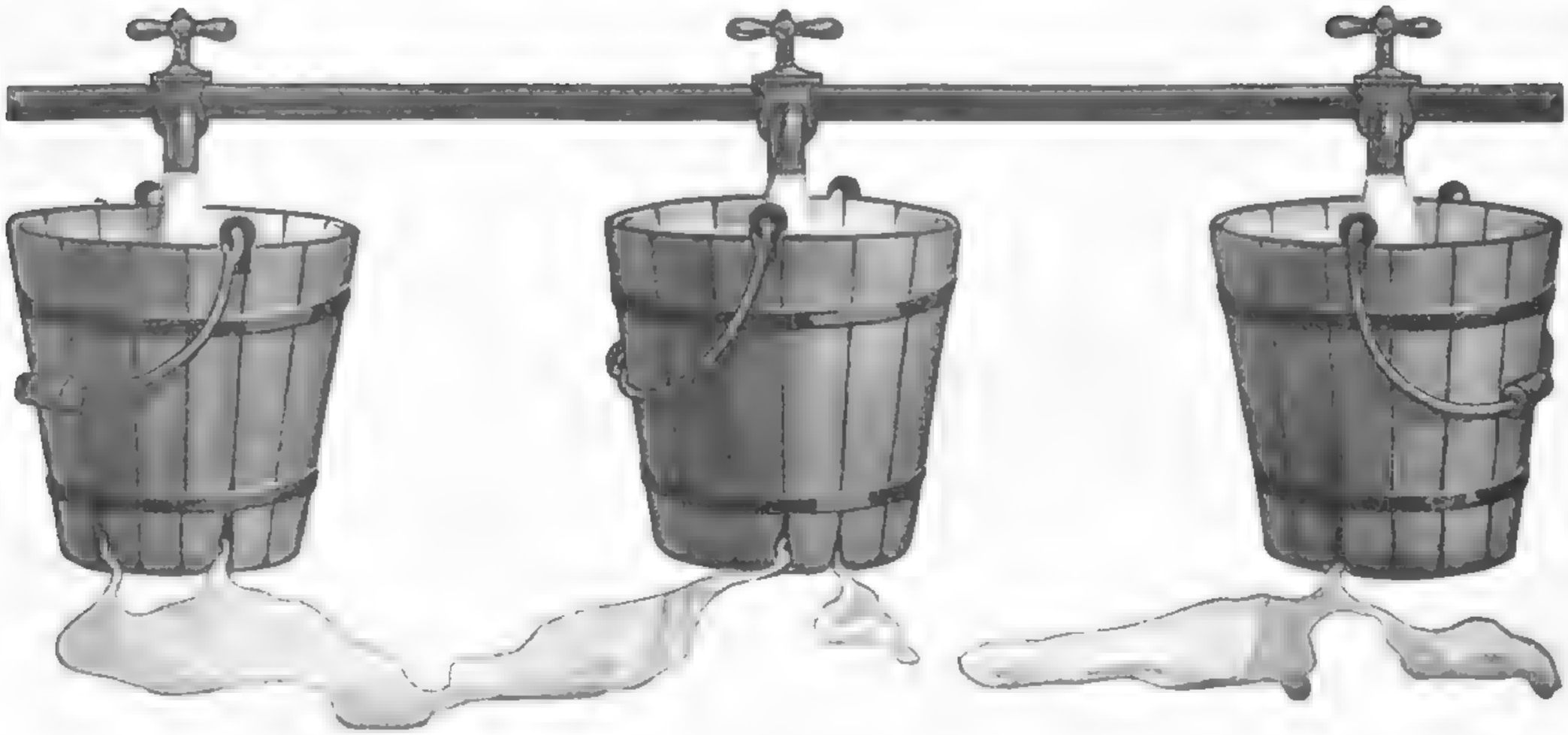

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Leaks in business are caused by carelessness, thoughtlessness, laziness, inaccuracy and temptation.

A National Cash Register stops these leaks and enables the merchant to get all his profits.

It forces the proprietor and employe to be accurate and careful.

It makes accurate, unchangeable records of every transaction occurring between buyer and seller.

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Of all your youthful charms, your *teeth alone* you may keep for life. Laughter of youth need not become the sunken smile of old age.

The most dreaded thief of teeth is "Acid Mouth." You are not aware of the quiet work of acidity until, the enamel weakened, the frayed ends of nerves are exposed. It is more than likely acidity is now working its way to your most delicate nerve. (Dentists say "Acid Mouth" causes nearly all decay.) But, though "Acid Mouth" assail your teeth, be not disheartened. Fight back with

PEBECO Tooth Paste

which had its origin in the desire of scientists to preserve teeth against acidity. The success of Pebeco in this is unquestioned. With Acid Test Papers, which we mail free, you can determine whether you have "Acid Mouth," and by the use of a trial tube of Pebeco prove that this dentifrice counteracts that acidity.

Send for 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers FREE

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Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in large 50c tubes. As only a small quantity is used at each brushing, it is very economical.

Pebeco points the way to a toothsome old age. If you want to start on that road today, write for the Trial Tube and Test Papers. Send your name and address to

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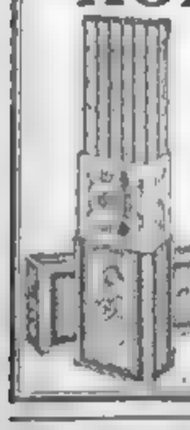

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1912 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money [illegible] Write at once for particulars and special offer.

NO MONEY REQUIRED [illegible] We ship to any one in the U. S. without a cent deposit, prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you can ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

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SECOND HAND BICYCLES [illegible] $3 to $8 each. [illegible]

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

(Continued from Page 18)

I arrived; but I had enough to get to a big Southwestern city some hundreds of miles north, and I went there. In a week or so I had a place as one of the assistants to the sporting editor of a morning paper. My part of the work was to look out for the amateur ball games and amateur sport of all kinds. I got twenty dollars a week. That place didn't last long. One of the peculiarities of the editor was to discharge the first man in on any morning when the opposition morning paper beat us on a big story. I didn't know that. One morning after I had been there a week or so I came whistling into the office about eleven o'clock. The editor was standing in the middle of the local room, with a crumpled copy of our paper in his hand.

"Get out!" he squeaked. "Get out! You're fired! Get out!"

"What for?" I asked in amazement.

"Don't stand there asking fool questions. You're fired, I tell you! Get out!"

And he stamped back to his room. I waited at the foot of the stairs until the sporting editor came along and then I told him of my experience. "By George!" he said, "I forgot to tell you about the old man. I'm sorry. Where do you expect to go now?"

The sporting editor fixed it so that I got the few dollars coming to me on my second week, and I walked over to the hotel and sat down in the lobby and thought bitter thoughts concerning the injustice of things in general and of that squeaky-voiced maniac of an editor in particular. That got me nowhere. Neither did my applications for work on the other papers. So I decided to go West.

The most convenient way to travel, I thought, was to travel light, so I sold my little stock of personal possessions to a second-hand dealer, keeping my best suit—I had two then—and bought a soft hat and a gray flannel shirt. I sold everything I had except a few handkerchiefs and a change of underwear. Then I visited the ticket scalpers. I found a ticket for eleven dollars that would take me a good long way toward the setting sun, and I bought it. That night I walked down to the office, shook my fist at the editor's room and took the train.

How I Barked for a Living

The town I landed in was a railroad center with two poor newspapers. They didn't want any men. I had about decided to try another trip and beat my way when I got a job as barker for a restaurant near the railroad station. My business was to stand outside the restaurant when trains came in and call the attention of the passengers who got off to the unrivaled collection of comestibles within at cheap prices.

I fixed up a fancy line of vocal allurement for the unsuspecting traveling public and was quite successful in getting them to come in. The proprietor told me I was the best barker he had ever had. Besides, my habits were good and I was always in shape to work. He saved good food for me and, although I was in hourly fear that some one I knew might come along and discover the predicament of a rising young journalist, I had a good time, a clean place to sleep and plenty to eat. Naturally I made friends with the regular customers. A good many of the conductors used to eat there. The town was a division point, and after a month or so the conductors knew me well enough to befriend me.

"Say, kid," said one of them, "what's your idea in standing out here and yelling your head off about this bum grub?"

"Why," I replied, "I've got to do something and this seems to be the only opening here for a bright young man like myself."

"How'd you like to go East?" he asked.

I told him I had come out there to grow up with the country, but, now that he had mentioned it, the East looked pretty good to me and I'd like to go that way better than anything I knew.

"All right," he said, "hop on my train when I go out tonight."

I hopped on, much to the displeasure of the proprietor of the restaurant, who told me I was ruining a promising career as a barker by quitting him in that way. I rode in state to the end of that conductor's run and he passed me on to the next conductor. This lasted all the way to Chicago, where I arrived sleek and well fed and with money in my pocket. Also I arrived in a sombrero and a pair of tan-colored boots that I had bought from a cowboy who was financially embarrassed at the moment of the sale and was willing to sacrifice these treasures for the wherewithal to procure rum.

There was a man whom I had known as a boy who kept a hotel in that town, and I hunted him up. He was glad to see me and extended the hospitalities of his place to me for as long as I cared to stay. I tried all the newspaper offices, but soon found that Chicago newspaper offices were different from those to which I had been accustomed. I got no farther than the dinky reception rooms in most of them, and had the most emphatic refusal of work from a man who, ten or fifteen years later, gave me a most important position. I rather expected to have no luck and I didn't care much. If worst came to worst I could get another job as barker in a restaurant, or waiter or assistant manager, for I had kept my eyes open and knew a lot of the tricks of cheap eating places.

Once in a while the boys on the old paper wrote to me. I had written to most of them from Chicago. One day I got a telegram from one of the boys on the old paper. "Come on," it read; "the chief says you can have a place on the local staff."

A Story With Hair on It

I went on that night, first disposing of my sombrero and tan-colored boots. I hated to do that, but I figured I wouldn't make much of a hit in the old local room in that rig. I knew that from the guying I got on the streets of Chicago. When I arrived the chief told me I could go to work, if I wanted to, for fifteen dollars a week. I grabbed that fifteen. And there I was back again where I started. He didn't know it, and I didn't tell him, but I would have taken ten.

There was a new city editor, a friend of mine and a fine chap. He gave me an opportunity. He handed me good assignments and I progressed rapidly. It wasn't long before I had the introductions to all the big stories and was allowed to write specials when nothing big was stirring. Still I had my troubles. One night about half past six I was sitting in the office, finishing some work. All the other boys had gone to dinner. The telephone bell rang. I answered the call, which was from the police station. The lieutenant said there had been a murder out in the eastern party of the city; that a woman had been found in the cellar of her house strangled, and that the coroner was just starting for the place.

I knew the coroner would have to drive past our office, so I left a note for the city editor telling him I was on the case and jumped downstairs. The coroner came by; I stopped him and he let me ride with him. We reached the scene of the murder in half an hour. The house was a story-and-a-half affair in an outside subdivision of the city, and the building nearest to it was a hundred yards away. The woman had been found by her husband—who was a tinner and had been working on a roof on the same street—when he returned for supper at six o'clock. She had been dragged to a corner of the cellar and strangled by a cloth flour-bag that was wound tightly round her neck.

It was a good story. I had a crack at it before the police got there, and I talked to everybody and got everything bearing on the case. Nobody had seen a man go in or out of the house, but it was apparent that the woman had been killed soon after dinner, for she had been washing that day and her clothes were still in the tub. The husband said she had left the clothes in the tub in order to prepare the dinner and then eat it with him. I discovered, or thought I discovered, that the husband and wife were not on good terms, and that was enough for me. I got back to the office about nine o'clock, bursting with the story, which was the most sensational murder we had had for some time. I told the city editor what I had and he shouted excitedly: "Write every darned line you can! You can have all the space in the paper. And put hair on it!" That meant to make the story sensational, which I was aching to do.

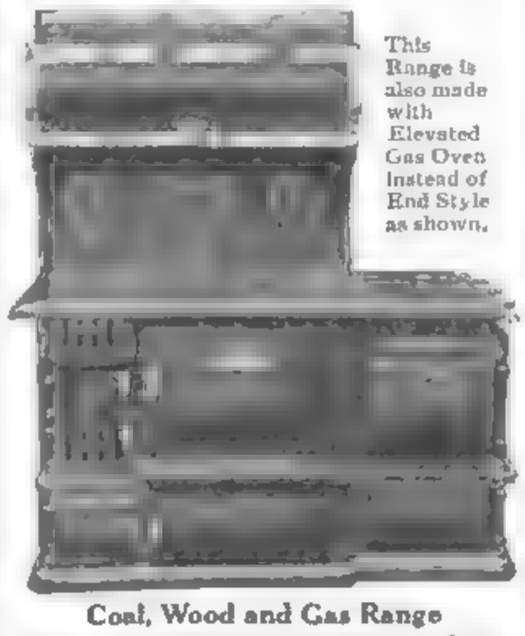
I sat down and went at it, always bearing in mind my instructions to liven it up, and

A Smooth Range

You can't help wanting a new Plain Cabinet Glenwood; it is so Smooth and easy to clean, no filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Style" applied to a range.

It Cooks and Bakes

to perfection and is equipped with every improvement for saving time and labor.



This Range is also made with Elevated Gas Oven instead of End Style as shown.

Coal, Wood and Gas Range

If gas is not desired, this range can be had with large copper reservoir at the end opposite the fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left hand oven, as ordered, also with the Glenwood Ash Chute that conveys the ashes direct to ash barrel in cellar.

Cabinet
Glenwood

The Range that Makes Cooking Easy

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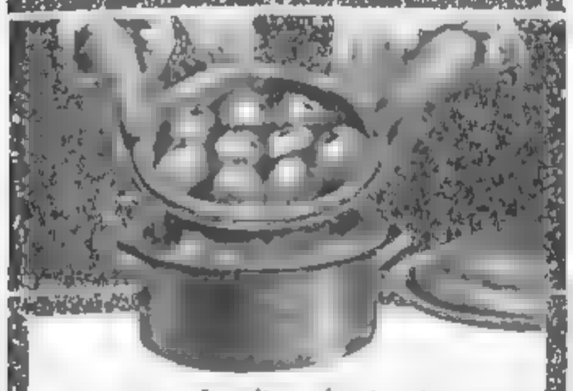
$200 in Prizes
to Good Cooks

1st $50, 2nd $25, 3rd $15, 4th, 5th and 6th $10, and 44 of $5 to $1 each.
Equal division in case of tie.



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You'll get the prize book, anyway. Contest closes Dec. 1, '12

The Savory Double Boiler cooks in the best way with live steam. Makes food taste better because it saves the flavor. Can't burn—needs no watching.

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Three sizes, tin or enamel, 75c up. Look them up at hardware or department stores. Savory Roaster. Savory Coffee Percolator. Savory Bread and Cake Box are best in their line.

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I turned out a dime-novel yarn about that murder. It had hair on it all right. When I got to the identity of the murderer or to the discussion of motives I was going finely. With the information I had concerning the woman's trouble with her husband I dashed off this gem, while describing the body and its discovery by the reporter and the coroner: "As she lay there, there was an expression on her face that forced the thought that she had been struck by one she loved; not pain, not anger, only surprise and grief."

We all thought that was great when the proofs came down, and it certainly did look fine in full-face type in the paper next morning. Then the afternoon papers came out and each had an editorial condemning the paper for printing an accusation of this kind against the husband, who clearly was not the murderer; condemning the editor who passed it, and particularly telling how many kinds of a fool the reporter was who wrote it. One of the editorial writers went a bit into my journalistic history, to my confusion, and both agreed I was a star-spangled donkey and should be sweeping streets instead of working as a reporter. That started all the "Pro Bono Publico" and "Amazed Reader" letter-to-the-editors boys, and the way they scalped me was sickening. It got to be more of a sensation than the murder itself. Two preachers preached about the "Irresponsibility of the Press" on the following Sunday night, and one of them flayed me alive. The opposition papers printed the sermons in full and the weekly papers took a hack at it. I sneaked round on the back streets for a fortnight. I expected to be discharged, but the managing editor never mentioned the thing to me.

Larry Donovan's Jump

Not long after this I had further proof that the managing editor was my friend. It had been announced that Larry Donovan, who had emulated Steve Brodie and had jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, was coming to our town to jump over our falls, a feat that had never been accomplished successfully. For six nights I had the assignment, "Find Larry Donovan." For six nights I kept on the trail of Larry, and he did not arrive. On the seventh night I had the same assignment. That night I played pool until eleven o'clock and came back to the office with the usual report that Larry had not arrived. We ran a column of short local jottings each day under the head of "Town Talk," and each member of the staff was expected to contribute five items. I turned in my five town talks that night. The first one was "Where is Larry Donovan?"

Next morning the opposition paper informed the city adequately where Larry Donovan was. He was in the hospital, having arrived in the city the night before and made the jump. Any time the city editor wanted me to work after that he wrote down my assignment and after it the words, "and find Larry Donovan."

In about a year and a half things began coming my way. I had my salary raised to eighteen dollars a week and was made baseball reporter and dramatic critic. Baseball came in the summer when the theaters were not running, and there was no baseball when the dramatic season was on. My baseball and theatrical stories were popular with the people, but intensely unpopular with the persons who owned the ball club and the playhouses, for I told the truth about both institutions. I became a personage. When my friends came to town I could pass them into the theaters, and I always was good for reserved seats at the ball games. Also I was making some money by corresponding for out-of-town papers and I considered that my career in journalism was safely begun.

Then there came a state convention to the city. I was put in charge of the story. A lot of out-of-town reporters were there and I knew I had to make good, for these stern critics would see my work every morning, while nobody on the ground would see the stories they telegraphed back until their papers came in by mail, and there would only be a few of these. I had two of the boys to help me and we worked practically all the time. We were doing very well and had even received a word of commendation from the managing editor, until the morning of the day when the nomination for governor was to be made.

There were two or three candidates. I had my story all written, when a man

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The result brings household vacuum cleaning to a new point of perfection.

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Black Tuscan Balmoral, Pall Mall Last. Also in Tan Russia.

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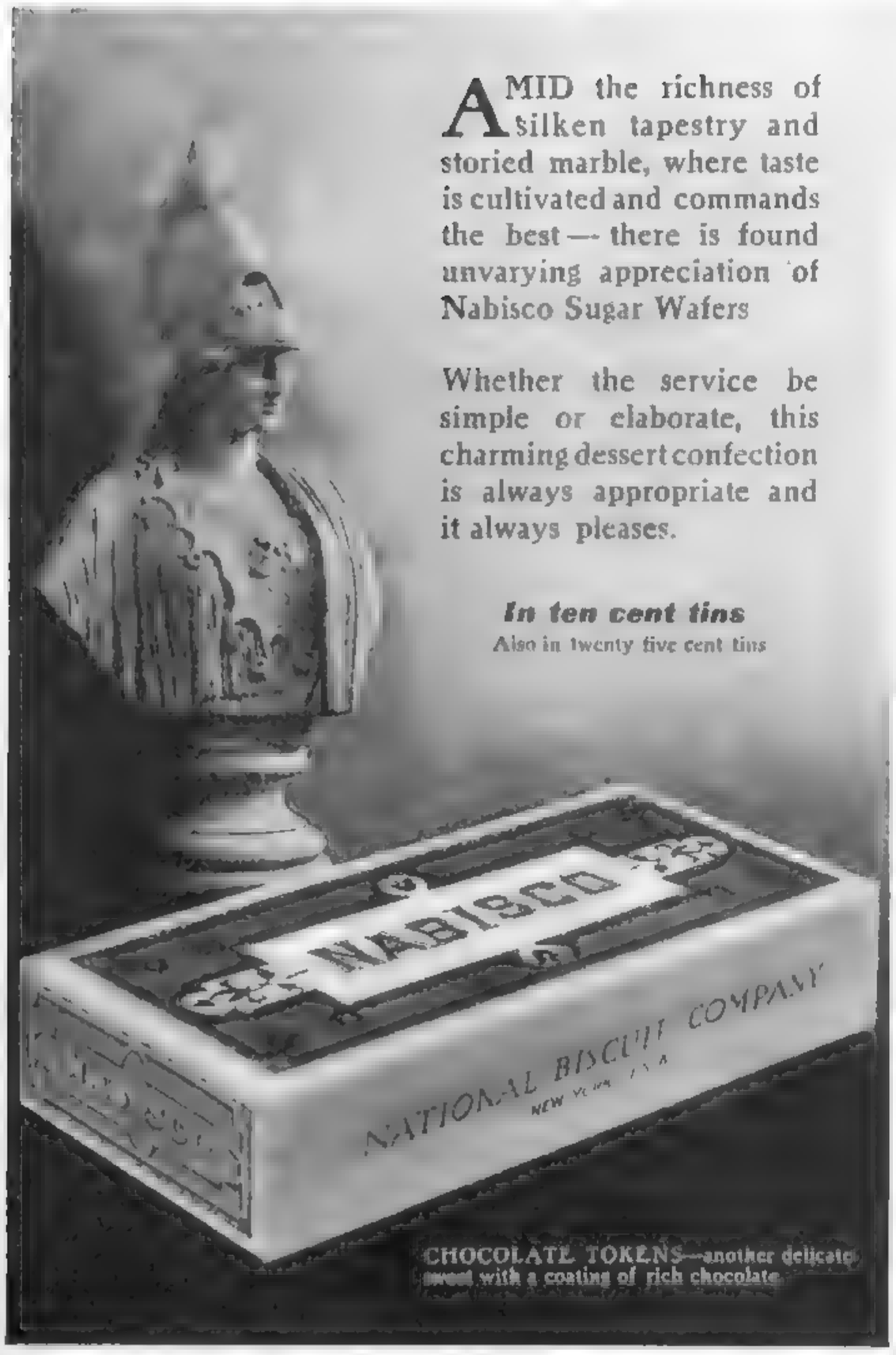

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Whether the service be simple or elaborate, this charming dessert confection is always appropriate and it always pleases.

In ten cent tins

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I knew to be in the confidence of the bosses came in and told me it had been decided to name a certain man. I changed my story, put a paragraph at the head of it giving this news and went to bed. Next morning I came early to the office. I felt pretty good. I was the first man in—but one. That one was the managing editor. I found him standing in the middle of the local room with a copy of the paper crumpled in his hand, giving an exact imitation of the managing editor who had discharged me a long time before.

"It's all off," I thought; "I'm fired."

"What do you mean by this?" shouted the managing editor. "What do you mean by making a fool of me in this way? Why did you print that this man is to be nominated when I know that another one is?"

I explained. That didn't seem to satisfy him. He was so angry that he sputtered. Then it came out that at a conference of the bosses the night before it had been decided to nominate a certain other man who was considered most available—he was beaten, by the way. The managing editor had been at the conference.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Get out!" he yelled. "Get out!"

It all sounded familiar. I wondered if all managing editors acted that way. All real ones I had ever known did anyhow. I left him in the middle of the floor and stood at the bottom of the stairs until the boys who were on the story with me came along. I told them the story and said I thought I was discharged. They said they'd quit if I was. I told them they probably would anyhow, but we made that compact and went upstairs to see what was coming out of it.

I went in to the managing editor.

"Chief ——" I began.

"What time does the convention open?" he asked rather irrelevantly, I thought.

"Ten o'clock."

"Well, you'd better be getting over there if you're going to do the story." His eyes twinkled. He certainly was my friend.

In addition to my baseball and theatrical work, I had been writing, several times a week, half a dozen short stories about funny little things I had seen or heard. These we ran under the headline, "Side Lights on Life." I noticed, on reading the exchanges to get baseball and theatrical clippings for the Sunday edition, that a paper in a big city to the west of us reprinted a good many of these short stories of mine. "If they are good enough to reprint why wouldn't that editor like them at first hand?" I asked myself.

I determined to ask him. So I went up there on my first day off and did ask him. He said he would like to print them first hand if he knew who wrote them. I told him I did. He engaged me to do theaters, hotels, this short stuff and specials and said he would give me twenty-five dollars a week. That was as much as our city editor got. It was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. I went back, resigned, and in two weeks I was working in the new place.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of six articles on the Newspaper Game. The fifth will appear in an early number.

Not His Affair at All

DR. B. B. HAMLIN, a New York manufacturer, says that when he was a small boy his father, a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, took him out to Ohio to enter him as a student in a small Methodist college.

"When we got off the train," said Doctor Hamlin, "the whole town seemed to be in a battle. It was a coal-mining district, I forgot to say; and two groups of husky miners with fists and clubs were doing their level best to destroy one another. There were twenty fights going at once! The town marshal was standing in a doorway, looking on calmly.

"I rather enjoyed the sight; but my father, as a minister of the gospel, was naturally very much shocked. Holding me by the hand, he made for the place where the town marshal stood.

"'What does this outrage mean?' the old gentleman demanded.

"'This is payday at the mines,' explained the marshal in a strong Teutonic accent; 'and every payday this happens—the Irish miners fights with the Welsh miners.'

"'But why don't you stop it?' asked my father.

"'For why should I interfere?' said the marshal simply. 'I'm German!'"

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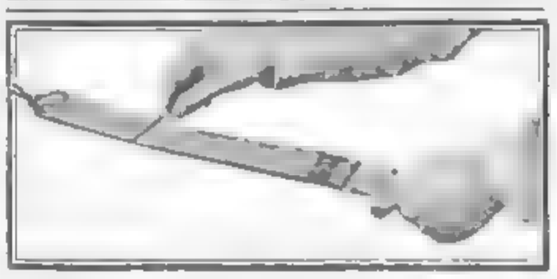

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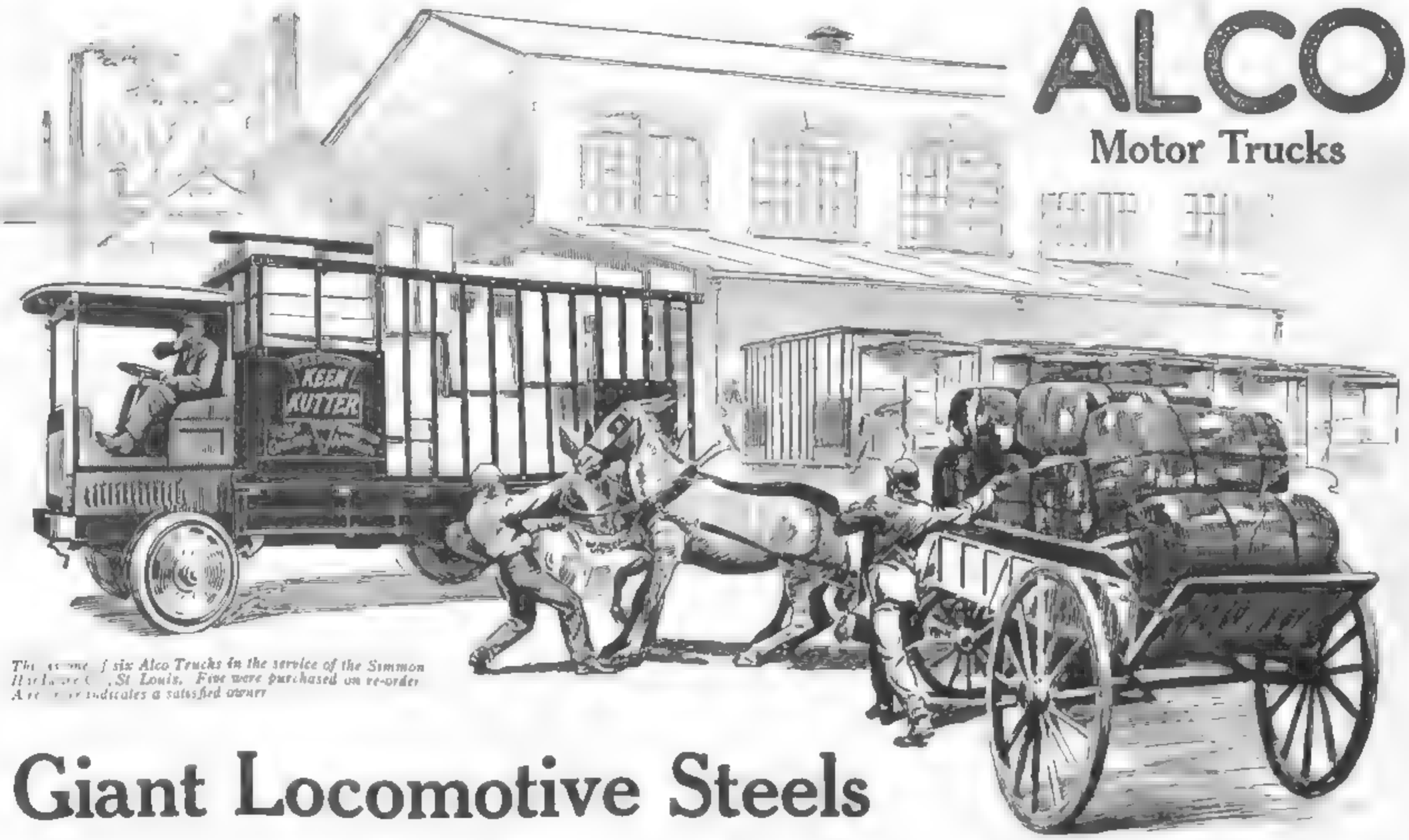

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Motor Trucks

The assignment of six Alco Trucks in the service of the Simmons Hardware Co., St Louis. Five were purchased on re-order. A re-order indicates a satisfied owner

Giant Locomotive Steels Go Into Alco Trucks

EVERYONE marvels at the locomotive. Its wonderful strength, its great power, its fleetness, excite enthusiasm in every red-blooded person. It is a superhuman monster that has carried civilization into the wilderness.

It took 76 years to produce this transportation machine—this "mechanical mule"—as the American Locomotive Company builds it.

Three generations of engineers have worked upon it and the present generation has made it the greatest annihilator of time, the greatest agent of prosperity in existence.

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No one has cataloged these steels like the American Locomotive Company. No one knows what strains they will bear, what shocks they will stand, what vibrations they will endure as does the American Locomotive Company.

There is only one vehicle today that approaches this locomotive. *That vehicle is the Alco motor truck.* It is made by the American Locomotive Company.

That same good stuff that goes into these locomotives goes also into Alco trucks. The steels in the Alco are the same steels.

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THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 33)

thought the same thing, but would have talked about the weather; and that is diplomacy.

"The Princess Bezzanna," observed the king, who usually called her Betsy Ann to Jimmy, "is very careful of her dainty things—and has them a long time."

"That's the trouble," protested Jimmy. "She was having a new robe just like that one, except for a difference in the embroidery. Don't you see the commercial strangulation in that? If the crown princess can wear a last year's frock, what do you expect the rest of the women to do? And how do you expect to stimulate the weaving industry?"

"I don't see why she shouldn't wear it," puzzled the king, "if it is pretty and in good condition."

"Of course there's no reason why she shouldn't when there's no difference between a new one and an old one. Why, Great Scott! man, don't you see how badly you need a change of fashions four times a year? The fashions are the backbone of America's national prosperity. No nation is prosperous until the women are allowed to put into immediate circulation all the money the men can make. America is the richest country in the world because it is a voluntary slave to its wives and daughters! American women see to it that the money never stays in one place long enough to grow decrepit and useless. There is no curse to a nation like idle wealth. Everybody in America is always on the edge of being broke, but they're going to have plenty more money tomorrow, and they know it; so who gives a hang for expenses anyhow!"

"I don't quite get you," returned the king in some perplexity; "but I do gather that America must be a very extravagant place."

"America's extravagance is her most valuable possession," boasted Jimmy proudly. "She has made the rest of the world look like a piker hunting a five-cent share in a bet on a dollar book. A frugal nation hides every coin it gets; and after a while, with all its money out of circulation, it has to be frugal."

"I tumble," acknowledged the king, his eyes brightening with an awakened perception. "So long as the people of the country keep trading their commodities rapidly with each other they all enjoy more and are no worse off."

"You get that so quick that it's a cinch your ancestors were Americans," admired Jimmy. "Now I'm a tailor, and you're a shoemaker, and Teddy is a cabinetmaker. You wear your clothes until they won't hold together, and Teddy wears his shoes until they drop off, and I sit on the same old chair until it breaks down under me. Then we all three stop looking at the pig hunting an acorn and get up reluctantly—because we've been inactive so long we're lazy—and start to work. I make you a suit of clothes, and you make Teddy's family some shoes, and Teddy makes me a new chair—and we're richer than we were before by the possession of things we enjoy; but we all go to sleep again, because nobody wants anything we have in exchange for anything we might want. All at once, king, you get an extravagant streak. Maybe you've seen a girl; but, anyhow, you take a fool notion that you want two suits of clothes and you want to trade me shoes for them. I'm stocked on shoes, but I tell you that if you'll trade shoes with Teddy for another chair for me I'll make the clothes. In order to get Teddy to take more shoes you have to show him something fancy, which is extravagance on his part; so we all get busy again.

"Then I get extravagant. My wife sees Teddy's wife's fancy shoes and wants some like them. Then I make an extra fancy suit for Teddy; and the first thing you know we're all at it, hammer and tongs, improving our product and rolling in luxury, which consists in having a lot of things that make you happy because you don't need them—and we're hunting for a market on the outside which will enable us to obtain more luxuries and widen our scope of enjoyment. We're extravagant and alive from head to foot, and happy—because we're keyed up to the top notch of appreciation."

"Fine business!" declared the king enthusiastically; then a shade of distress crossed his face—"but we're all working very hard!" he objected.

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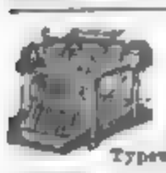

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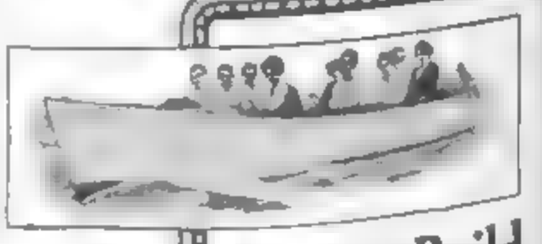

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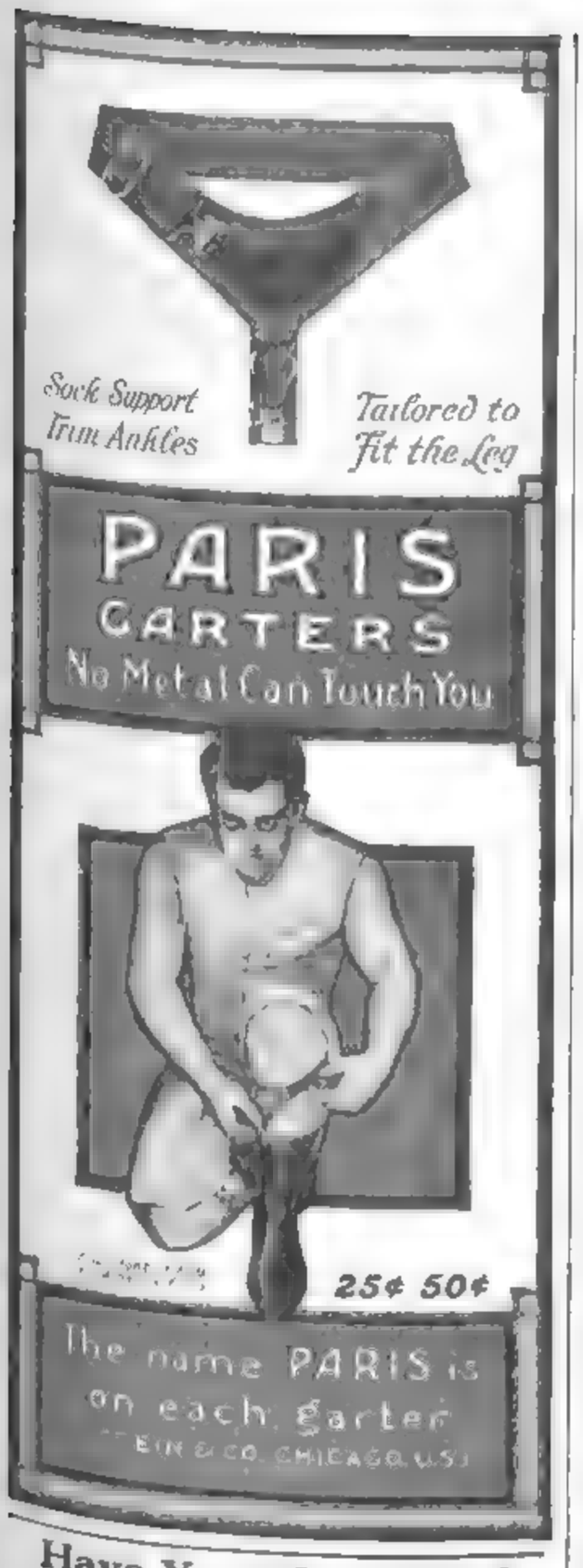

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"Now you're getting it," applauded Jimmy. "Work is the healthiest and most fascinating amusement in the world. America's greatest gift to civilization was the art of hustling. We hustle so hard that we jerk every red corpuscle in our veins through our systems at about the speed of wireless; and, as a result, we can run faster, jump farther, lift more, court a girl quicker and stay young longer than any other people on earth—black, white, red or yellow. I guess I brag a lot—but an American just can't help it. He has so much to brag about; and, besides that, he's a good fellow and generous, and wants the rest of the world to enjoy what he does. The only way he can do that is to tell them about it."

"They should be grateful," acknowledged the king seriously. "I cannot tell you how thankful I am that the gentleman whom we were fortunate enough to have saved from the reefs to be our guest is an American."

To give him just credit, Jimmy blushed; and he looked at the king hard for a minute.

"No; you're not stringing me," he decided. "I guess I deserve a kidding; but I've spent three years in foreign lands, and every time anybody says America I look round for a gatepost. I want to fly up there and clap my wings and crow."

The king put his hand on Jimmy's shoulder in friendly fashion.

"I hope we shall keep you hustling enough so that you won't be homesick," he suggested.

"Don't!" begged Jimmy. "When you say homesick I have a pale green-and-yellow feeling under my jaws. Let's get down to business."

"All right," agreed the king, always eager for that topic. "I suppose we'll organize a fashions company immediately."

"Not on your life!" said Jimmy. "I'll give Betsy Ann a little hint—and if I know that girl as I think I do the work's done. All she needs is a start, and if she doesn't have six to twelve new outfits every spring, summer, fall and winter, so different that everything she ever wore before would be a disgrace to wear again, I miss my guess."

"But that would be a terrible waste," protested the king, unable so quickly to dissociate himself from the old ideas.

"You get it!" responded Jimmy, much pleased. "Why, man, we can't get the women to wasting money soon enough to make a market for all our new products! We're going at it the right way, though, because we have a crackerjack fashion leader. A pretty girl like Betsy Ann, with a new set of fashions every ninety days, can make all the women in the kingdom think they could look as pretty as she does if they only had the same kind of clothes. What we want to do is to organize the weaving industries."

"I know; and grab off fifty-one per cent of the stock," supplemented the king. "I don't understand quite what you mean by that, but I know it's the proper thing to do."

"Grabbing off fifty-one per cent of the stock is the very foundation and backbone of American commerce," announced Jimmy with the positiveness of a schoolmaster. "That is what has made us great."

Teddy came back from a yawning new opening in the base of the mountain with a disappointed air.

"They've found a rich deposit of metal all right," he stated wearily; "but it's only gold."

"Rough lines," commented the king. "I had hoped that we should find iron."

"You have plenty of iron right over there, but you don't know how to extract it," remarked Jimmy. "You don't mean to say that gold is a nuisance in Isola, do you?"

"We have more of it than of anything else," complained the king. "It isn't hard enough, however, to be of much value except for ornaments. Do you know of any other use for it?"

"Not unless I could get it back home," replied Jimmy. "I'm sorry you have so much of it; and the only way I see for us to protect ourselves is for you and me to organize a gold-extracting company, drain every last ton out of these mountains and file it away for future reference."

"All right, if you say that's the ticket," agreed the king. "We keep fifty-one per cent of the stock, of course."

"Nothing like it," corrected Jimmy hastily. "We keep a hundred and one per cent of it and offer premiums for high speed! That gold's mighty dangerous until it's dug

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out and locked up in some place where we can sit over it."

"I don't see why it's dangerous," objected the king.

"Just because somebody's going to drop in here to tinker his airship some day—and he'll go away and tell the news. If the rest of the world finds out you have gold—to say nothing of several undug diamonds—they'll get in here if they have to work through those mountains with toothpicks or pull up your reefs by the roots. Then your pretty little kingdom of Isola will be gone; and all the civilized nations of the world, with the exception of greedy and money-mad America, will go to war over Isola's tatters."

The king took some time for study over that proposition; and, as the restless Teddy was chasing a scrawny little mountain goat up among the rocks, Jimmy sat silently by the king and looked down over the Valley of Isola in the speculative mood of a general planning his campaign.

Isola was a beautiful little niche cut into the side of creation and shut off from the rest of the world by an almost semicircular range of mountains through which no man had, as yet, found passage. It was about fifty miles long on the ocean front; but that side, too, was shut in by vertical cliffs, except for a narrow concealed passage which led into a clear little bay. From the bay to the mines at the western extremity of Isola, a distance of about thirty-five miles, wound a river, fed by strong mountain springs and navigable for barges almost its entire length. At the joining of the river with the bay was the principal town, of about five thousand inhabitants; and dotted here and there were small villages which were little more than farming centers. To the north, so high up on the mountainside that the top of its tower commanded a distant view of the ocean over the tops of the cliffs, stood the rambling big stone palace of the king. To the south, and at the other extremity of the main north-and-south highway, was the palace of Onalyon, the chief representative in this age of the long-ago deposed half of the royal family.

It was a fair land, and full of glorious opportunity, and there was no use in Jimmy Smith's wasting his time or eating his heart out with whining homesickness for that other fair land of opportunity—home!

The only way for a man to escape homesickness in a strange land is to link himself to the country by a marriage with one of its daughters, and that method was not at all unattractive as he thought it over. He could make his choice of a wife, if the matter were left to him, without a minute's delay; and there flashed into his mind a rather uncomfortable picture of a slender, graceful, brown-haired and sparkling-eyed girl with pink cheeks, chatting gayly on the arm of a dolled-up, black-bearded prince in gray and gold, and with actual ruffles round his wrists and neck.

If he couldn't outrush a man who would dress like that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, put it as modestly as he might, Jimmy Smith was the smartest man in Isola and was bound to be the richest; and, after the most searching examination, he was bound to admit that he was a live member. He saw no reason why he should hang back simply because he had no handle to his name! He could outplay any prince in Isola at any game they'd let him sit in, and the best was none too good for him—except possibly in the case of the Princess Bezzanna, who was too good for anybody. Since she would probably have to marry, however, he felt he could pick her the best possible husband with his eyes shut.

All at once he remembered that she had giggled at him—and suddenly he felt himself reduced to about the importance of a shriveled peanut. Who was he, anyhow, to dare aspire to a glorious creature like that? He had a long nose and he was acutely conscious that his ears stuck out, that his hands were big and muscularly ugly—and bad hair on them. Was he to suppose that a girl who could pick and choose among all the marriageable men, and who had eyes, would fall madly in love with him because he knew how to make gunpowder and could knock a baseball farther than any man on his prize factory team? He was a coarse, crude, ill-favored lump of humanity—and his pants didn't fit! He wanted to go home.

"What's on your mind, Old Sport?" asked the king cordially.

"I was just wondering about that tower over there," responded Jimmy, who realized for the first time that he had been looking steadily at it for the past half-hour without seeing it.

The king turned grave.

"That is the tomb of the Crown Princess Wahanita," he soberly replied. "It is also where she spent the last years of her life."

"Why, it looks more like a factory chimney than anything else!" protested Jimmy. "There isn't a window in it unless it's on the other side."

"There is a small opening on the far side where one stone was left out. The opening was used for the purpose of passing food in to her as long as she lived; and the commoner who had induced her to run away with him and marry him, and hide in a mountain cave, was permitted to hand her the food. When she died, a year or so later, Isola had no further use for him; but he didn't mind."

Jimmy shuddered. The evening seemed to have grown suddenly chill.

"I'll take it back," he said. "Your ancestors didn't come from America. Are there any other monuments like that in Isola?"

"No more have been necessary," the king significantly remarked. "The blood of the royal family has remained untainted through all the centuries since."

Jimmy Smith, feeling particularly ashy, immediately began the tedious and painful process of picking the Princess Bezzanna out of his heart; and he had a sense of positiveness that when he got through there would be nothing left of that organ. He had previously believed he loved her, but now he was so sure of it he could have writhed in agony had he been alone. Every gentle touch of her; every glance of her eyes, roguish or friendly or vexed, or flashing with any one of the thousand fleeting, whimsical thoughts of which she was capable; every murmur of the soft voice of her and every movement of her supple and graceful figure came back to him with crushing force. He knew now, in the awful thought that she was forbidden him forever, that as he had never loved before so he could never love again; and that the beautiful image of the Princess Bezzanna would remain in his heart until he died. He made one more halting inquiry.

"I don't suppose that could ever happen again?" he suggested as nonchalantly as possible.

"Scarcely," replied the king with a smile. "No crown princess would risk it and no man who loved her would permit her to do so."

Jimmy gritted his teeth to suppress a groan.

"Betsy Ann!" he breathed—and it was a prayer and a vow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When the Hush Fell

OPIE REED, the novelist, got on an L train in Chicago one evening to go to his home in the suburbs. In one of the lengthwise seats near him sat three negroes—a big, wide darky in the middle, with a little, slender darky on each side of him. The big negro was looking for trouble.

Every time the guard, who was a little German, opened the door to call a station the big darky would mimic him, and then the little darkies would laugh admiringly. The guard protested, and the big darky threatened him.

"Go on, you Dutchman!" he said. "If you pester me I'll hit you jest oncet, and knock you so high in the air you'll ahore starve to death comin' down!"

"He'll do it too!" said one of the little negroes.

"He will that!" assented the other.

The door flew open and in came the German, accompanied by another guard nearly seven feet high. The German pointed out the disturber, so Reed says, and the giant, without a word, grabbed him by the collar, jerked him out of his place like a tooth out of a socket, cuffed him first on one side of the head and then on the other, dragged him out on the platform, and pitched him bodily over the gate of a station from which the train was just moving.

For a long minute there was silence. Then, as if moved by the same set of strings, the heads of the two little darkies turned gently, inch by inch, until each looked into the other's face across the gap where their friend had been sitting. One of them sighed musingly.

"Dat suttinly was a strong man!" was all he said.

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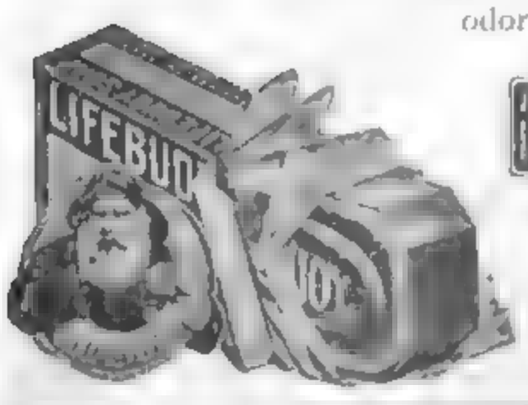

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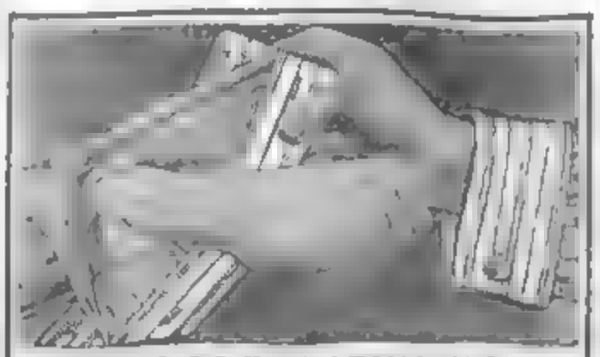

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THE POLICEMAN AND HIS WORK

(Continued from Page 11)

ten in our cities come first to the attention of the policeman on his beat. He must decide how serious the matter is and what action is to be taken.

It is past midnight. The moon shines gloriously, and the cool, bracing night air stimulates one to play. Three exuberant citizens come round the corner arm in arm and walk up the middle of the street, singing. They have had other stimulants than the night air. They are, as a London bobby would put it, "tending toward a breach of the peace." Presently the patrolman on that beat sees them overturn a couple of ashcans. Then he pops out of a shadow, asks them whether they are not ashamed of themselves, sees that they set the cans up again and sends them home on the sidewalk. With proper handling the breach in the peace is smoothed over. Night's calm is restored with such firm tact that not until they are obediently moving off, perhaps, does it occur to one of the citizens to protest:

"Say, off'cer! You wanna un'stan' we're gen'men see?"

"All right, boys," is the knockdown logic "just behave like gentlemen, will you?"

There is no special benevolence in such management. It is the plainest self-defense. If arrested those revelers may ruin an officer's uniform or break one of his ribs. Next day they will be dignified college professors or visiting bank presidents. Respectability flocks to swear to their unblemished characters, and any little odds and ends of bruises they may have picked up before the policeman saw them will be charged to his brutality.

Good Hearts Under Blue Coats

The capable policeman on his beat prevents misdemeanors, settles quarrels, gives advice, and keeps track of property and persons. Property is good and bad. In the daytime he may have an eye on the pawnbroker to see that he is not receiving stolen goods, and at night he marks his door or shutter with secret devices so that he may know whether it has been disturbed since his last tour. Persons are good and bad too. It is not enough to have an eye and a memory for the unjust. A true policeman is interested in the just too; and, most of all, in those who are continually on the border line between good and bad, and need a kindly shove in the right direction.

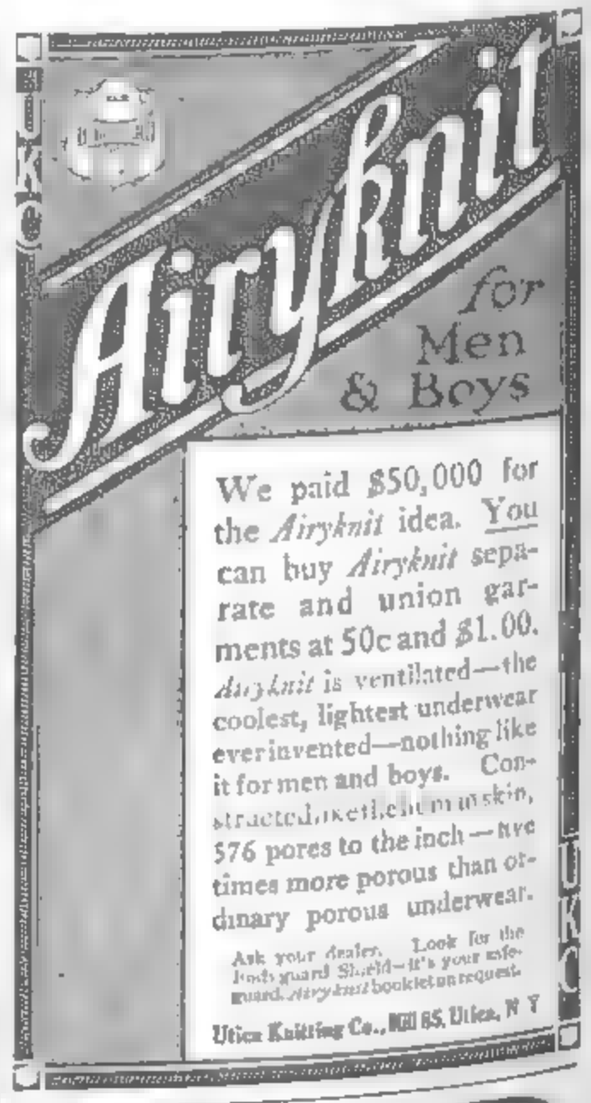
There is a young mechanic at the lower end of the beat who has thus far been industrious, steady and saving; but for several months work has been scarce and he now spends much of his time in a certain saloon, where the associations are not likely to stiffen his moral backbone. A bit of counsel there may go a long way.

At the other end of the beat is a girl, full of spirits, fond of dancing and fun. She has lately discovered that her father and mother are back numbers; and she is enjoying her own hours and companions. A finger shaken at her is often enough. The "copper" tells her, half in jest, that he has his eyes on her; and the warning is effective because it is backed by brass buttons and is timely and based on knowledge.

In one of the poorer sections of New York a patrolman became interested in a boy whose parents were both drunkards. Their acquaintance began one cold night when the father had to be locked up to keep him from freezing to death in the street. The boy shifted for himself most of the time, wearing castoff clothes and shunned on account of his parents; but he managed to attend school. The policeman became his friend and adviser. He helped him earn money at odd jobs and urged him to get all the schooling he could; and when the boy became discouraged they would have a talk.

"I know you are going to make something of yourself," insisted the copper, and the lad began to live up to this good opinion. He liked drawing and would bring sketches to show. "Keep that up—it will come in handy some day," said the policeman.

By-and-by the boy stood at the head of his class; and the policeman told a jeweler about him and got him a watch at wholesale. When the lad finished school the policeman spoke of his drawing to a superintendent in a manufacturing jewelry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house and he was given a job. Today he is the best designer and engraver in one of the largest concerns of New York—and the policeman is a captain.

Making arrests is a last resort in police work nowadays. When a patrolman drops arbitration in a difficulty that might be settled outside, and takes a prisoner into custody, he elects for war instead of peace and perhaps has a fight on his hands. One London policeman in every five sustains injuries on duty each year, and the figures for New York would probably show as high a percentage. So there is no incentive to go about seeking trouble. When he arrives at the station his captain scrutinizes his conduct—and may let the prisoner go. He will have to defend his action in court and, even where his case is good morally, may see his prisoner dismissed on a technical flaw in his evidence. So the arrest is becoming less and less a part of police work as methods are improved to meet modern conditions.

The policeman as we see him in the streets today is a product of two bygone guardians of the law, very different in character. One was the secret political agent, of the kind used so freely by Napoleon. That was the general idea of a policeman in England eighty years ago, and people bitterly opposed the establishment of the London force in the belief that personal liberty was in danger. The fear survives to this day in New York, where the police organization is maintained without a permanent head to profit by experience and continue good methods. The other bygone policeman was the old watchman, with his rattle and his "All's well!"—hired by parish officials to patrol a little corner of the town in days when every merchant kept his money and valuables in a strong box. Now, however, the merchant sends his money to the bank and the bank keeps it in vaults, lighted and visible from the street all night long. The political policeman's methods are but fairly echoed in modern detective work; and the patrolman, hampered by no ward or parish boundaries, does a hundred times the old watchman's work.

Quick Work by Modern Methods

Information is the staple commodity of the policeman today. He gathers and gives it out; and the measure of his usefulness is the speed and thoroughness with which happenings are reported and flashed through the organization. A thief darts out of a Whitechapel alley and gets away, leaving the constable only a rough description; but before morning he is likely to be in a station house, because that description can be telegraphed all over London in a few minutes.

In our own cities police telephone systems spread information even more quickly and are backed by telephones in homes. A woman looks out of a window at night and sees three men go into an area across the street. She telephones police headquarters and officers are sent. Some police signal systems call the officer on beat by flashing a red lamp. In a town so equipped not long ago a patrolman saw two shadows slink toward the railroad yards. Presently his red signal lamp glowed and he was told that a robbery had been committed on the other side of town. Five minutes later he took the robbers off a freight train ready to pull out.

One of the most effective new wrinkles in police work was introduced recently by a manufacturer, who found himself police commissioner. An automobile answers every warning call sent to headquarters, and bicycle men attend to such calls at outlying stations. Very often, by simply acting with modern speed on information, the police in that city take thieves and burglars at work.

A stolen team, an unlocked door, a lost child, a broken waterpipe, a fire, an electrified lamp-post, or any other of a hundred happenings, are dealt with by the policeman as information. The citizen sees him sauntering along and looking over the heads of people, apparently bored to death by his job; but he is taking note of a multitude of little details that he may have to report upon. The citizen sees a thief run away with a woman's pocketbook and is indignant because the policeman he finds a block away is not as excited about it as himself; but the policeman is put on the street to be just the one man who will not get excited when the unexpected happens. The citizen thinks it rather too matter-of-fact to

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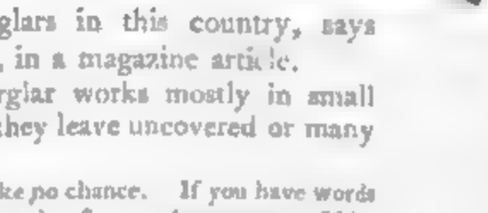

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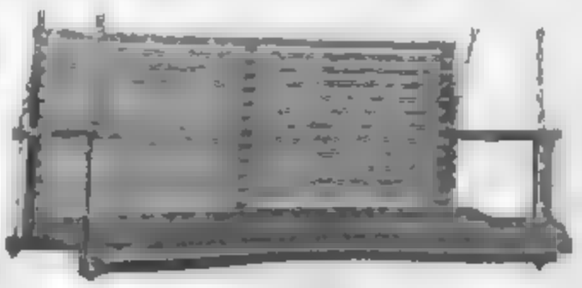

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New Suitings are full of color—so are shirts, ties and hosiery. "Blazer" coats are coming in again.

Make your *hat* match up.

Get a *Wick Fancy Hat Band*—fasten it on with the "little hooks."

And be sure it's a *Wick* Band (with the Wick *Label* attached), if you want the good style and the correct colors.

Good hatters and haberdashers can supply you the *Wick* Bands. If yours cannot—write us *direct*. Tell us what colors you want and enclose 50 cents for each Band.

Special Club and Fraternity Bands made to order.

Wick Narrow Fabric Co.
931-937 Market Street Philadelphia

be questioned as to what sort of fellow the thief was; but the best assistance he could give would be information about the evil-doer's height, weight, clothes and general appearance.

Some time ago a marked decrease in fire losses was noted in New York and seemed difficult of explanation; but in that very period the new "fixed point" system of police duty was in operation there, the device of a new police commissioner hampered by lack of men. Two patrolmen are put on to each beat at night. One stands at the center of a crossing while the other patrols. Every hour they change places. By this method the number of roundsmen is reduced, yet the citizen can always find a policeman. One glance at the map of fixed posts, with men standing like checkers all over the city, shows how slender are the chances of a running criminal. This sudden decrease in fire losses seems to be due to the better police facilities for turning in prompt fire alarms, given by the fixed posts. Each minute at the beginning of a fire may easily be worth a hundred thousand dollars.

If every professional criminal in this country were imprisoned and reformed, and all the causes that lead to lawbreaking removed, the policeman would have just about as much to do; for the nature of his work is changing with the times, and as the world finds remedies for its more sordid ills, and becomes honest and orderly, the policeman's services are ever more necessary. There is traffic regulation, for one item. Ten years ago teamsters and street-car motormen fought their way through the tangles at New York's busiest corners, just as they had done some years earlier in London. The London police solved the traffic problem; and their methods, adopted first in New York, have spread over the United States to such a degree that even the town with one busy crossing now has its traffic squad of three or four men.

Troublesome College Boys

Crowds loom large in present-day police work. It is a time when many institutions are being discussed and revised; and the modern city crowd, out in support of a theory of the millennium, may develop into anything. In New York some years ago an orderly crowd gathered in one of the squares to hear some radical political talk. Among those present was a tailor out of work. He had brought along a home-made bomb filled with powder and trousers buttons. It exploded prematurely, killing him. That instantly put a new aspect on the gathering, and in a few minutes the police got the speakers and witnesses, and cleared the square without hurting anybody. Anarchists make little police work compared with college students. What anarchist, for example, ever let down from the top gallery of a crowded theater a dozen dainty candy boxes containing white mice, to be opened as favors by the ladies below? Wherever a few persons of any degree of respectability or the opposite are gathered together nowadays, the policeman must be watchful and resourceful. Some of the most trying disorders in London in recent years centered round a statue erected by a woman to the memory of a brown dog!

The policeman, furthermore, is being intrusted with duties calling for technical judgment, such as the administering of food and factory laws, the control of markets—and so on. He is sent into quarters where little English is spoken and his work must be done through chance interpreters. No inducement is offered him to learn a foreign language, such as a bit of extra pay upon passing an examination in Italian or Yiddish. Only within the past five years have any systematic efforts been made to give him police schooling. There is no journal devoted to police work that will keep him informed about methods and there are almost no books on the subject—largely because regulations of the service prevent a police officer with knowledge and experience from receiving a just profit on books he may write. Yet the policeman is mastering these difficulties. He is becoming more and more intelligent; and, despite general misunderstanding as to his honesty, and temptations incident to his work that are not commonly known, he is usually as good as public opinion in his community—and ready to be better when that improves.

Editor's Note—This is the second article in a series by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.

"2 Tires for 1"

SECURITY Reliners mean 3,000 to 5,000 *more miles* out of your tires—practically double the mileage claimed by standard makers for their tires. That's as good as "two tires for one." Most people think tire strength lies in the rubber. In reality, it's in the *fabric*.

Security Reliners

Are constructed of three *or more* layers of best quality fabric, according to size, and built up over aluminum forms and cured by our own process.

Reinforce your good tires NOW—don't wait for blow outs. Take them in time and double their mileage. As for those you've discarded as worthless, Security Reliners will give you 1,000 to 3,000 more miles out of them! Of course, Security Reliners will not raise the dead—but they'll prolong the life of the living wonderfully.

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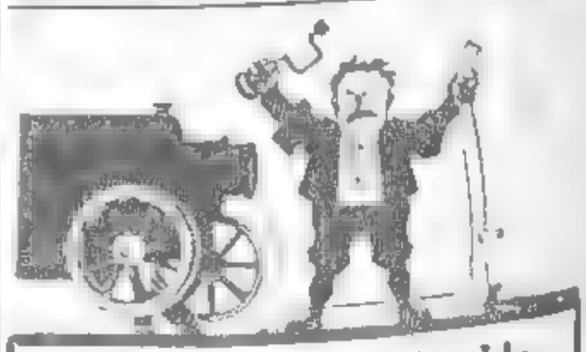

Don't Have Tire Trouble

Make one tire outwear three

Seal up the cuts and sand-pockets that are in your tires today, and you won't have blowouts next week. You can repair them *permanently* with a

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Repair tubes, too, [illegible] of Shaler's repair bills and [illegible] your own shop. We guarantee that your own Shaler and Vulcanizer [illegible]

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AGENTS BIG PROFITS selling our wonderful sign letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Easily applied. Every firm wants them. Samples free. Metallic Sign Co., 423 N. Clark St., Chicago

Reo the Fifth—$1,055

It Took 25 Years to Build It

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have spent 25 years in building automobiles. Reo the Fifth is my 24th model.

I have watched every improvement, all the world over, from the very start of this industry.

I have had actual experience with tens of thousands of cars, under every condition that motorists meet.

All I have learned in those 25 years is embodied in this car. And I know of no other engineer in the business who builds cars as I build this.

My Precautions

What I mean is this:

The need for infinite care, for utter exactness, for big margins of safety is taught by experience only.

Countless things which theory approves are by use proved insufficient.

Splendid cars fall down on little points. The maker corrects them. Then something else shows unexpected shortcomings.

Perfection is reached only through endless improvements. It comes only with years of experience. Were I buying a car I would want it built by the oldest man in the business.

For Example

All the steel I use is analyzed, so I know its exact alloy.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. Thus I know to exactness what each gear will stand. I used to test them, as others do, with a hammer.

I use Nickel Steel for the axles and driving shaft, and make them much larger than necessary. These parts can't be too strong.

I use Vanadium Steel for connections.

One after another I have cut out ball bearings, because they don't stand the test. I use roller bearings. Timken and Hyatt High Duty. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan.

I test my magneto under tremendous compression, and for ten hours at a time. My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water. Half the troubles come from low grade gasoline, and this double heating avoids them.

I insist on utter exactness, a thousand inspections, tests of every part. As a result, errors don't develop when the car gets on the road.

Costly Care

I give to the body the same care as the chassis, for men like impressive cars.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep. It is made of genuine leather and filled with hair.

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. I finish each car like a show car.

The wheels are large, the car is overtired. The wheel base is long, the tonneau is roomy, there is plenty of room for the driver's feet.

All the petty economies, which are so common, are avoided in Reo the Fifth.

My Level Best

This car embodies the best I know. It is built, above all, to justify men's faith in my designing.

Not one detail has been stinted. Not one could be improved by me if the car was to sell for $2,000.

Reo the Fifth marks my limit. I will yield my place as the dean of designers to a man who can build a car better.

Center Control
No Side Levers

In this car I bring out my new center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle less than three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers, so the entrance in front is clear. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This fact permits of the left side drive. The driver may sit, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes—on the up side of the road. This was formerly possible in electric cars only.

The Little Price

The initial price on this car has been fixed at $1,055. But our contracts with dealers provide for instant advance.

This price, in the long run, I regard as impossible. It is based on maximum output, on minimum cost for materials.

We have a model factory, splendidly equipped. Our output is enormous. We have spent many years in cutting cost of production. And this year we save about 20 per cent by building only one chassis in this great plant.

We can undersell others, and always will. But the present price is too low under average conditions. I am sure it must be advanced, and those who delay must expect it.

This car will never be skimped, while I build it, to keep within an altruistic price.

You Can See It
In a Thousand Towns

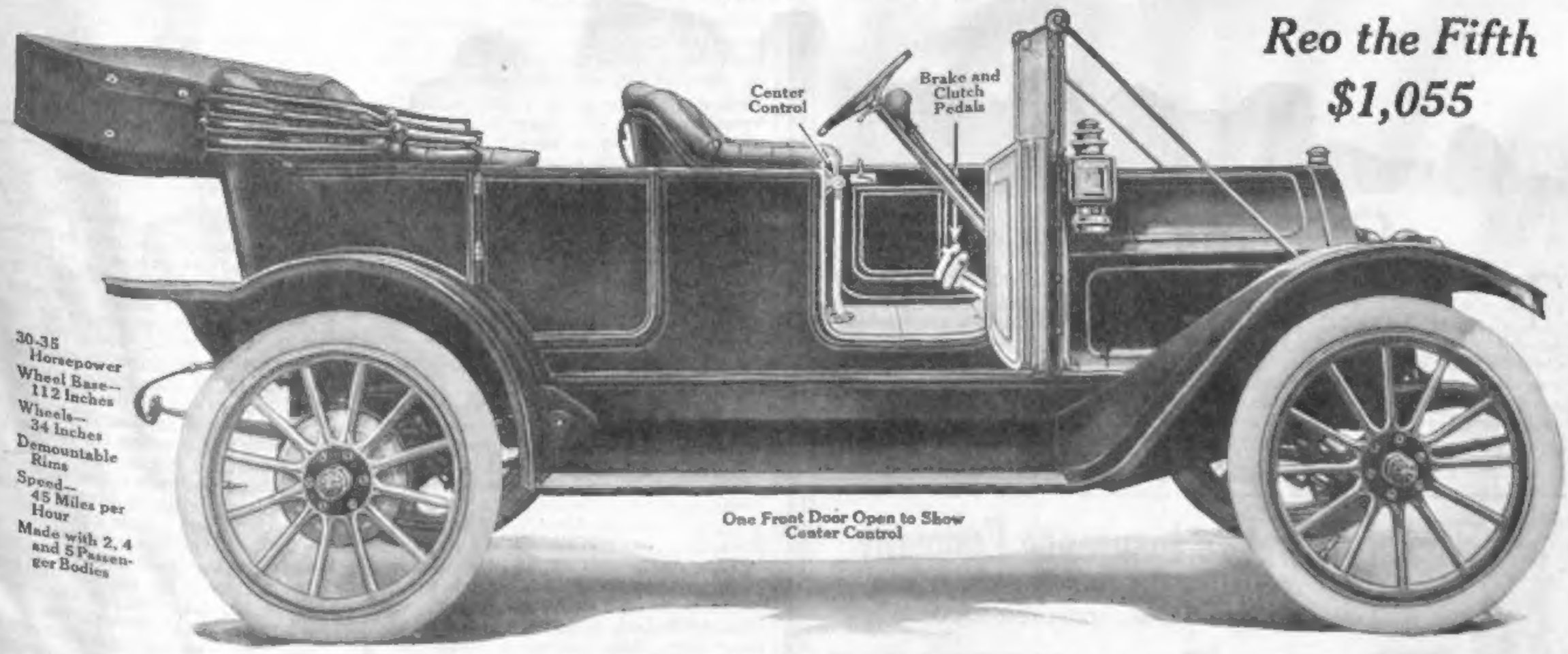
We have dealers in a thousand towns. When you write us for catalog we will tell you the nearest.

Write today for this book. It pictures the various up-to-date bodies, and shows all the interesting facts. The Roadster type sells for $1,000.

Never was a car in all my experience made so welcome as Reo the Fifth. Men miss a treat who fail to see this car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

One Front Door Open to Show Center Control

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. **Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.**

(60)

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The Standard of America

Better Clothes for the Boys

SAMPECK Clothes are tailored and styled to appeal to parents who really care to have their BOY appear in keeping with his family and associates.

"Anything is good enough for the boy" is an idea of the past.

SAMPECK Clothes may cost a little more than "cheap" clothes but the Leading Merchants Feature them because they know they are Tailored and Styled better and Produced under the Brightest, Healthiest and Most Sanitary Conditions, which should be of momentous interest to all parents.

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Quitting Work

THIS looks like a dangerous way to quit work, but the man who must travel the streets of a city in going to and from his work is in more actual danger than this man because most accidents are caused by the carelessness of others. This man's safety depends upon himself, the chain and the engineer, but the safety of the man on the street depends upon a thousand and one circumstances over which he has no control. For every man the only sensible thing is an accident insurance policy protecting himself in case of injury and protecting his family in case of death. There are no other accident policies equal to those issued by the TRAVELERS.

MORAL: Insure in the TRAVELERS

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Please send me particulars regarding ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

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THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION

(Concluded from Page 13)

but that was about all there was to him as a candidate; and it soon developed that he had an active opposition in Ohio in his own party.

This led the old-line Democrats to cast about a bit. They still held to Harmon, but they looked Champ Clark over carefully. They were impressed favorably. Clark, it seemed to them, is safe and sane enough, amenable to suggestion, with a good record and popularity among the people; and they began helping him to some extent. This caused a Clark boom that has not yet subsided. Also, as I have explained, the Republican managers, thinking Clark would be easier to defeat with Taft than another, helped Clark along as much as they were able. He will have a lot of votes in the Baltimore convention—just how many it would be foolish to try to predict at this time; but he will be one of the leaders, if not the leader, on the first ballot. And he must be reckoned with in all discussions of the outcome of that convention.

Harmon will go into the convention, but he is not considered a possibility, especially because of Bryan's antagonism. Bryan hasn't said so much about Underwood; and it may be that the handicap of Bryan's antagonism, which is so hurtful to Harmon, will work the other way with Underwood, for he is conceded to have a much greater popular appeal than Harmon—that is, if Bryan openly opposes Underwood it may concentrate all the anti-Bryan forces for Underwood. Indeed, there is a great chance that after Clark and Wilson have worn themselves out, if the situation breaks that way—and it will if Wilson and Clark go to the convention with four hundred votes apiece, say, or some such number—the convention may turn to Underwood as the most available candidate.

Underwood's greatest weakness is in his extreme Southern residence. He lives in Alabama. This handicap is greater among the Southerners than in the North. The Southerners themselves say dolefully that a man from the South cannot be elected president, but that sentiment does not largely apply in the North. So Underwood is handicapped by the wailings of his fellow Southerners. The fact is that Underwood's residence in the South wouldn't hurt him very much in the North. They do not take that phase of politics so seriously in the North as they do in the South. Underwood will have Alabama, and he has the great advantage of being well considered by almost all Democrats. He will have some other votes and will be in an excellent strategic position when the balloting begins.

The Dark-Horse List

Marshall, of Indiana, will have few other votes than the thirty of Indiana. He may get some others, but Indiana's thirty will about let him out. Tom Taggart controls the delegation. Taggart has no idea that Marshall can be nominated, but he has an idea that Senator Kern can be; and he will use those Indiana delegates with that end in view. They will be trading stock for Taggart, and he is an accomplished and versatile trader—let there be no mistake about that. Also, he has a large number of friends among the managing Democrats of the United States. Also, he is on good terms with about everybody who will be active at the convention. If he can so manage it that Kern shall be injected into the situation as a compromise after the first few ballots, provided neither Clark nor Wilson can get the two-thirds, he will find a lot of willing and ready support for his real man, who is Kern; and the indorsement of Marshall by Indiana will keep Kern in the dark-horse list.

Mayor Gaynor dissembles about his candidacy. He has thrown bouquets at all the candidates, having a few thoughts along residuary-legatee lines himself. He has jollied them all and will be waiting for the break, for it is understood that Murphy is going to take the New York delegates to Baltimore for Gaynor. Of course Gaynor has the implacable hatred of Hearst, who has burned most of his bridges in his support for Clark; but Murphy isn't any too fond of Hearst, either, and that will not deter him. Also, Gaynor is acceptable to the big-business element in New York. Gaynor hopes to gather support from all quarters after the break. He will have few other delegates than those of New York—if, indeed, he has any; yet if Murphy can deliver to Gaynor the ninety votes of New York, not only will Gaynor have a good nucleus, but Murphy will also have a good big trading asset—a fact which Murphy, with his ambition to get into national politics, keenly appreciates.

Summing it all up, the situation looks most favorable for some compromise candidate. Marshall hopes to be the compromise; so does Gaynor. The most likely development will be the final test of strength between Underwood and Kern. Of course it may not break that way at all; but if there is any logic in the situation that is about it. It may so happen that Wilson will have so great a preponderance of votes in the early ballots that he will be nominated; and Clark may be in the same case. This is possible, but hardly probable. If Clark and Wilson, as the leading candidates, go into the convention about equal in strength, then a compromise seems inevitable. That compromise will not be Harmon, nor will it be Marshall or Foss or Baldwin. It might be Underwood; it might be Kern; it might be some other dark horse. It is just as well to be polite to any leading Democrat you know. He may be the nominee.

Meantime the avowed candidates are scurrying about for delegates and getting some here and there. Headquarters are maintained in Washington, New York and elsewhere. The Democratic party hasn't been so alert and vigorous and up on its toes in many years. Its members think there is a chance. They think they can beat Taft. They will try to be careful at Baltimore. If they are careful they will not only have a chance, but a very good chance.

Brother Bullhead

NO ONE ever caught the last bullhead in a pond—there were always some more the next evening.

Any sort of hook or line will do for the bullhead. There never was a fishhook so large or so small that he could not and would not swallow it gleefully. You can catch him on a hand line, a trot line, with a cane pole, a split-bamboo rod, or anything else that suits your fancy. He does not strike the lure on the surface like some excitable fishes one might name. On the contrary, he approaches a gob of anything edible in a calm, impartial, wholly judicial frame of mind, with a dignity of movement evidencing a well-balanced soul. Having, after a proper interval of time, convinced himself that the said edible substance can be compressed to the point of going inside of him, he casts aside all further doubts and advances with certitude and resolution. Once resolved, he will swallow a bait, no matter how big it is or what it is.

All of these movements on his part will be indicated to you by the wavering movement of your bob or float. When the latter begins to show agitation be calm, for the agitator is calm. Do not snatch the bait away from him excitedly. Let him alone. At length, having surrounded the edible substance and swallowed the hook down to the anterior processes of his tail, he will, with calm dignity, move away, meanwhile chuckling at his own success. The float will for a time not be submerged. If finally it goes out of sight you may be assured that the bullhead has started off to take his find to the loved ones at home. After that, it is simple to lift him out on the sand or the grass, though not so simple to dissociate him from the hook. He gives up harder than a New Hampshire Congressman. You can put him on the stringer when you get round to it—any time during the night will do—and he will be cheerful, no matter at what hour you mention the matter to him.

The bullhead, because he strives always to please, bites rather better after dark than during business hours, because he knows that more people will be allowed to go fishing during those hours. He, therefore, does not gorge himself during the daytime, but keeps his appetite for evening, when he is apt to bite just fast enough to make you forget the mosquitoes.

To be sure, he may be a little coy sometimes—and the boys even say that sometimes he wraps his tail round a root; but, once you get him ashore, he will convince you that his intention all along was to come out and be sociable with you.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Our Profit 8½ Per Cent

Today we join the advocates of full and frank publicity.

We believe that tire buyers are entitled to know every fact that affects them.

You who pay money should know what you get. Also what the makers get.

That which is right can prevail in the limelight. That which is wrong can't prosper by hiding.

So we shall publish here, in the next few weeks, some startling facts about tires.

Goodyear tires have reached the topmost place. They now outsell all others.

The demand for these tires, in the past 24 months, has increased by 500 per cent.

Just because of publicity—because myriads of users told myriads of others the immense economy of No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Now we shall venture the fullest publicity. And the first step will be a discussion of profit on this highest grade of tire.

The Truth About Cost of Tires

Tires can be made to fit any price which users want to pay. The only just comparison is **the cost per mile.**

Cheap tires may cost far more per mile than tires at twice the price.

Tires may also be too costly—too fine in composition to endure.

The object of the expert is **the lowest cost per mile.** That has been our object for some 13 years.

How We Know

We make our comparisons on a tire testing machine, where four tires at a time are worn out under all sorts of road conditions. Meters record the mileage.

There we have compared some 200 fabrics, and some forty formulas for treads.

There we have tested every method and process. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

Thus we have proved that Up-River Para—the costliest rubber—is cheapest on the mileage basis.

Thus we have proved that long-fibre Sea Island cotton—the costliest material—is cheapest in the end for fabrics.

We have proved that wrapped tread tires—the costliest construction—are cheaper than moulded tires—**for the user.**

So we employ these things. And we use everything else which these years of test have proved most economical—**in the cost per mile.**

Saving 23 Per Cent

Then came the question of rim-cut tires. We examined thousands of ruined tires, of every make. And we found that 23 per cent of the clincher type were rim-cut.

So we brought out a patent new-type tire—a hookless tire—which makes rim-cutting impossible.

At first this type was expensive. It added one-fifth to our price. But our multiplied output quickly reduced it, until it now costs users no more than standard old-type tires.

This tire—called No-Rim-Cut—has ended rim-cutting forever.

Saving 25 Per Cent

Next came the question of blow-outs—caused by adding extras to the car—by overloading tires.

To avoid this we made No-Rim-Cut tires 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

With these oversize tires, of the costliest construction—these tires that can't rim-cut—we met the price of standard old-type tires.

The result is this:

Last Year's Profit 8.57 Per Cent

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8.57 per cent.

With the largest output—with the most modern equipment—our selling price has averaged about 8½ per cent over cost.

That in a risky business, with fluctuating materials, on a tire that's guaranteed.

The point is this:

Tires can't be made more economically than in this mammoth, modern plant.

Men can't stay in this business, with the risks it involves, on a smaller margin of profit.

In No-Rim-Cut tires you get as much for your money as any maker ever can give. And you know what you get.

If you consider that fair, it's another reason for insisting on these premier tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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